JULY

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

ARTICLES

ERNEST HEMINGWAY
VINCENT SHEEAN
WALTER DURANTY
FERDINAND CZERNIN
IGOR SIKORSKY
DR. ISAAC GOLDBERG
HENRY M. ROBINSON
WM. M. MARSTON
EDW. M. BARROWS
MAJ. HOWARD S. REED
LAWTON MACKALL
MAJOR PAUL BROWN

FICTION

MAXIM GORKY
THOMAS BURKE
MANUEL KOMROFF
BILL ADAMS
FREDERIC PROKOSCH
HARLAN WARE
CHARLES GRAYSON
HARRY ASHE
MAX BRAND
HERMANN B. DEUTSCH
L. PAUL KUHRING

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ALFRED KREYMBORG

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WALTER BROOKS
EDWARD DOHERTY
JEROME BARRY
AIKEN A. DEHAN

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GENE SARAZEN
MILTON HOLMES
DAVID LAVENDER
GEO. E. GRIFFITH

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BURTON RASCOE
SIGMUND SPAETH
JOHN V. A. WEAVER
FRANK BLACK
MEYER LEVIN
A. de SAKHNOFFSKY

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E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
R. VAN BUREN
GILBERT BUNDY
D. McKAY
HOWARD BAER
RODNEY de SARRO
PAUL WEBB
GEORGE PETTY
GEORGE LICHTY
JAY IRVING
TY MAHON
ABNER DEAN
SAM BERMAN
(COVER)

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FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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GUESTS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON FIRST KNEW ITS FLAVOR

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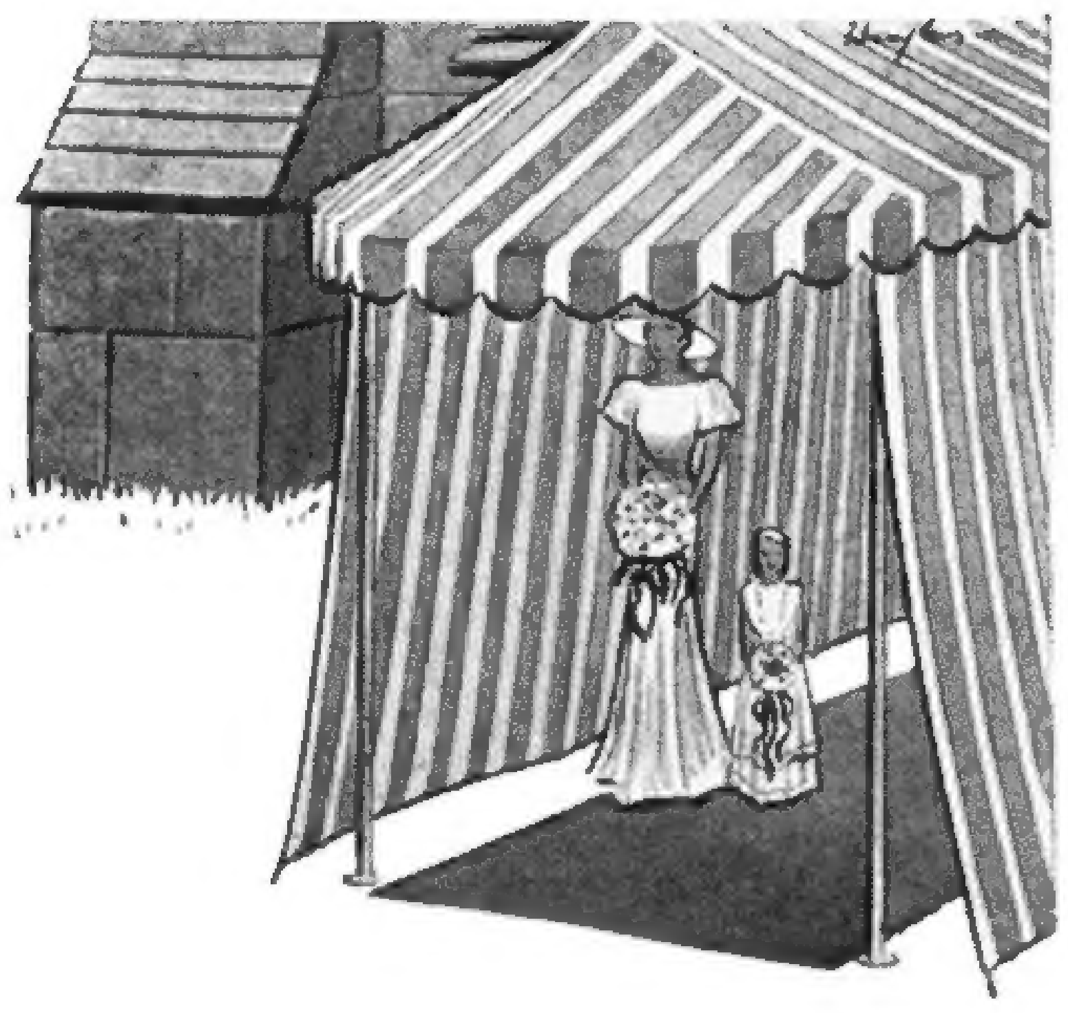

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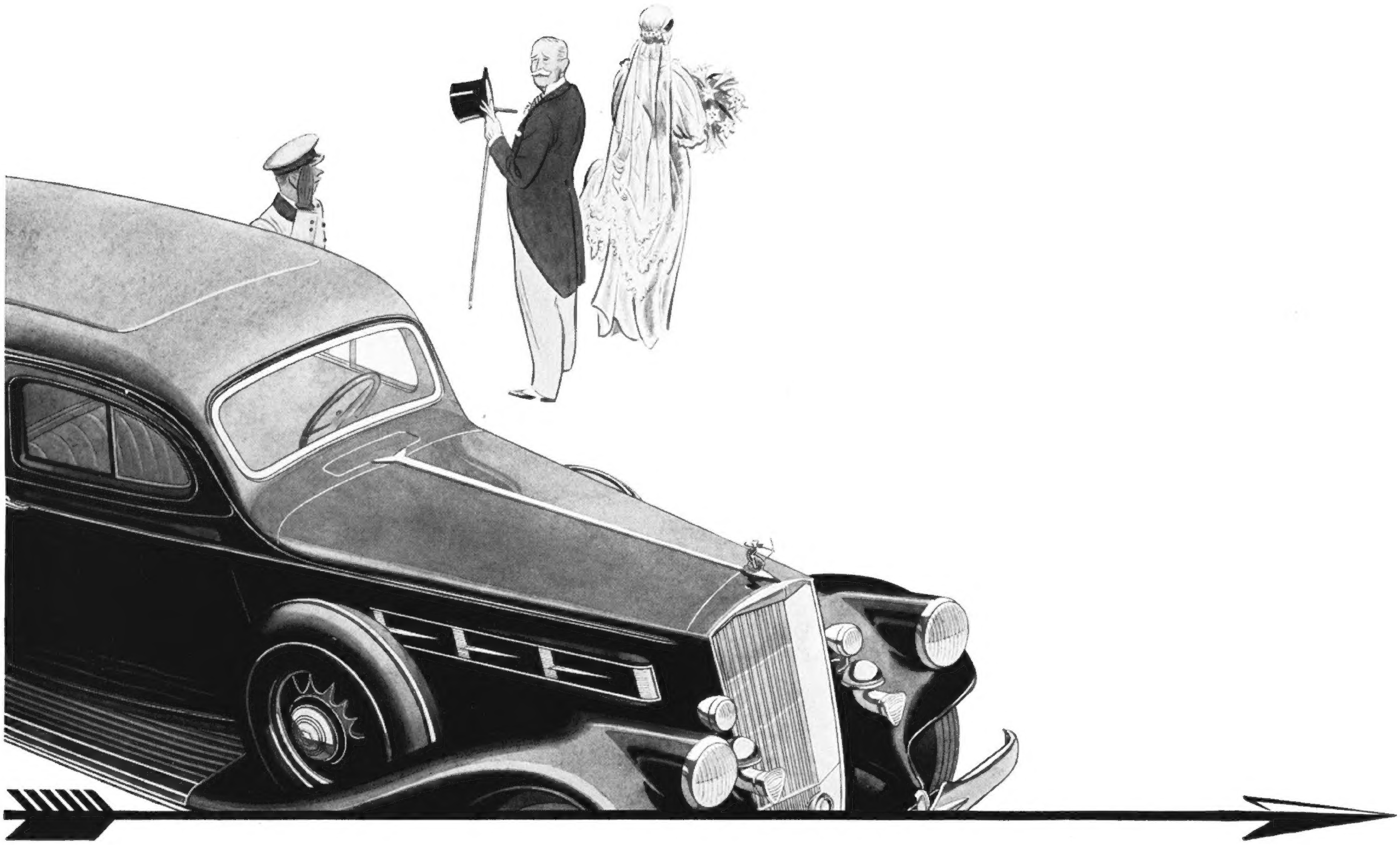

GENERATION AFTER GENERATION

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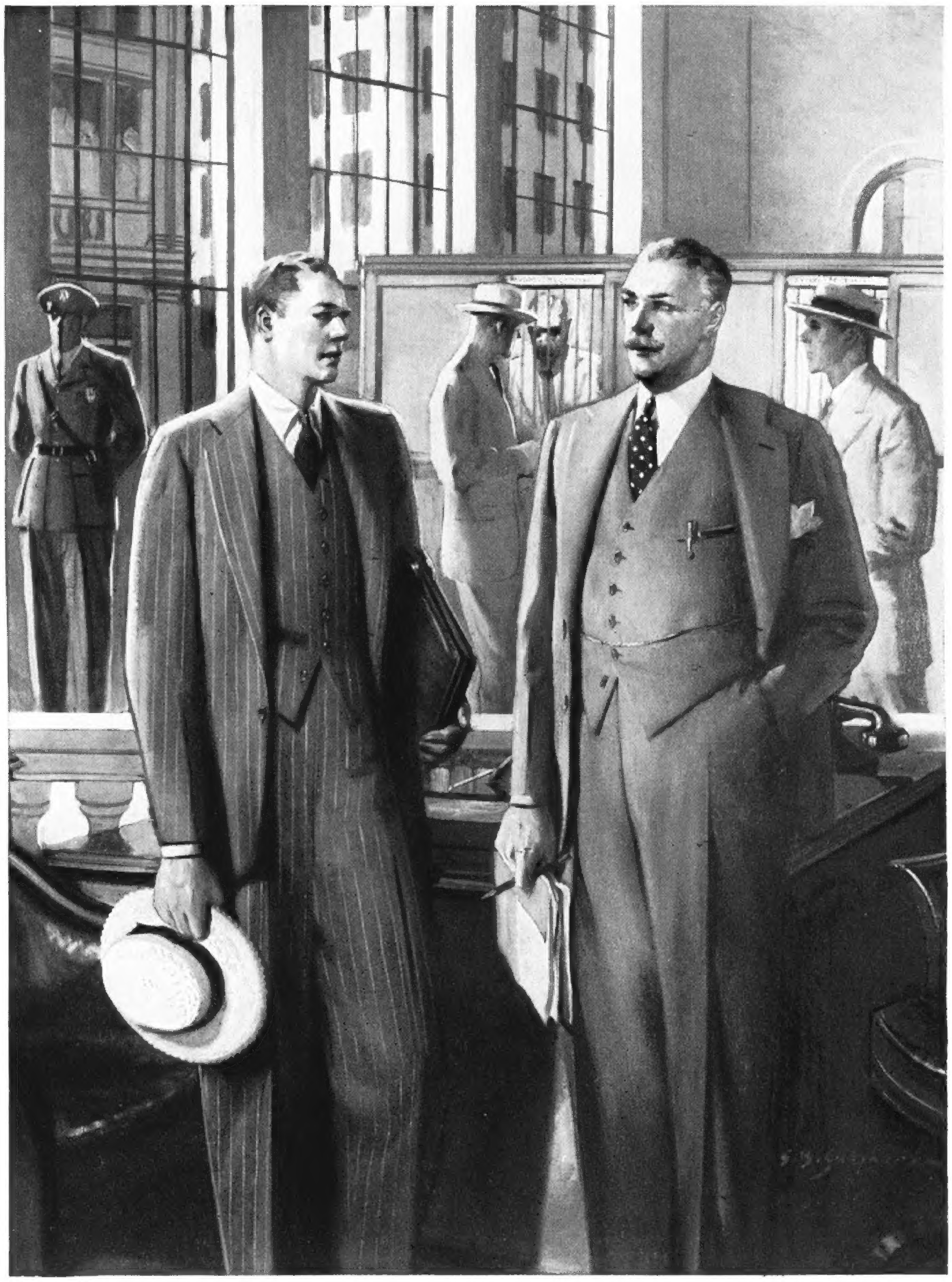

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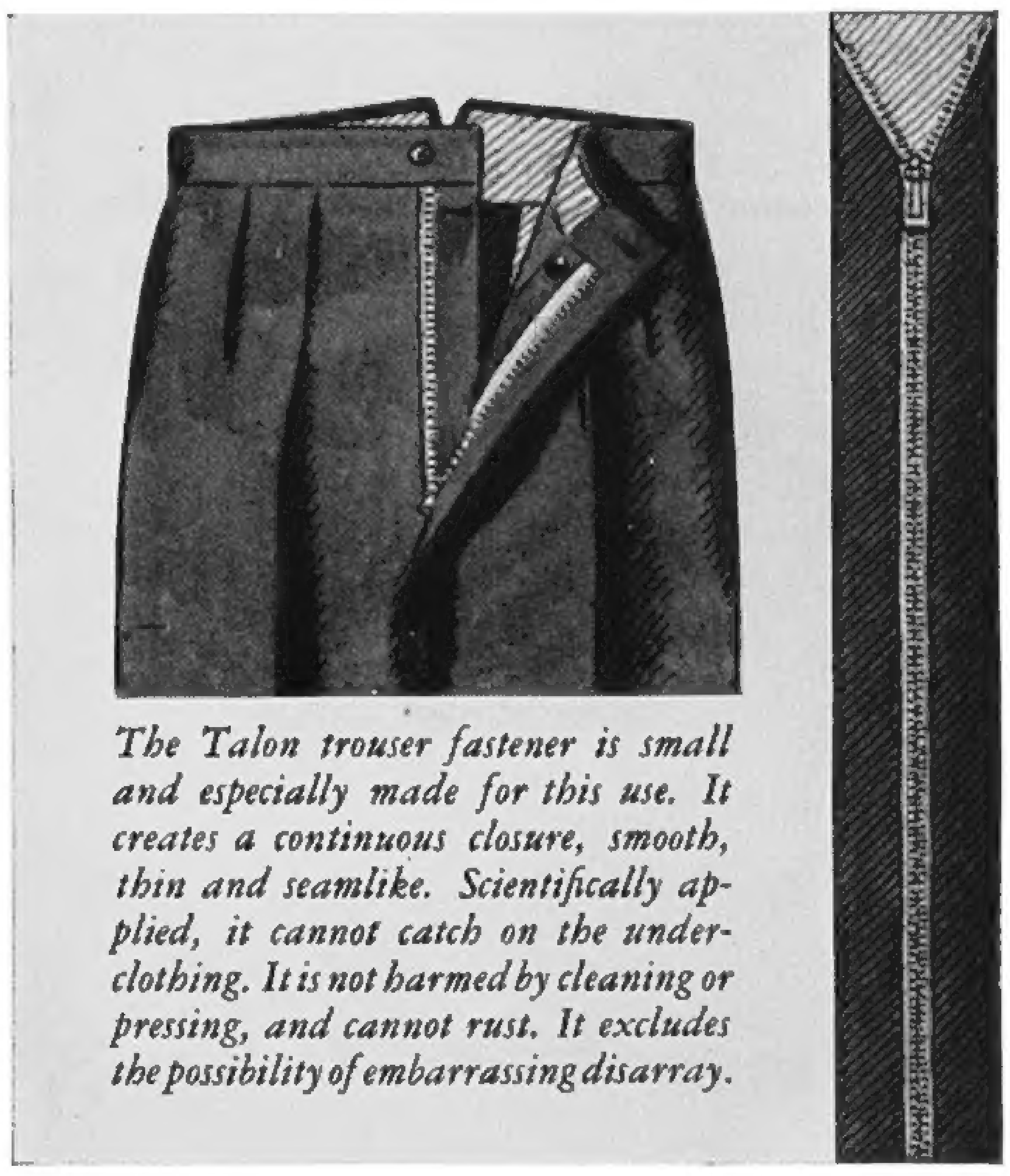

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Edited
by
Arnold Gingrich

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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches
by Saalburg, Fellows and Goodman beginning on page 101

Art Directors: John Groth, Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

A "discovery" named Bierce *The Perlu*, presented with pride as our Discovery for June, turns out to be a tight paraphrase of *The Damned Thing*, by Ambrose Bierce (see this month's Sound & Fury). We read *The Perlu* (so did Meyer) but the damnedest thing is that we also, in years gone by, read *The Damned Thing*. We would like to assume that the author of *The Perlu* also read *The Damned Thing*, years since, and remembered it only in his subconscious. In that case, however, his subconscious would have to be conceded a far better retention of minute detail than ours. Well, what's done's done, and it's still a good story, even if Ambrose Bierce did tell it first, and nobody gets his money back—we don't even ask for ours back—because if you had read Bierce it didn't hurt you to read a good story twice, and if you hadn't, and reading *The Perlu* has given you a desire for first-hand acquaintance with the short stories of Ambrose Bierce, then you're better off than you were before. Our only point in publicizing the incident is this: twice a month we send back the fur coat story, and every other month we send back the one about the paste necklace, and three different times we have spotted versions, by three different authors, of Cocteau's famous anecdote about the Marseilles sailor, yet it is inevitable that occasionally something old or something borrowed will slip past us. But—here's our real protection—you can bet the last chain letter dime that it won't slip past our readers. We haven't read everything, but our audience has.

Summer is icumen in Forty-eight, count them on the list above, forty-eight features this month, which means that the feast of fat issues is beginning, as we follow last year's tradition-shattering precedent of making the dog days, the lay-off season for a lot of advertisers, the pay-off season for all the subscribers. In fact our biggest concern right now is that enough advertisers will lay off to make room for the Gargantuan table of contents we're planning for August. If this be treason, tattle on us to the Business Dept.

Time out to gloat Dept. This corner of contrition and concern is brightened, this month, only by the realization that we *are* right some of the time. For instance, *Omaha* won the Derby, as Mr. Dowst promised you he would (you got good odds on *Omaha* on April 15th, didn't you?) and the poor Pulitzer Prize Committee crowned *The Old Maid*, just as Johnny Weaver predicted, and apparently by the very process of reasoning that he outlined. And our Discoveries are steadily climbing the ladder of litrachoor, as witness the production this season of those three good books, *The Pumpkin Coach* by Louis Paul, *Blessed Is the Man* by Louis Zara, and *Fully Dressed and In His Right Mind* by Michael Fessier, all Esquire discoveries.

Refereeing for Rascoe Other unfinished business: the publishers of *National Velvet*, by Enid Bagnold, have asked us to clarify a crack made by Mr. Rascoe in connection with his review of that book. Rascoe said that the book's drawings, by Mrs. Bagnold's daughter, were "copies of fairly well-known Japanese prints." In support of his contention he produced for comparison with the first drawing in *National Velvet*, a Hokusai print showing pronounced similarity in pose and general appearance. The whole thing hinges on the meaning of the word "copies." He did not, and could not, show that any of the drawings in *National Velvet* were actual tracings of any of the Hokusai prints. That point, in fairness to Mrs. Bagnold and her daughter, seems worthy of record. ⵌ

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Vol. IV, No. 1
Whole No. 20

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

DISCOVERY DISCOVERED

Prominent in your June issue of Esquire is a story, *The Perlu*, by Alvin B. Harmon which appears to be a flagrant example of plagiarism.

Not only in its basic idea (singular and, therefore, unmistakable), but in development and in arrangement, it paraphrases, except for locale, minor incident, and characters, that excellent story *The Damned Thing*, by Ambrose Bierce, included in his volume *In the Midst of Life*, copyright, 1898, by G. P. Putnam's Sons. There is always the possibility of coincidence, but the almost word-for-word identity of phrases such as the following, preclude any such possibility:—

From *The Damned Thing*—

> "I heard Morgan crying out as if in mortal agony, and mingling with his cries were such hoarse, savage sounds as one hears from fighting dogs . . . At a distance of less than thirty yards was my friend, down upon one knee, his head thrown back at a frightful angle . . . At times . . . I could discern but a part of the body; it was as if he had been partly blotted out . . ."

From *The Perlu*—

> "Greer, down on both knees . . . his head twisted back at a frightful angle. There was a savage worrying sound as though a vicious dog were snarling. . . . At times, parts of his body and arms were blotted out . . ."

From *The Damned Thing*—

> "As with sounds, so with colors. At each end of the solar spectrum the chemist can detect the presence of what is known as 'actinic' rays. They represent colors . . . which we are unable to discern . . . I am not mad; there are colors that we can not see. And, God help me! the Damned Thing is of such a color!"

From *The Perlu*—

> "If this can be demonstrated for sounds why not for colors? Both register by the rate of vibration . . . thus, as there are inaudible sounds there are invisible colors. The monster imprisoning me on this point is of such a color. Else, God help me, I am the maddest man in all Oceania."

Any number of other quotations, even more specific, could be cited.

It is hardly conceivable that the editor of Esquire would knowingly print as an original story, a weak version of an excellent work. Unless, of course, your "Discovery of the Month" is carelessly selected. In which case, I shall be glad to provide you with any amount of similar material, starting off with a neat story, startling in its originality, called, let us say, *Murders on Morgue Street*. It is to be about the mysterious death of two women, involving a seaman and an ape, reminiscent to those in the know of a forgotten tale by a man named Poe.

Sincerely,
New York City **Bryna Isaacs**

PLAGIARIST PLAGUED

Never again let it be said that Esquire is influenced by big names! The editor evidently knows a good story when he sees it, even when it's written by a mere beginner. Of course, a master may have done the same thing better than the novice, but apparently that's a negligible feature.

In the June issue, page 44, there is a story by a rank (!) beginner, Alvin B. Harmon. You recommended it and I read it—a gross blunder.

Perhaps you have heard of Ambrose Bierce? (Mr. H. has!) No doubt you know he wrote a few stories himself—and darn good stories, too!—among them being one entitled *The Damned Thing*. It's really quite clever. You should read it sometime. If you can't find it anywhere else, it appears in *Copeland's Treasury for Booklovers* on page 30 of Volume V.

When you finally publish a story about a white whale that eludes capture, wrecks boats and kills a few men, please for God's sake don't call it *Moby Dick*. Just call it *Urple* and let us guess.

Francis de Raismes Childs, Jr.
West Hartford, Conn.

PERLU PURLOINED

Young Mr. Alvin B. Harmon, your June "Discovery of the Month" should go fast and far in his chosen profession of letters as long as his volumes of Ambrose Bierce's short stories hold out. Doesn't he think anyone but himself ever read Bierce?—in particular *The Damned Thing*, which may be seen in *Can Such Things Be?* (Albert and Charles Boni) or in Dorothy Sayers' *Second Omnibus of Crime*, Page 419? His story, *The Perlu*, should be entitled *The Purloined*, for it is so nearly a copy of Bierce's *The Damned Thing* that it can hardly be called a re-write—he lifts Bierce's phrases bodily—he describes the vegetation pressed down by the passing of the invisible monster just as Bierce did—he uses the analogy of the birds hearing signals inaudible to man—he uses Bierce's note-book device, and as a final insult uses almost Bierce's exact words at the finish, after explaining *The Damned Thing*—pardon, *The Perlu*—was a monster colored beyond the spectrum

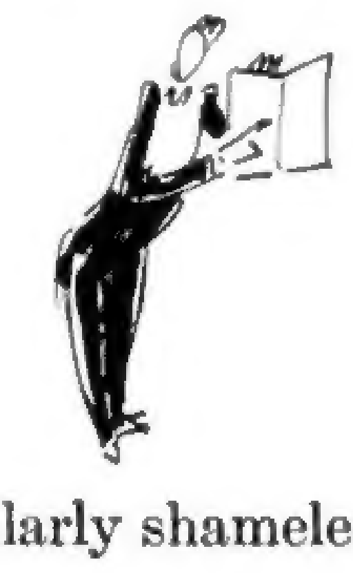
You probably can't make this little sneak disgorge the money he got for *The Damned Perlu Thing*, but you might prevent his putting over any more such gyps on you.

Sincerely yours,
Indianapolis, Ind. **M. E. Thomas**

WHAT A DAMNED EXTRAORDINARY THING!

What an extraordinary thing that you should have been caught by this Alvin B. Harmon's impudent plagiarism of Ambrose Bierce's most famous story! I suppose you are already tired of being told that *The Perlu* is *The Damned Thing*—re-written, of course, but every now and then using Bierce's own sentences, words and situations.

Every writer and every editor is interested in the detection, exposure and punishment of plagiarists—the worst of thieves. I hope that speedy retribution may overtake this Harmon person, whoever he is, who put this particularly shameless steal over on you.



Cordially yours,
Cleveland Plain Dealer **Ted Robinson**

SPEAK SOFTLY, WIELDING WICKED PARALLELS

I wish to call your attention to an apparent case of plagiarism in your June, 1935 issue of Esquire.

Mr. Harmon's story *The Perlu* has so much in common with the fiction written by Ambrose Bierce under the name of *The Damned Thing* that it is hard to believe Mr. Harmon's effort to be original.

Mr. Bierce's story is published in *Copeland's Treasury for Booklovers*, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1927.

In both cases, the locale is a coroner's jury, the testimony given by an eye-witness, the body badly mangled with the throat torn out, and the solution given as an invisible beast and revealed through the diary of the deceased.

The similarity goes even further than that. Some of Mr. Harmon's better descriptive passages are almost word for word of those given by Mr. Bierce.

I quote:

Mr. Harmon: "Everyone in the room leaned forward to view the remains but those who were closest repented their curiosity."

Mr. Bierce: "Some of the jurors who had risen to get a better view repented their curiosity and turned away their faces."

Mr. Harmon: "The left hand appears to have been hacked or bitten off at the wrist some three or four months before death . . ."

Mr. Bierce: "His right arm was lifted and seemed to lack the hand—at least, I could see none."

Mr. Harmon: "Pointed out a flock of wild pigeons in a tree-top all breaking into flight simultaneously although few of them could see the approach of danger because of intervening leaves and branches. How? By signals we couldn't hear according to Lt. Greer."

Mr. Bierce: "At either end of the scale are notes that stir no chord of that imperfect instrument, the human ear. They are too high or too grave. I have observed a flock of blackbirds occupying an entire tree-top—the tops of several trees—and all in full song. Suddenly—in a moment—at absolutely the same instant—all spring into the air and fly away. How? They could not all see one another—whole tree-tops intervened. At no point could a leader have been visible to all. There must have been a signal of warning or command high and shrill above the din, but by me unheard."

Mr. Harmon: "Who has not seen a formation of porpoises in perfect alignment leap and splash and then dive, all in unison, although the line is sometimes miles long? But there is no audible signal. It is only the tones within the limited compass of the ear that we hear. The others are too grave or too shrill."

Mr. Bierce: "It is known to seamen that a school of whales basking or sporting on the surface of the ocean, miles apart, with the convexity of the earth between, will sometimes dive at the same instant—all gone out of sight in a moment. The signal has been sounded—too grave for the ear of the sailor at the masthead and his comrades on deck."

I believe these quotations sufficient to bear out my contention that although it is conceivable that two men may have a similarity of ideas, it is inconceivable that two men should treat the same idea in identical manner without collaboration.

I wish that you procure a copy of Mr. Bierce's story so that you can judge the similarity of treatment in these two pieces of fiction.

I heartily endorse your policy of aiding unknown writers, but at the same time, I believe that you should discourage the borrowing from recognized works.

Certainly I recognize the inability of your staff to be acquainted with every story that has been written. I trust that if this proves to be a case of deliberate plagiarism that you do not close your magazine to the better offerings of unknown writers. They lend an enjoyable variety to your magazine and their encouragement is necessary to provide seasoned writers for the future.

Sincerely yours,
Cleveland, Ohio **Adelbert H. Wagner**

O'BRIEN TO MAUPASSANT TO BIERCE

In the June, 1935 issue of Esquire in "Backstage with Esquire" it is said that Mr. Harmon's *The Perlu*, which appears in the same issue is a story which the reader will not soon forget. I shan't soon forget it because of the quite remarkable resemblance of *The Perlu* to *The Damned Thing* of Ambrose Bierce and the fact that Mr. Harmon explains his *Perlu* in exactly the same way that Bierce explains his *Damned Thing* that is, both the *Perlu* and the *Damned Thing* were of a color invisible to the human eye.

Of course, Fitz-James O'Brien should be given credit for having originated the whole idea for in 1859 there was published his *What Was It? A Mystery*. Bierce went O'Brien one better by attempting an explanation of the thing—but I fear Mr. Harmon has not gone Bierce one better. I might add in passing—and in justice to Bierce and Mr. Harmon—that de Maupassant had probably read O'Brien's story before writing *Le Horla*.

It may be that Mr. Harmon has never read O'Brien, Bierce or de Maupassant. But if he has not then I shall be compelled to note Mr. Harmon's story as one of the most outstanding literary coincidences of recent years (outside of those in our "True This" and "True That" magazines).

Yours very truly,
Sacramento, Cal. **Alfred E. Lentz**

RESURGENT AMBROSE

Let me congratulate you upon having at last located the long sought for Ambrose Bierce. To think that he'd be missing in Mexico all these years and then suddenly turn up re-writing his stuff for Esquire under the assumed name of "Alvin B. Harmon"! Personally, though, I believe it would make better reading and even increase the circulation if Bierce wrote under his own name and told us how he fared in Mexico during these last 20 years, rather than, as now, rehashing his old copy under a *nom de plume*.

I am, very truly yours,
Cleveland, Ohio **Thomas Q. Lempertz**

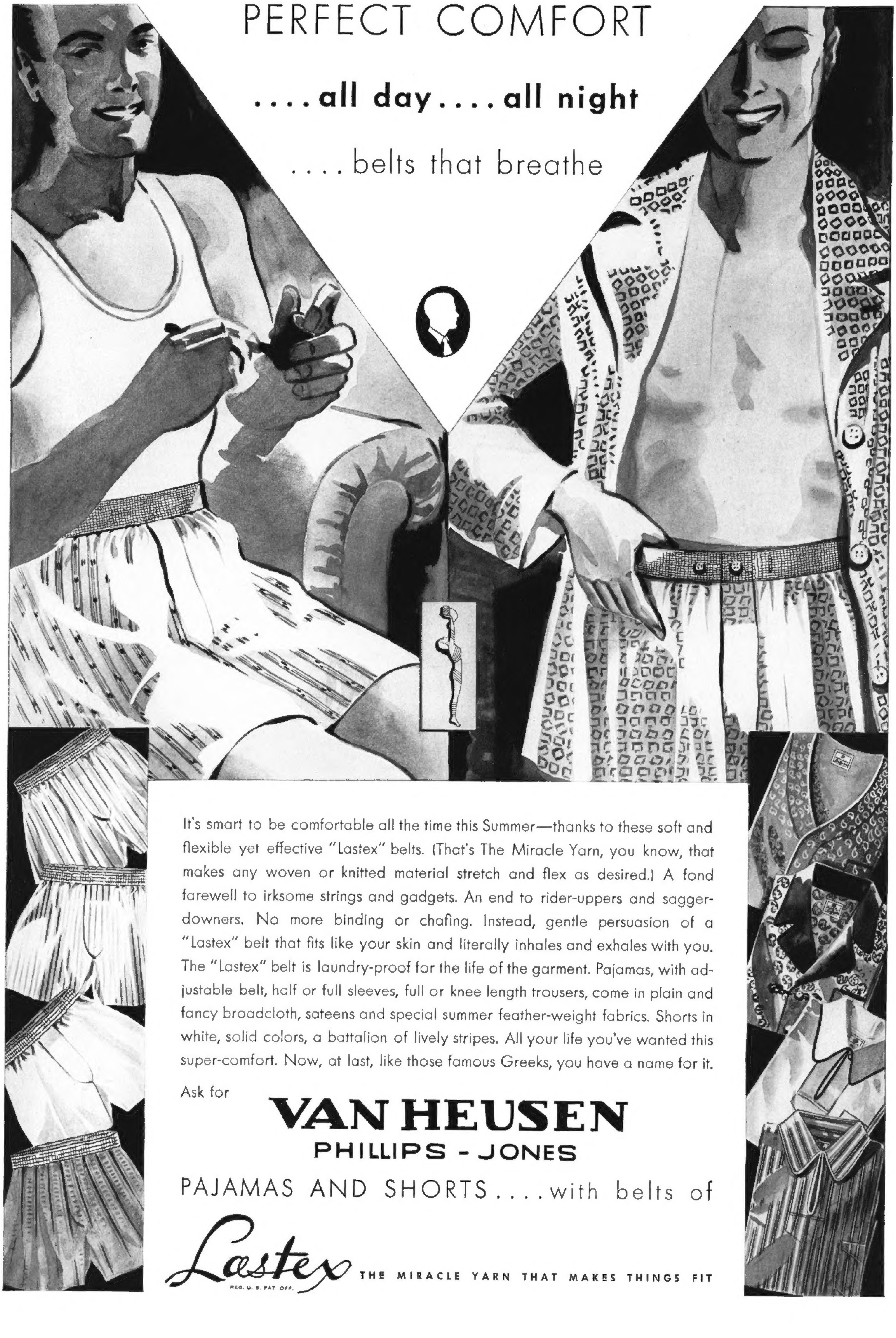
Editor's Note: *The foregoing letters represent a selection, more or less at random, from several hundred communications, ranging from ten word telegrams to twelve and fourteen page letters, pointing out the derivation of* The Perlu *from* The Damned Thing. *The editorial on page 5 was written after the first few of these letters were received and before receipt of the following letter from the author.*

SOLE DEFENSE WITNESS

I started in this writing business in deadly earnest, convinced that if I worked hard enough I could at least make a living at it. I wanted to get as near the top as my abilities would permit me. With that in view is it likely that I should attempt to slip something over on the editor that gave me my start? Or that I should deliberately plagiarize someone else's work thus getting my name black-listed and involved in lawsuits?

In Maupassant's *The Horla* he deals with an invisible monster as, subsequently, does Bierce in his story. I thought that the plot therefore was in the public domain.

Continued on page 8



PERFECT COMFORT

....all day....all night

....belts that breathe

It's smart to be comfortable all the time this Summer—thanks to these soft and flexible yet effective "Lastex" belts. (That's The Miracle Yarn, you know, that makes any woven or knitted material stretch and flex as desired.) A fond farewell to irksome strings and gadgets. An end to rider-uppers and sagger-downers. No more binding or chafing. Instead, gentle persuasion of a "Lastex" belt that fits like your skin and literally inhales and exhales with you. The "Lastex" belt is laundry-proof for the life of the garment. Pajamas, with adjustable belt, half or full sleeves, full or knee length trousers, come in plain and fancy broadcloth, sateens and special summer feather-weight fabrics. Shorts in white, solid colors, a battalion of lively stripes. All your life you've wanted this super-comfort. Now, at last, like those famous Greeks, you have a name for it.

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PAJAMAS AND SHORTS....with belts of

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

Continued from page 6

I quote from Blanche Colton Williams' *A Handbook on Story Writing,* revised edition, Dodd Mead & Co., pages 100-101: "Originality or individuality further characterizes a good plot. Basic types of plots are few; but a story structure reared on one of them should exemplify an individual assembly of detail. As examples of short stories built on the same general base, the student may compare with profit Turgenev's *A Lear of the Steps* with Mary Wilkins Freeman's *A Village Lear,* and Elsie Singmaster's *A Lear of Shireman's Glass,* all of which are fashioned after the model of Shakespeare's *King Lear.* And it is just as well to remember that *King Lear,* by Shakespeare, was but a reshaping of an old plot. The finished drama was Shakespeare's and his alone. But he adapted the plot, as he adapted others, from material at hand. Read the stories built on the *Grand Breteche* model. After Balzac, Poe wrote *The Black Cat* and *The Cask of Amontillado;* later, Edith Wharton used the same underlying plan for *The Duchess at Prayer.* Yet each of the three writers stamps this perennial mould with individuality. An exercise not without value for the beginner is that of selecting some well-known plot and fitting it to material which lies near at hand."

I expected the story might raise a controversy, even hoped because of its debatable nature, that it would make an all-time high for bellyaches and defense in *Sound & Fury.* That's why I submitted it. But if I didn't think my skirts were clean I should have been an awful ass to even send it out. Why? Because if it *is* plagiarism I'm ruined. The dream that was fairest is gone—blackened with mud. I am dubbed a plagiarist like a common thief. Yet without it I should have broken in, there or elsewhere, just as sure as you're sitting in that chair.

Sincerely,

Palisade, N. J. Alvin B. Harmon

Editor's Note: *With the publication of this amazing document,* Esquire *feels justified in considering the case closed. It is extremely unlikely that one reader in a million would interpret the quoted passage from the Williams Handbook in this incredibly naive fashion, as justification for the sale, or attempted sale, of the beginner's "exercises."*

JUNE DEBITS AND CREDITS

The June issue of Esquire has just come in, and I want my money back. . . . Ty Mahon is missing, so is Scott Fitzgerald, so is Louis Paul, so is Waldo Frank. . . . George Petty is cutting his "paunches" (no pun intended). . . . Burton Rascoe is more cock-shure than ever without sufficient reason and if there is any reason for Zera lb. or EE cuMMingS, I was out of town when your editorial board convened. . . .

Oh, well, all right then, I'll keep on reading Esq. . . . Harry Salpeter's stuff about Reginald Marsh, plus that Marsh's drawings, were worth the price of *Cast Down The Laurel,* which I have just finished reading for the second time. (Adv.; charge to Knopf). . . . Words are weak to describe Aiken's poetry and certainly you made no mistake in buying *Queen in the Parlour Car* by McDougall, which is better than Hemingway, Faulkner, Caldwell at their best.

On the debit side: Rascoe made a poor job in his reply to your contributor's letter about Rascoe's former remarks about John Strachey . . . and while I hold no brief for Mr. Strachey . . . aw, the hell with it . . . also, Mr. Weaver should know that Miss Cornell won the first medal in some prize in New York with Miss Bergner the place horse, and the newspaper story (Times wire) I read didn't mention the name of the show horse. . . .

On the credit side . . . Mr. Dowst *did* pick Omaha and I played him in the Derby and the Preakness and I've been boring the neighbors about it ever since . . . it seems that I read Mr. Dowst's story to them; advised them to play Omaha; told them that I was playing Omaha, etc. . . . well, you can just imagine.

Again on the debit side . . . I can't understand for the life of me just why you are trying to make things so easy for your readers . . . such as a mark like this ### to designate the ending of a story . . . if I were editor, I should be inclined to tell them "if you don't like the way, where and when and how our stories end, why don't you go back where you came from." Well, perhaps being an editor is different.

Another credit, and I'm thinking out loud. Strong's story called *The Come-Back,* in which technique, terminology, character, plot, restraint and the breath of life are served in a mixture which ends in a work of art. And, I'll take back everything I wrote last month about Hemingway's vacation in Florida . . . this thing called *On Being Shot Again* is damned good, and I'm ready to believe now that there's life in the old boy yet . . . oh, yes, another credit *I Think It Was Schenectady* by Walter Brooks is near the top of the list . . . give us more of him, and bring back Ty Mahon, etc., etc.

Sincerely with best wishes,

Cleveland, Ohio Donald Bachart

DEPLORABLE IF TRUE

It is deplorable that your fiction is limited to two types, namely, the "lyric primitive" and the "big boy adventure" story. They are, I admit, often excellent, but more often not. If you sought diversity of *genre,* you might achieve higher quality. Where are the "device" stories, where are the "surprise" kind? I contend that your fiction is so confined in type and style that if there were today suddenly a Chekov, suddenly a de Maupassant, a James Joyce, a Sherwood Anderson, or any true genius of the short story, his works would not find their way into your magazine.

Let us have less of the drunk-singing to the moon and young men wandering through Africa rescuing women and infant baboons. Let us have fiction on a par with your articles, or, to strive toward the sublime, why not fiction on the level of your cartoons? I don't ask bigger names but more variety.

Very truly yours,

New York, N. Y. Henry Walsh

WOOING A LA WOLFE

For crissakes, I read myself to my waterloo when I read your *The Art of Understanding Women* article by Dr. Wolfe in the May Esquire.

I was getting along swell with the girl until I came across that hooey. Baby, sez I, upon finishing the piece, leading the young lady to the altar will now make falling off a log look like an acrobatic stunt. At last I know the secret of successful love-making! I have to be father, brother, lover and baby to my beautiful one.

Well, it didn't turn out so hot. I tried to be father, brother, lover and baby. But just when I'm ready to ask her to help solve the riddle about two living as cheaply as one and to ask Pop Schulheimer to clean out the organ pipes and brush up on *Lohengrin,* what does the gal to whom I'm intending to bring home the pay envelope do but elope with Crazy Red, the grocer's helper, who's so damned illiterate he can't even read the word "love," no less an article on how to be a successful lover with the aid of a knowledge of the fundamentals of the science of psychogynecology.

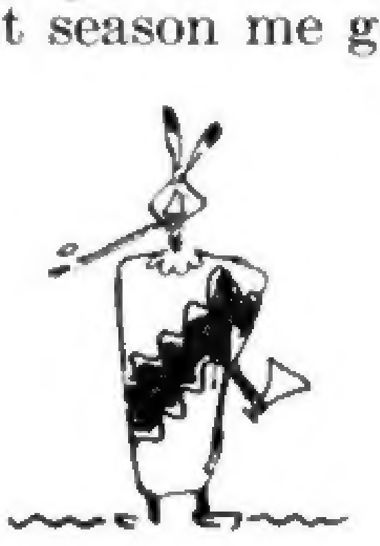
Will you please ask your Dr. Wolfe if I ought to continue with the same method in wooing the next prospective helpmeet, or whether, as in tennis, it is advisable to change the tactics of a losing game?

Wooingly yours,

Brooklyn, N. Y. Charles A. Marshall

HOW, CHIEF!

Me sittum frontum tepee in shadow big Shasta Mts., smokum pipe little and thinkum much. Two suns late and no Eskwarum. What do? What do? Next sun comes big blow-out, annual Sun Dance, but ho! no Eskwarum, no findum proper outfit for 1935. Ugh! Me heap jumpy! Last season me go Buffalo dance and wearum white elk leggin's, brown buck moccasins, brown Buffalo skin cape and two Eagle feathers. Huh! me gettum in dance place, people turn backs on me, no talk. What ho? What ho? Ugh! Me trot home, lookum Chief Les Truites Frites' big new "mag"—then see—me wearum wrong outfit, Buffalo skin cape only for formal after Sun wear; brown buck moccasins for sport wear; white elk leggin's for active sports-lacrosse, snake or bow-um-arrow shoot.



Ha! Now me makum no more "faux pas." Me gettum Eskwar reglar. Go sittum way on mountain and readum much and smokum little. Soon post-man bringum me porkum pie bonnet, London make pipe and new French style breech cloutem. Ugh! Ugh! Passum liver pills, Henry.

Sincerumly,
Chief Rumon Nose

Utica, N. Y. N. T. Lewis

BRAINS MOSTLY WHERE?

Last month I gave Alvah hell about having his hero snatch out a nephritic kidney.

I put "hell" into my criticism figuring it would help me get in the *S. & F.* Nothing doing. You printed this doctor from Trenton instead, and all because he used the word "poopy," I guess that intrigued you.

Now I warn you, he will be writing in again this month about your statement to the effect that Hemingway took time out for tetanus treatment.

Give me a break this time.

Hemingway probably took time out for a few minutes to get serum shot into him for tetanus *prophylaxis*—not treatment!

And to show you that I'm not cringing to get on your good side, I'm telling you now that it gives me juicy pleasure to lay you out hot for all the times you've returned my manuscripts in the past.

All of them began with far prettier and more authentic statements than your capsule: "Mr. Hemingway, after time out for tetanus treatment, is now at Bimini."

G'wan, all that you editor guys got is pull—and a few brains here and there.

Squagoola!

Hartford, Conn. nee Dott Bartone

WARNING TO FEMALE FURORS

The next time I appear in Esquire, please put a beard on me. You really should carry a warning to females who write into *S.&F.* Little did I dream when I wrote a silly letter about Nathan that I was letting myself in for all that happened. In the first place, the circulation of Esquire jumped from 0 to 5 in our village, (I buy mine in Tulsa. Before my letter, Esquire wasn't available in Bixby) and the nice native women no longer speak to me because I was brazen about my knowledge of masculine unmentionable wearables. In the second place, though I spoke of myself as an old maid with a horrible face, I have been getting dozens of letters from men, advising me what to do about my public maidenhood, and even offering aid. (The fact that one man turned out nicely helped some.) And on top of all that, I nearly got thrown out of a comfortable home into a dust storm when I appeared in print. A letter in Esquire is something hard to keep quiet. I do think, modestly making myself an exception, that whoever selects the *S.&F.* letters does a swell job.

Your poetry isn't all that it might be—how about some Robinson Jeffers?—seems to me he belongs in Esquire. Fletcher and Aiken are OK, too. As for Hemingway, I don't care if he shoots himself in the war, if he doesn't lay off fishing and hunting once in a while for a short story or literary criticism. I am glad to see Frank Black in Esquire. How about a radio department? If the movies aren't too low—radio shouldn't be.

There is nothing the matter with the cover of your magazine. You might lay off stressing hairy-chested masculinity once in a while. Esquire is something any intelligent person can enjoy—male, female or Nathan.

And the next time my mail gets low, I'm going to write *S.&F.* a letter telling just how ducky I am—maybe that isn't just the word, but after all . . .

Yours,

Bixby, Okla. Hilda Downing

P. S.—Thanks for the article about and reproductions of R. Marsh. You boys really should be more careful about doctors—I first met Esquire in a doctor's office, which shows you what a superior doctor I have . . . and as for that pseudo-psycho-stuff of Wolfe! woids fail me—he would do very nicely in the Delineator.

CONSIDER IT SKIPPED

1.

The greatest disappointment I have had since I began to read your magazine was the discovery that women are perusing it, and to the extent that they write letters to you, and you publish them!

2.

I cannot tell you, except in vapid euphemisms, exactly what I think about it.

3.

Permit me to state that your magazine convinces me that the last private outpost of man is about to be equipped with automatic devices for dispensing . . . (dots indicate hesitation for proper euphemism) . . . powder puffs!

4.

I feel better now, so just skip it.

Long Beach, Calif. Harry E. Modisett

Continued on page 20

Paul Jones
Four Star
Whiskey
A Blend of Straight Whiskies
Paul Jones

"Toby, fetch me the key to the springhouse"

THOSE words from the lips of old Colonel Paul Jones were music to the ears of his guests.

For they signified that he was about to construct for their refreshment one of his celebrated mint juleps . . . made with young mint fresh from the springhouse . . . and with that grand whiskey that bore the Colonel's name—*Paul Jones Whiskey!*

The host of today can do no greater honor to his guests than to offer them a julep made with the same fine whiskey the Colonel used.

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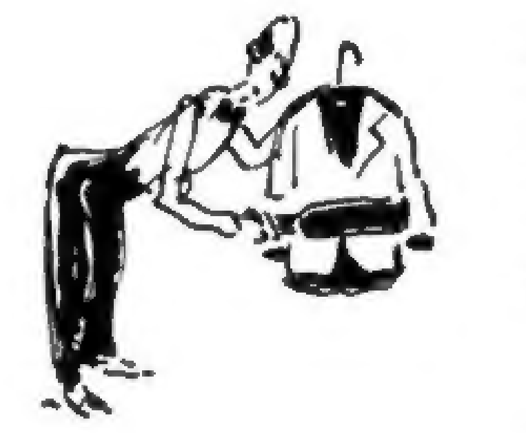
For ease in serving a large cocktail party there is a rather goodly sized vacuum jug obtainable with a gadget on the top that pumps the drinks out. It adds to the refrigeration efficiency of this container.

What with the popularity of "old fashioneds", swizzlers, those little gadgets you may use to crush the fruit contained in the drink, are of major importance. The latest conception of the swizzler is of glass with a top that hooks on to the edge of the glass itself. This is like a miniature crook handle walking stick.

For the amazement and edification of friends there is a new highball glass on which a series of differently gowned girls in the style of the gay nineties is applied on the outside of the glass. Inside, however, looking through the glass, the afore-mentioned young ladies may be seen disporting themselves in the nude. If you've ever looked through a glass filled with liquid you can use your imagination as to how the young ladies behave. It's really something scandalous!

A dash of lavender is anything but sissy when used as an after-shaving lotion. And to still further escape any inference of effeminacy the newest eau de lavande comes in a characteristic half pint whiskey flask, bound in genuine leather.

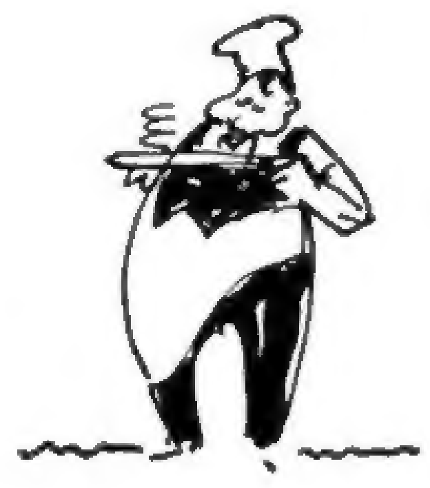


The smartest idea that has come along in quite a while in the way of a practical novelty is a clothes brush of which the wood back and handle are made in the shape of a cricket bat.

And speaking of cricket, there is a modification of the old English standby which is a condensed version and playable within the confines of the average small lawn.

A new mixer for Martinis or Manhattans—or similar drinks that don't call for vigorous shaking, comes with a worm drive mechanism that twirls a little propeller in the glass. This gadget works by hand, but probably any minute someone will have this hitched up to an outboard motor or some other contrivance to avoid all manual exertion.

Even the local sight-seeing service is turning up in a stream-lined effect. A new organization has been created to serve both foreign and domestic visitors to New York. The service is practically unlimited in scope—they'll meet you at the city limits, drive you through traffic, and supply you with a genuine nobleman, so you may visit the swank spots with perfect ease, or with a regular guy who can take you slumming without getting mixed up in a clip joint. They will also take you out of the city and give you the privileges of private golf courses and other summer time activities. This service may be arranged for individuals, couples or small parties. It all sounds so interesting that even typical yokel New Yorkers like ourselves are tempted to take advantage of it and learn what really goes on in the big town.



Again under the heading of service is a leisure league, promising to budget your leisure hours. The thing that bothers us is, what's the use of being efficient about spare time . . . we'd like to find out how to get it, not what to do with it.

Snack-servers will find here a few hints for innovations which make canapes more interesting than ever: first there is roulade of smoked beef made especially for the purpose; then, celery, cheese and whole wheat sticks as well as olives stuffed with anchovies. Peeled dry shrimp sautéd in a little butter are a change from the familiar cocktail sausage.

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It seems that some of our readers have been taking E. H.'s fishmongering much more seriously than we had anticipated. Several have written in to find out just where those caps E. H. wears on his deep sea jaunting for tunny, et al., may be procured. For the benefit of those who contemplate writing in, and to assure them that we are right on the job, we have found out that they can be bought for about a half a buck from one of the most famous sporting goods establishments in the country. We haven't inquired from E. H. whether he minds being mistaken for one of our fashion illustrations.

We practically promise not to mention any more automobile gadgets this year, but there are three that are worthwhile knowing about: first, a fog light, made in France, and guaranteed to cut through even a "pea-souper" when going at a normal speed; the other, an accessory that promises to lend that custom job appearance to every car, is a set of the modern conception of disc wheels, which snap into place with little or no effort right over your present equipment.

The third is a collapsible luggage carrier, or trunk rack, which may be attached to or removed from the rear bumper with equal facility. The gadgets that are permanently affixed to support the rack may be concealed when not in use.

For dog fanciers and fancy dogs, someone's gone into a trance and come out with an automatic affair that has all the earmarks of Horn & Hardart's best automatic purveyors. It seems that this gadget, properly charged with a sufficient number of dog biscuits, eliminates the worry of whether Fido will or will not get enough to eat during one's absence on a weekend or what have you. All the dog has to do to get his ration of biscuit is to give an oval protruding tray a poke with his paw or snout and down drops a biscuit. Don't worry about the pooch not learning how to do it. You will be amazed at how quickly he catches on!

Drinking is getting politer and politer. Someone is now producing a pair of bar mitts for cocktail shaking. We don't believe an explanation of their purpose is necessary, but it is rather interesting to note that these mitts have little bells that chime out that the cocktail hour is approaching.

We ran some handsome cigarette boxes to ground a few days ago. They're painted white, and have oil pictures on them of abandoned scenes in Paris, automatically elevating those Parisian postcards to a higher social standing.

Among the smoking accessories is a new stone ashtray—a very nice job, too—that has four little slots in which to place your cigarette without fear of its slipping off the tray and which, in the event you forget, snuffs the cigarette out when it burns to the edge.

For summer lounging you can get a sort of two-passenger chaise longue, known appropriately as the "Now-or-Never"... It permits two people to sun-bathe or lounge side by each, and has a folding canopy over the upper part. It's on wheels and there is a magazine rack and drink stand at either side. This leaves nothing to be desired except what appears on Page 31 of the April issue.

One of the most fascinating pastimes in Bermuda for visitors is the thrill and experience of walking with perfect comfort under water. The necessary equipment consists of a helmet, air pump and length of hose and if our policy permitted mentioning prices we would be able to tell you that you can get the works for $38. This promises to take the last bit of privacy from nearby denizens of the deep.

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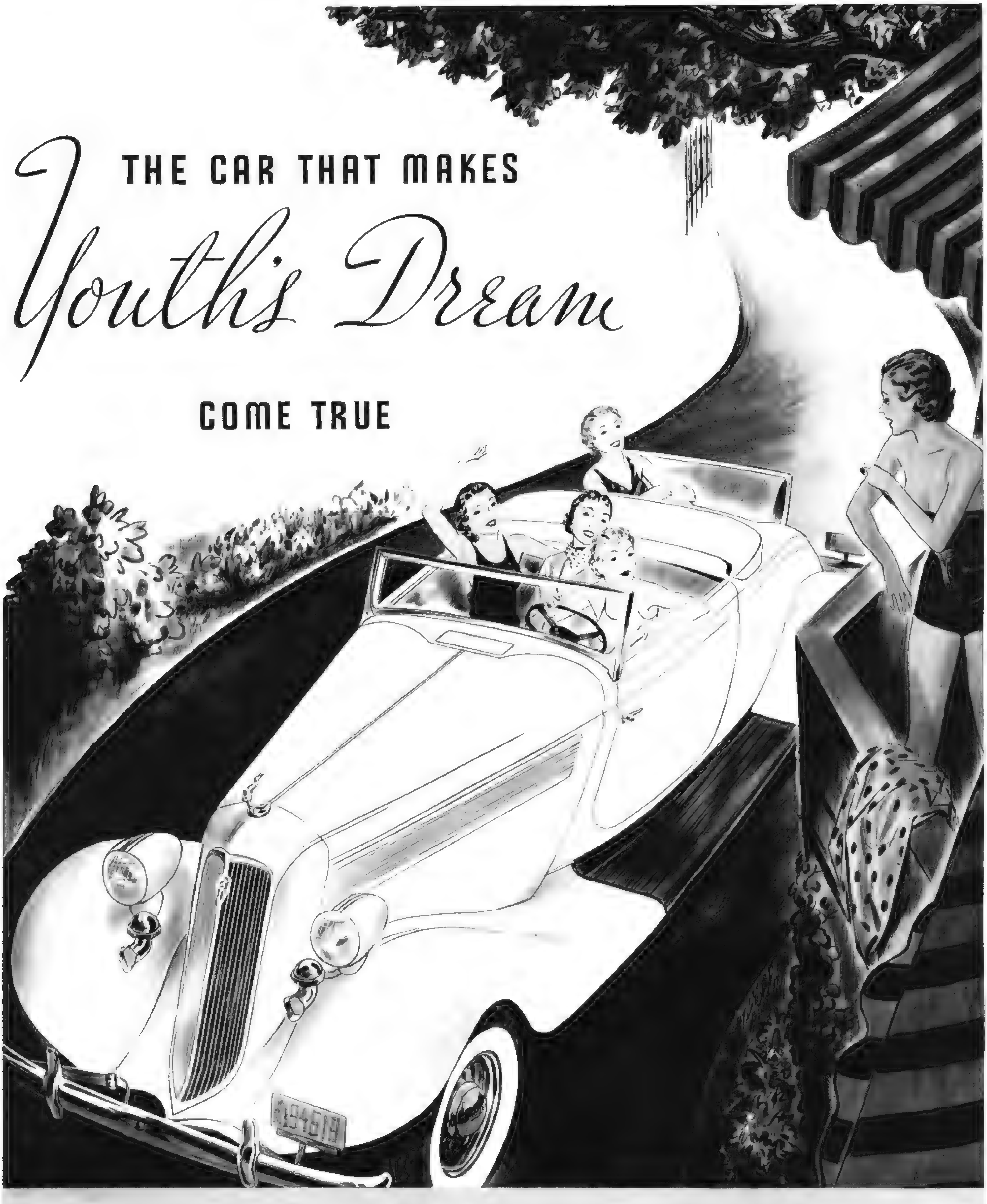


They certainly put the *Accent on Youth** when they turned in the design for this turnout . . . This suavely streamlined new Studebaker is the smartest of the smart convertibles . . . It's the thrilling 1935 version of the car that still holds unchallenged every stock car record from 3,000 to 30,000 miles . . . Surprises await you both when you drive this Studebaker and when you learn the new and pleasingly moderate Studebaker prices . . . They begin as low as six hundred and ninety-five dollars.

**Apologies and compliments to Playwright Samson Raphaelson*

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Vincent Sheean is the author of that current best selling autobiography, *Personal History*. He is now living in Italy, in the little lakeside town that is the scene of his article on page 26, *Three Dead Geese*. The piece is really a satire, so with our customary flair for muddling things somewhat you will find that we have solemnly billed it as an article.

•

Maxim Gorky is so famous you probably thought he was dead. He is sixty-seven, survived cholera at the age of four and an attempt at suicide by shooting at the age of nineteen, and has been consumptive most of his life. His schooling ended at nine, with his mother's death. He was active in the abortive Russian Revolution of 1905. He was not allowed to return to Russia until 1913. Following the Revolution he devoted himself to cultural work among the proletariat but the state of his health soon forced him to return to the mild climate of Capri where he had spent most of the years of his exile and where he is still actively engaged in his writing. He is tall, erect and slender, speaks in a booming bass, is catholic in interests and tastes and tolerant of individuals and nations. He works from six in the morning until one in the afternoon and again in the evening until far into the night. Like Lenin and Stalin, the name Gorky is a pseudonym, a contraction of the Russian phrase meaning "the bitter one."

•

Charles Grayson's latest novel is *Flight South*, a story having to do with the adventures of a couple of American hedonists in Mexico. After the way we plugged the plagiarized *Perlu* last month we are a bit afraid of our own enthusiasms, but we'll dare the jinx by urging you not to miss *The Lord's Day* on page 28.

•

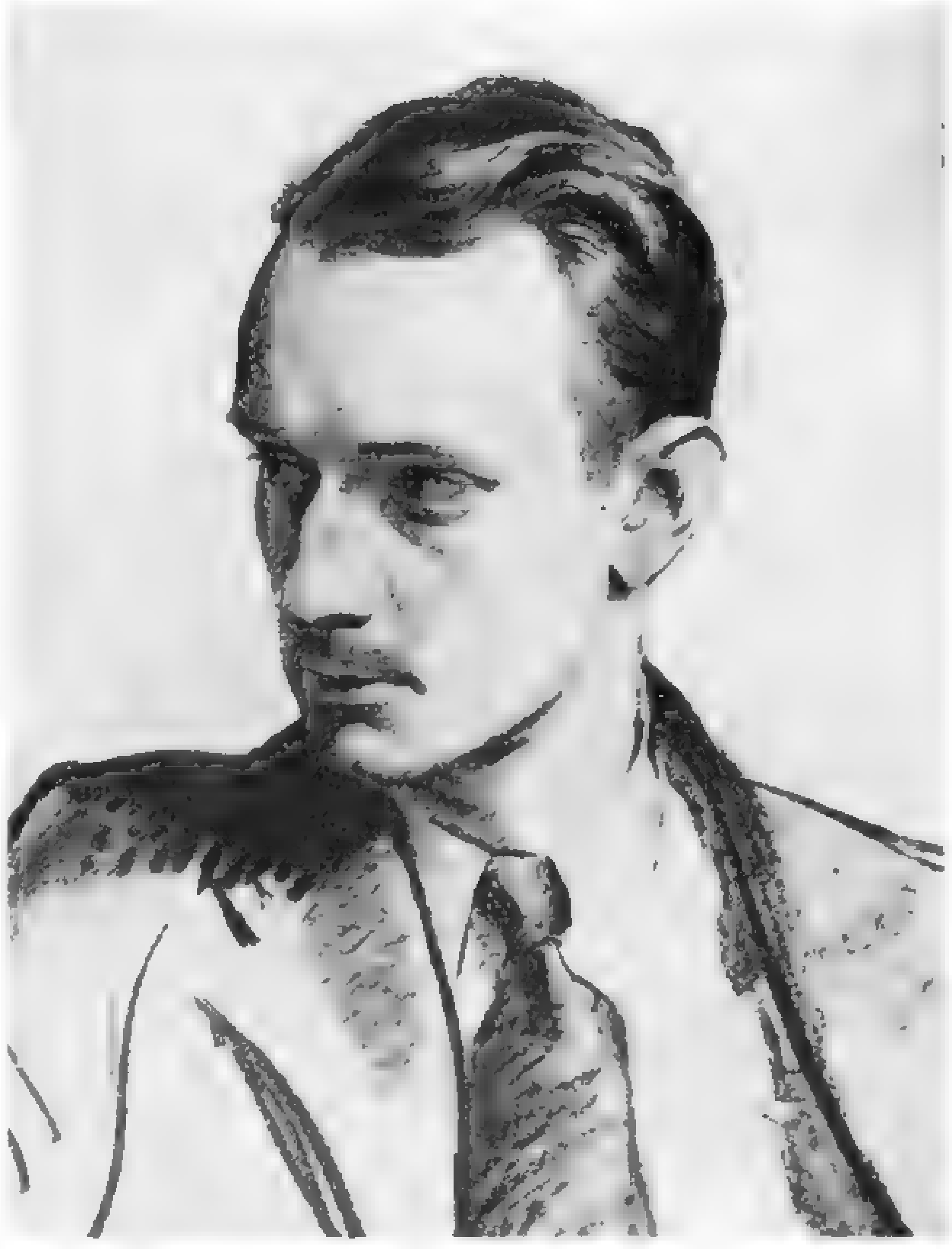
Walter Duranty is one of the best known United States foreign correspondents. During the war he was a correspondent with the French armies, afterward becoming the *New York Times* correspondent for Russia.

•

Harlan Ware lives in Arcadia, California, having retired there at the age of 32 after 31 years of the sound and the fury of Chicago and suburbs, for ten of which he worked for Ernest Byfield and learned how to make a milk punch. It was after the World's Fair of 1933 that he had his first nervous breakdown, if that's what it was, and decided that he couldn't face another World's Fair in Chicago or anywhere else. He had been dabbling at writing for about seventeen years and decided he would rather starve at fiction than grow fat with hotels. In the year following this decision he has published ten short stories and tried out a play. He ran away as a child and went on the stage with a certain Ralph Bellamy. One of them was good. He has been married and divorced, once each and now has, see cut, in his right eye the bright gleam of a bachelor.

Correction: he was married again, May 25th.

HARLAN WARE



PAUL WEBB

BEN McCLOSKEY

Paul Webb, he of the inimitable mountaineers who grace page 53 of this issue, and some one page of every issue, was born at Towanda, Pennsylvania in 1902. He was considered very talented as a boy because, thanks to a large Adam's apple, he could make his bow tie dance up and down on his neck. In 1921, he left Kingston, Pennsylvania, where he had attended high school, to study art in Philadelphia. He sold his first cartoons to *Life* during his last year at the Philadelphia Academy of the Fine Arts. He moved to New York next and after three or four years there settled down, not where you think, but in New Canaan, Connecticut. As a matter of fact he's never even visited the hill-billy section and didn't think of the mountaineers as a subject for a series until after the first one had appeared in ESQUIRE. He explains his sympathetic understanding of the three bearded boys only by the fact that, being sort of lazy himself it isn't too difficult to produce lazy ideas for them. He thinks up most of them when he's half asleep. He has a wife who corrects most of his spelling, two dogs who sleep later than he does, a rattly 1928 Ford Roadster and a mortgage. Says he gets along fairly well with all of them but the mortgage. Queried as to vices and all that he says he hasn't any worth setting down except a secret desire to play left field for Connie Mack.

•

Max Brand is one of half a dozen pseudonyms under which innumerable action and adventure stories have been published by Frederick Faust. Under his own name he has published only two short stories, both in *Harper's*. This was to have been the third, but Gus had a boil on the back of his neck the week that page 54 went to press and there were two hundred and some odd thousand impressions off before we got round to writing this page and wondering why Mr. Faust was still Mr. Brand. He lives in Italy.

•

J. C. Furnas is twenty-nine, married, has been doing odd writing jobs in New York for the last six years. He has contributed to a rather mixed assortment of magazines, including the *Red Book, The Virginia Quarterly, The Saturday Evening Post, The New Freeman, Plain Talk* and *The London Fortnightly*.

•

Another of the headwaiter's recommendations this month is the article on page 62, *Is The Jury Ever Right?* by **William Moulton Marston.** Dr. Marston is the psychologist who invented the Lie Detector. He's done some grand lie detecting in this article.

•

Frederic Prokosch was born in Madison, Wisconsin in 1908. His subsequent residences read like a Cook's Tour. He now lives in New Haven, Conn. He is a squash rackets player—Connecticut champion in fact—and believes in the merits of Bach, sunbathing, Asia, quietude, isolation, antiquity, animals and salt water. His novel, *The Asiatics*, will appear in the fall. The publishers are very enthusiastic about it.

L. Paul Kuhring has been writing for years as L. Paul. In this league, however, L. Paul stands for Looie, the fair haired boy of the discovery department, so Mr. Kuhring's surname was fetched in out of hiding to prevent the possibility of confusion.

•

Howard Baer is in love. It seems to be helping his work.

•

Gene Sarazen admits to having been slightly hampered by Herb Graffis in the preparation of his article, *The Gates Go Down*, on page 40.

•

Harry Ashe is back after a trip around the world and is again dividing his time between the controls of Major Max Fleischmann's *Lockheed Electra* and the writing desks of the hotels of some twenty cities where he writes his stories, almost literally, on the fly.

•

Milton Holmes left his home town, Syracuse, New York, and headed for Hollywood in 1925 at the age of seventeen. There, after medium rare success as an actor he founded the Beverly Hills Tennis Club, of which he is now the secretary. He collaborated with Mercer Beasley on the latter's book on tennis as well as on many magazine articles.

•

Bill Adams has been out of our pages for some months but the caliber of *The Sea Chest* on page 50 excuses his absence. He is famous for his sea stories, but we can't remember his ever doing a better one than this. This one's got gusto, that's what it's got.

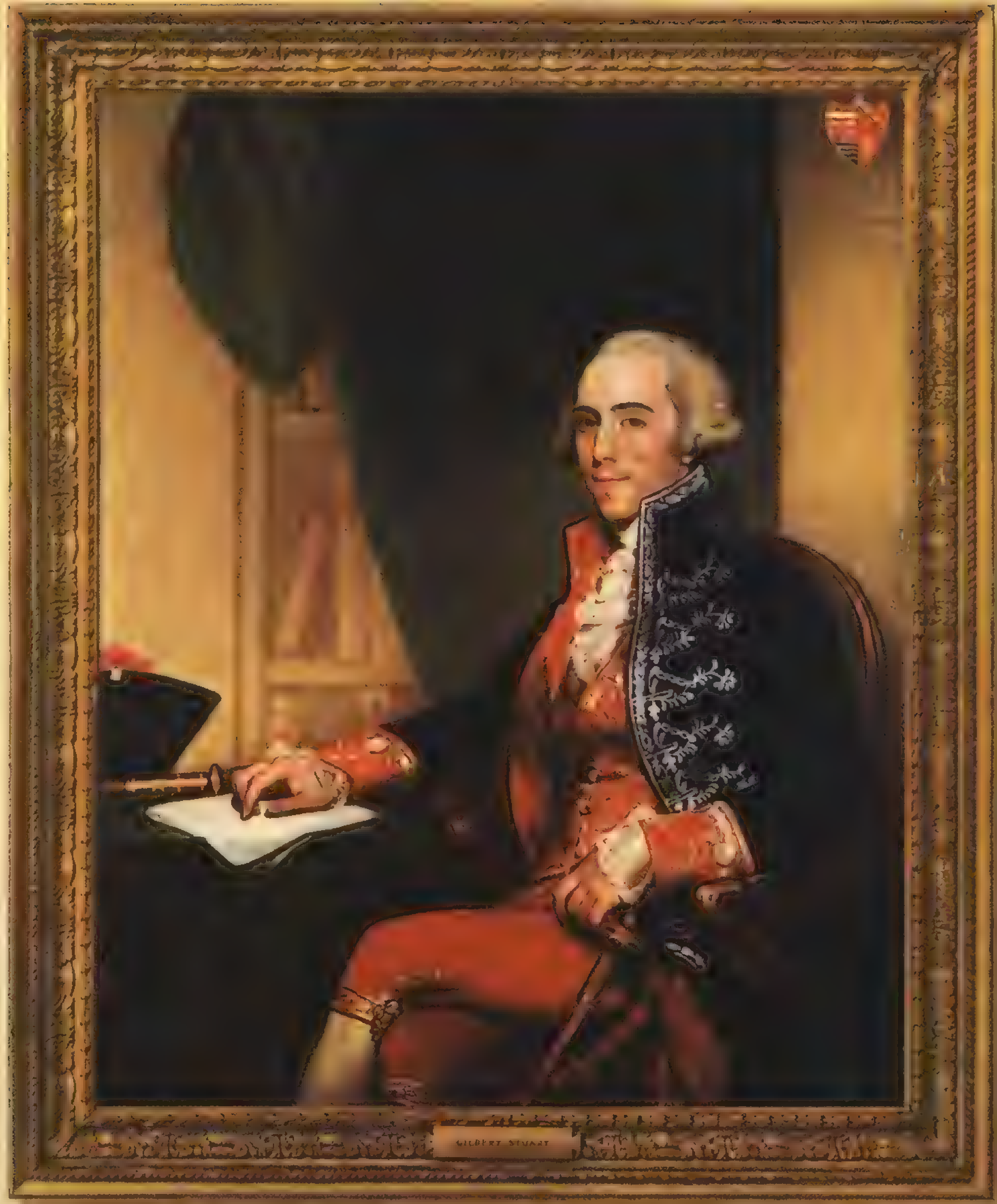
•

Count Ferdinand Czernin is a Viennese, thirty years old, six feet three inches tall. Some years after the war this son of Ottokar Czernin, Franz Joseph's last foreign minister, left Vienna to try coffee planting in Kenya, the scene of *Pim and Pooh* on page 81. Back home in Vienna he is now doing a good deal of writing, most of it appearing in the *Neue Freie Presse*.

•

Discovery of the Month is **H. Herrick Ward** whose first published story is *Yesterday's Girl* on page 108. He was born in Venus, Texas, which he describes as a small spot on very large maps, twenty-three years ago but left there shortly afterwards, spending most of his childhood in Florida, where his mother started the first of the Florida potteries. He has lived longer in New York than in any other one place—long enough that he is open to suggestion as to a means of escape. He has done various uninteresting things, most of which he hates to bother to mention. In the face of our insistence he has presented us with one fact, pulled up plum-like from the pie of his indifference: He is distantly related to the late Myron T. Herrick who greeted Lindbergh, remember?

H. HERRICK WARD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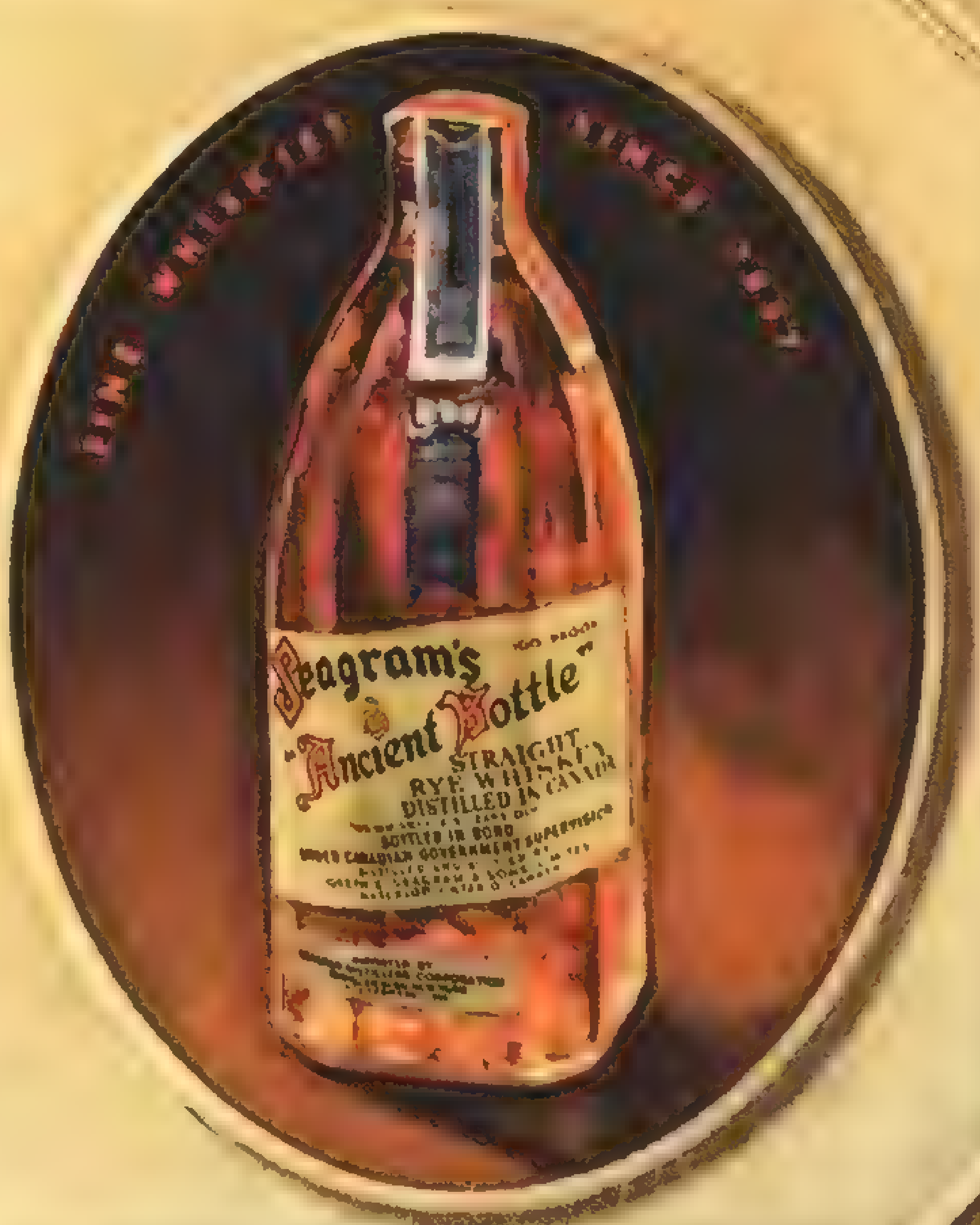
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An outdoor café where interesting people wine and dine in an atmosphere of Continental charm.
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OUR OWN Where-to-go DEPARTMENT

Jack Denny and his Orchestra are drawing a dancing crowd to the *Pennsylvania Roof* these summer evenings. Some lay it to Mr. Denny's smooth rhythms; others claim it's the marvelous food; still others, the cool, invigorating breezes (on even the warmest nights).

Anyway, there's *dancing* at dinner and supper every night except Sunday. Dinners are from $2.00; also a la carte.

P. S. The Roof is open for luncheon, too. Very delicious. From 75c.

HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA ROOF

REVUE Folies Bergeres
"MOST MAGNIFICENT NIGHT CLUB OF THEM ALL" says Walter Winchell
3 Dance Orchestras
FRENCH CASINO
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NEW YORK

Sunrises arrive terribly early in the evening nowadays. It crowds me. . . . Hardly do I get started with a cocktail or two at, say, Number 70 Bar (newly air-conditioned to save Murray Hill folk the trouble of going to the country), a spot of dinner some place and a round of haunting—hardly has the fifth check-sister (or is she the ninth?) helped me on with my topper, when pop go the rays of Old Sol, introducing a new and different day, and I blink to bed, basking in tomorrow but a bit jumbled as to yesterday. So pardon my chronological disorder. . . .

Well anyhow, it was quite an opening some evenings ago at the Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker when Clyde Lucas and his 14 California Dons were let loose with the 72 instruments they operate. . . . One minute suavely symphonic; the next, casting fiddles aside, they leap at marimbas in a bean-shooken frenzy of Cubanism. An eyetreat by the name of Linda Lee coos sweet nothings of love into a mike I'd swap places with. Dancers Marion Wilkins and Jack Meyers are effectively exotic. The Three Gay Blades, gotten up as whiskered beaux of the nineties, unshirtbosom themselves of opera, sentiment and yodelry, tending to panic the place. In fact, manager Ralph Hitz has shown his usual judgment, thereby confirming the old Chinese saying regarding the part he plays in the success of this ever-packed hostelry: "No Hitz no runs."

No complaints, either, as to the ability of the brandy of Jerez met with at El Chico, down on Sheridan Square . . . 200 years old, the claim is. . . . And at El Chico, what with eggs Malaga style, Paella Valenciana (sea food, chicken, and yellow rice), Rioja and Bilbao wines as accompaniment, and castanetting señoritas (especially one named Dolores) as *divertissements*, it seems plausible enough for anybody, and props the mid-evening lull so well that what might otherwise be a momentary sag assumes the proportions of a pinnacle, sweet to sit upon amid bright Andalusian tile-work and quaint lanterns, getting brighter and lanternier with every sip. . . . Incidentally, the colorful floor show includes three monkey-business men whose antics are not to be missed—and even the old Spanish atmosphere you breathe comes fresh-filtered from the cooler.

Notably less pure are the pianologues vouchsafed by eye-rolling Dwight Fiske these nights at the Savoy-Plaza. His following jams the Café Lounge to its classic Greek murals. . . . Another piano celebrity, Helen Morgan, is sweet successor to the Yacht Club Boys at the Normandie.

At the Weylin Bar it's just a room—so attractive as to be self-filling with best people, from cocktail time on. . . . Personable Julie Gillespie, afternoons, and artful Charlie Wright, evenings, are good touches, vocally speaking; but they're extra—Weylin agreeableness is its own lure.

Persons addicted to well-Cognac'd suzettes bonfired beside their table will feel gastronomically at home at the Perroquet (East 61st) where Evaldo, bearded like an ambassador, hovers genially, sixth-sensing what they'd particularly enjoy. A bottle of Frascati? Why, certainly! Of the best!—Italian wines being a specialty of the cellar, along with those of all other worth-while countries. Cuisine, southern French, reminding one of Nice and Cannes. Indeed, the Perroquet has every reason to plume itself. . . . As for the Pierre's mystic-cool sky haven, where Joe Moss mesmerizes and the slyly droll Hartmans cavort in what appears to be an exhibition dance to end exhibition dances—if, as spots go, the Pierre Roof isn't the ultimate of the ultimate, then I'm just an old sleepy-head who doesn't get around much.

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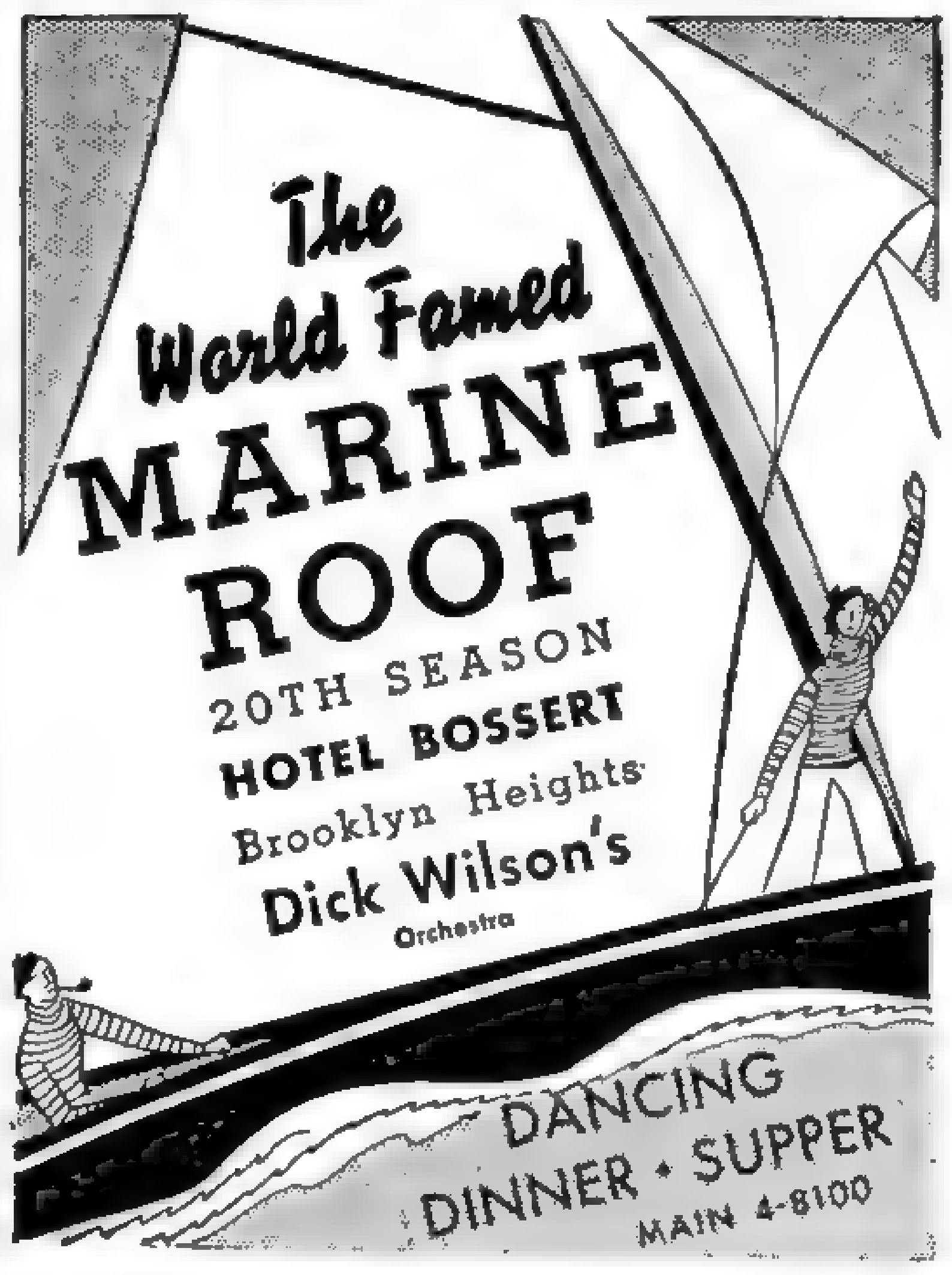
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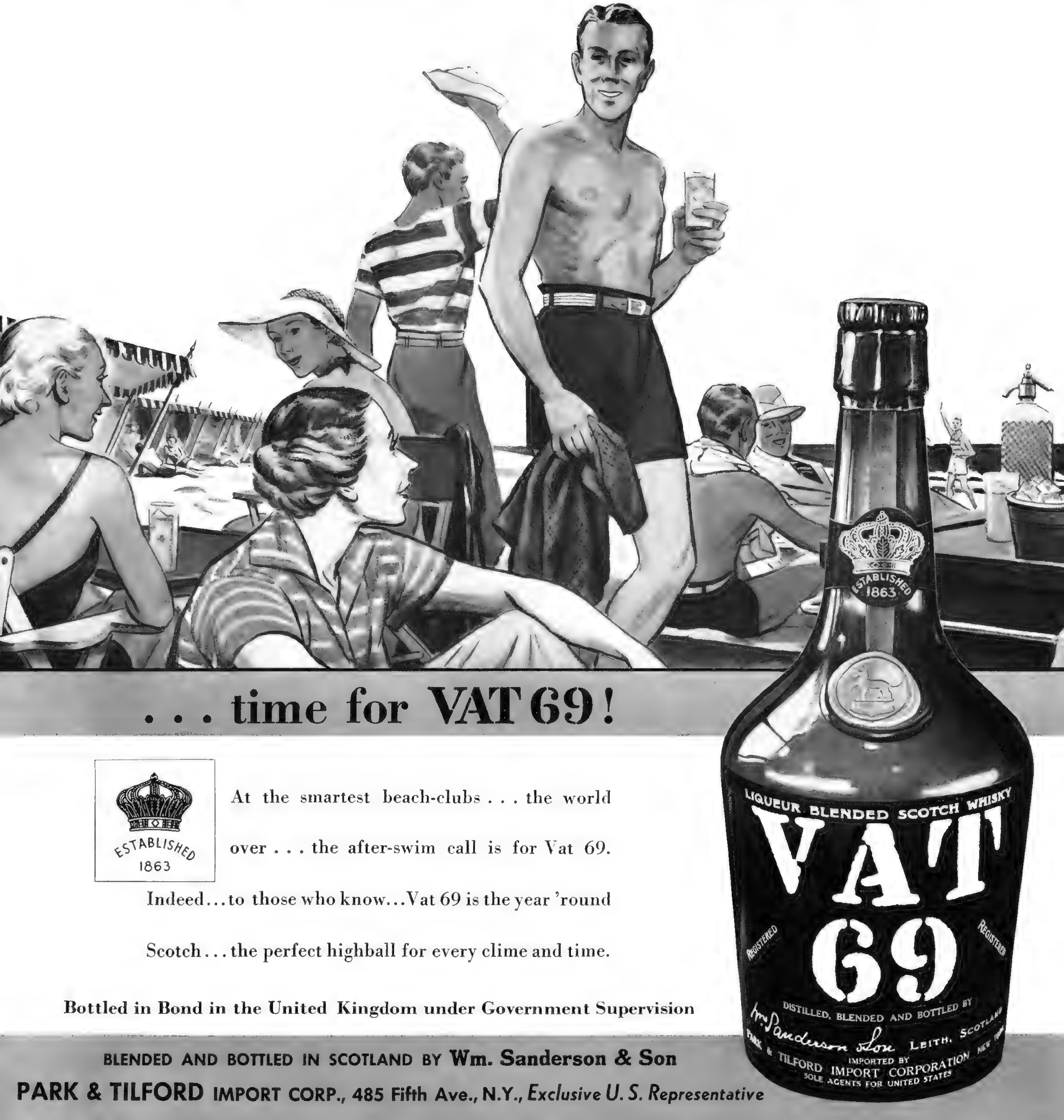
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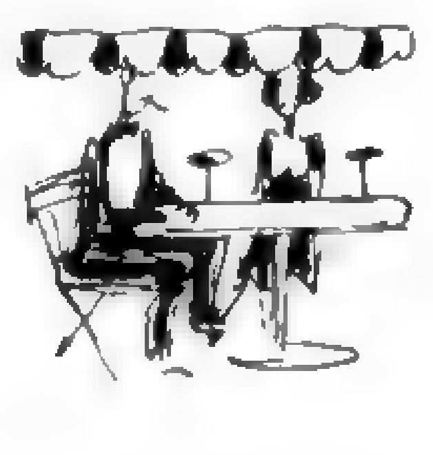
PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

The ozone craze is upon us. Awnings, pavilions, and umbrellas blossoming out everywhere. Lower Fifth Avenue gone Parisian—a *Boulevard des Cafés*—its sidewalks paddocked with gay apéritif tables, also used for matutinal gather-me-ups, noon refresheners, evening sustainers, and caps of the night. At Ninth Street the vastly genteel Fifth Avenue Hotel spreads a hospitable array, with busy traffic of waiters issuing forth into the al fresco with drinks and viands of the sort for which its Amen Corner room is not unknown. Managing to capture a table there the other evening I wondered, as always, at the vocal gusto of Alfredo Seville, baritone of the Musical Rogues, a glutton for giving the customers what they ask. I'll bet that guy sings request numbers in his sleep, if he ever sleeps. . . . Within the Brevoort's peekaboo pleasaunce of evergreens, one may hear, amid table talk, the dulcet plash of siphons and the tinkle of coolness—seemingly continuous, as though shrubbery, with the benefit of French catering, possessed charms difficult to break away from. . . . Contemplating such things, and the nearer array in front of Number One Bar's recently opened Venetian Room, George Washington on his arch (he's at the bottom of it all) must feel tantalized.



Uptown, the flower-garnished Pavillon Marguery (Park Avenue at 47th) dispenses superb eats under its stripes, with the talents of fourteen chefs to draw upon (including a Hindu who curries) and cellar to match. . . . Around the corner, at the culmination of Vanderbilt Avenue, the Chatham Walk offers festive umbrellas for epicures who Crusoe under them swankfully. . . . The Central Park Casino, flinging wide its englazements, has gone all outdoors. . . . Over on the other side of the George Washington Bridge, the Riviera rewards Nature-lovers with the spectacle of pulchritude selected by Earl Carroll, plus an unforgettable view of New York By Night—If you can remember to look. . . . Down east at New Rochelle the formerly semi-soft bar of the Glen Island Casino has firmed up. You can get your liquor! In celebration of this happy improvement a new cocktail porch and appropriate lounges have been unveiled, and the well-known dining and dancing by the sea, this year with the Dorsey Brothers' Orchestra, are not only more but merrier.

Here in Gotham the late trend—aside from Eddie Davis, whose songs at Leon and Eddie's cause the ceiling to open in the manner of a safety valve—is toward higher things. Thus at the St. Moritz maître d'hôtel William, while retaining a telescopic oversight upon Rumpelmeyer's and the sidewalk amenities of the Café de la Paix, has migrated to the Sky Gardens, 31 stories up, where three orchestras and the dance team of Rosalean and Seville keep cobwebs away and Dame Care just a woman that men forget. . . . At the McAlpin there has been a like transference from Grill to Roof, with Enoch Light now batoning and Mary Danis babbling Mother Goose Re-Goosed, or own words to that effect. . . . At the Pennsylvania, where the Roof seems to boss the Hudson, Jack Denny dispenses the music—tops, if my ears and feet know anything. . . . The Astor's vast moon-deck, with Jack Berger and band, receives devotees from cocktail time on.

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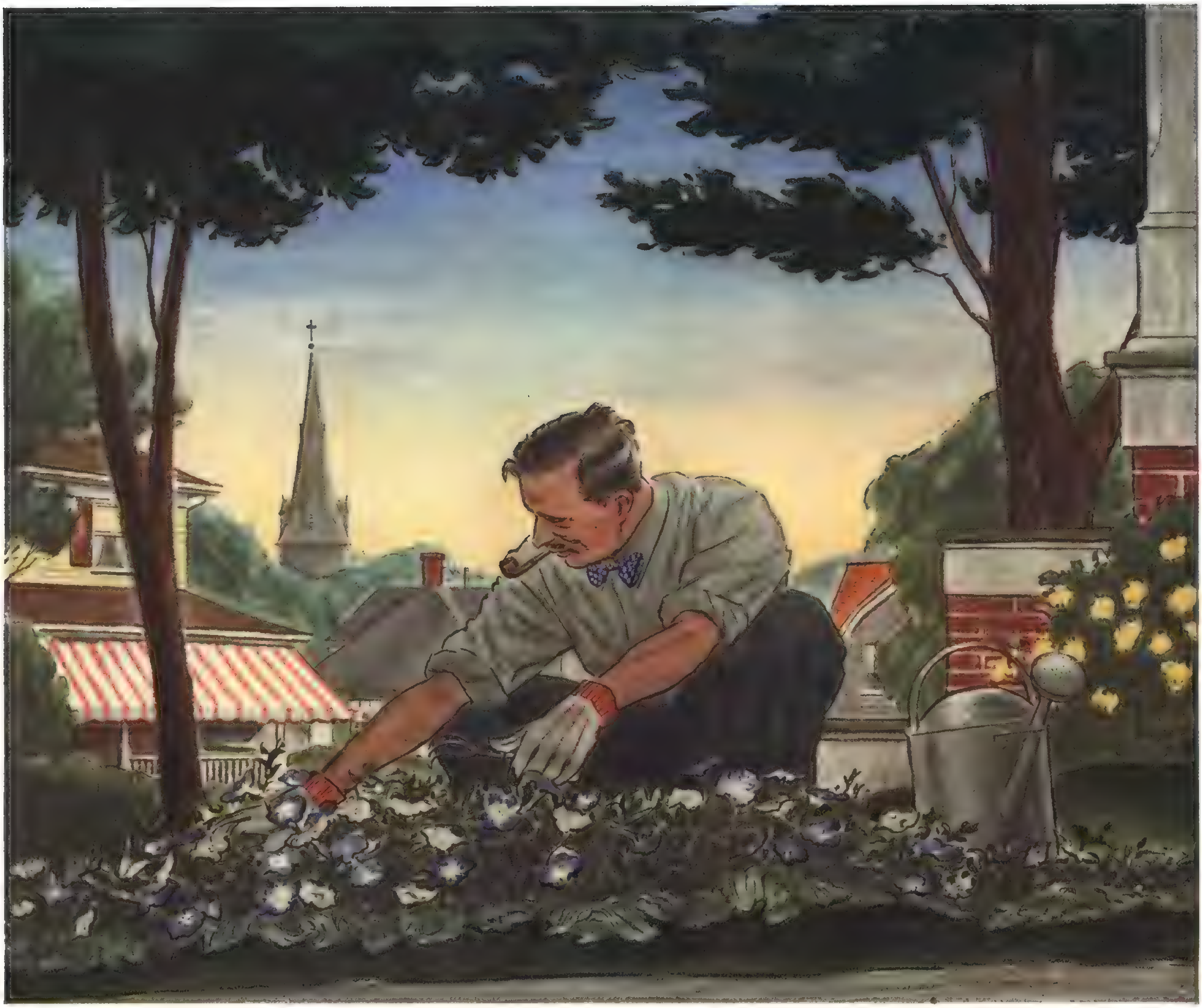

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Peace is something to fight for: war is something to fight against. So, Mr. Average Citizen, wield that tremendous power of yours! Let jingoistic politicians, big-navy lobbies, war-fomenting papers, feel the might of your wrath.

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

Continued from page 8

YOU'RE ASKING US?

I enjoy Esquire a great deal and I do not feel I need apologize for the fact. Yet, when walking down the street with a magazine, I am not concerned if passers-by recognize *Harper's*, say or *Atlantic*, but if I carry Esquire I fold it so the front cover will not be discernible. Why?

With best wishes,

Waco, Texas John Davis

HIGHBALLS OVER APRIL

Just when I'm beginning to ease back in my favorite chair, content in the sadly foolish belief that I have you all straightened out to my entire satisfaction, along you come with this May issue—and I'm back in the pulpit again. Perhaps therein lies the core of Eskie's strange fascination. Somehow you leave the impression with each reader that if he puts forth just a little effort he can re-design your journal to suit himself. I don't really believe that, but nevertheless if you and I were chatting over a highball or two, this is what I would tell you about your May issue.

King Vidor's *Southern Storm*

So you don't buy names, eh? That noise you hear is my somewhat raucous laughter. Which leads me to

Ernest Hemingway

Why, month after month, Ernest Hemingway??? (If that is treason, make the most of it!) His "letters" do not differ greatly from Little Jack Horner, of whom you have perhaps heard—unless you even cut your literary teeth on Hemingway. Just to bring your erudite brain cells back to the level of us hoi polloi, I will remind you that Horner is the young man whose constant refrain was, "What a bright boy am I!" Mr. Hemingway's monthly mutterings are in the same key and have just about as much subtlety.

He varies that melody, it seems, with a series of intimate confessions which could well be compressed under the general heading, "How I Feel About My Contemporaries, In Ten Easy Lessons." I refer therein to the cracks he took at Ring Lardner and Saroyan. Lardner was a well loved writer long before Hemingway was enriching our literature. But then why should I try to put Ernest in his place. Gilbert Seldes did that beautifully.

George Jean Nathan

Please God that when the pained outbursts of the ladies (?) who happened to read Mr. Nathan's puerile tripe die out, we will have seen the last of this member of the pseudo-intelligentsia, at least in Esquire. His copy was too definitely slanted. A too flagrant bid to please a specific market. Every paragraph smelled to high heaven of a hastily written assignment. You, of course, achieved what you were after: a glow of righteous satisfaction from the males, and overwhelming evidence that you have a legion of women readers who have a definite masochistic strain and lap up such printed abuse. Perhaps the end does justify the means.

E. E. Cummings

You tell us you couldn't get this gentleman for your first issue because he was in Europe. Which indicates that Mr. Cummings is once more in the U. S. A. Well, I guess those liners do have to make return trips. At any rate, it's my humble opinion that your failure to secure his particular brand of tongue-in-the-cheek poetasting for your opening splurge is one of the best of the many swell breaks you have had all along. You advise us to sit down and puzzle Mr. Cummings out. Did you think it would take more than a second glance to figure out that No. II—"she stiffly struts all ifs and buts"—blah, blah, blah. And after that is all taken care of, what then? We find that like our blowzy friend, Gertrude Stein, Cummings has masked triteness with the trappings of the occult, which fools blind devotees of belles lettres into thinking they have discovered something stupendously new. Be as unusual as you like, but don't dish out stuff that smacks so thickly of the esoteric.

Meyer Levin and John Weaver

If Levin could offer a small slice of his valuable gift for dispassionate appraisal in exchange for a like amount of Weaver's equally valuable gift for pungent presentation, what a happy balance you would strike between these two departments. Both of the boys are verra, verra good, even if they are somewhat testy (it must be the bad air around New York and Chicago). However, it seems to me that both are a little too much concerned with the worth of the review as entertainment in itself rather than its value as an accurate report of that reviewed. Not so long ago Weaver himself cried, "The play's the thing." Let him remember that when he goes beyond that point in his own department he waxes brilliant at his own expense. "White-hot daffodil!" Mutterings of the Dangerous Age.

Raymond Knight

Surprise! Surprise! I don't join with the other Sound and Furyans in their unqualified condemnation of Raymond Knight. His stuff is as good as any of that particular brand of manufactured humor. Some of the puns cause a sudden nausea, but on the whole his copy is fairly productive of a few enjoyable chuckles. What I think most of your readers object to, whether they realize it or not, are those very unfunny posed illustrations with which you adorn (?) Mr. Knight's monthly contributions. Suppose you eliminate them and see what the reaction is.

The Sound and The Fury

The chiefest reason I part with my monthly four bits. No studied effects here. Spontaneity and swell fun. Yet there is one thing I can't quite understand. Why do you bar the weaker sex from the remaining pages of your magazine and then do a right-about-face and admit them to the "most popular department in Esquire?" They merely clutter up the scenery, because no woman will argue *ad hoc*. She insists on arguing *ad hominem*—which is not argument at all but merely petty mud slinging. The minute a woman takes her pen in hand she confuses the issue—any issue.

The Cartoons

This way, gentlemen, for the second big attraction. P. Webb heads the list because he has caught the real essence of humor—viz., the situation itself. All the others depend upon the caption for their laughs, which captions are not so inherently funny as they are merely salacious. Petty, of course, delights the eye more than he nudges the rib. Yet I think he would more nearly approach perfection if he would improve upon the breasts of his entrancing feminine anatomies. To date they have all resembled nothing so much as the inverted half of a cocoanut.

Gilbert Seldes

Always scholarly. Always shrewdly impersonal, or impersonally shrewd. The one department in Esquire which never disappoints. Like Hemingway, Seldes says what he thinks, but unlike Hemingway his opinions show a refreshing amount of grey matter instead of mere vindictiveness.

You see, you have a strange queer journal. You attempt to satisfy all sections of a man's anatomy. Sometimes you hit him in the region of the heart with a quick left. Once in a while you intrigue his brain. You are even engaged in abetting the reveries of his stomach. And certainly you make a direct hit at the mainspring of his susceptibility. Evidently, you are going to be all things to all men, and so far you have succeeded amazingly. But don't forget the fate of the energetic chameleon who went along fine until one day he found himself in the midst of a square of Scotch plaid. You know the rest of the story. Have a care! Have a—what the hell! Wake up, Ging! Your glass is empty.

Yours,

Tulsa, Okla. Allen McGinnis

ALL THE WORLD IS SAD AND UGLY

The pathetic obtuseness and colossal effrontery of the members of the self-styled "erotic triumvirate," those three preposterous dolts from Massachusetts who call themselves newspapermen, cannot be permitted to pass unchallenged. Newspapermen, indeed! They are obviously incompetent to write even fair journalese, if their callow, sophomoric letter in the May issue is to be regarded in any degree as representative of the caliber of their work.

These not-too-bright individuals have the unmitigated insolence to disparage that gorgeous blonde of Petty's in the April number. Well, if they regard that utterly ravishing armful as "bloated," it can mean only one thing, viz., that they favor females with "boyish" figures, having pool-sticks for legs, and mosquito-bites for breasts, those grotesquely angular and utterly unnatural creatures that once were women—than whom, I respectfully submit, there is no sorrier spectacle in a sad and ugly world.

Cleveland, Ohio Duncan E. Baxter

ANTI-BLAH ADS

Is it possible for the Editors of a magazine to dictate, counsel, suggest, advise, or otherwise oversee the type of advertising matter which appears therein? If so, may I respectfully request that the blah-blah form of bleating the product into the fold be eschewed—and more emphasis placed upon the kind which will serve to carry a message to a reasonably intelligent human being? Witness pages 19, May; and 5, June. "He (she) drives a Duesenberg." Is any more to be said? *Can* any more be said? Don't wise-crack about selling emasculated soap-chips for wash-rag hands; Esquire's readers (I hope) have mentalities equipped to grasp ideas without ABC diagrams in four colors.

Los Angeles, Cal. M. A. Anderson

CORRECTING CHARLES COOKE

In the April number of Esquire, an article titled *Maestro's Son-In-Law*, by Charles Cooke, describing the career of Vladimir Horowitz, great Russian pianist, the sequence of his course of early instruction was misstated in such fashion as to be unfair to me.

The facts of M. Horowitz' early studies, as I know them, are as follows:

He had his first piano instruction from his mother, herself a skilled musician. Then he went to the late Prof. Vladimir Pouhalsky at the Imperial Conservatory in Kieff for about three years. Next he studied under me in the same conservatory for four years, from about 1915 to about 1919, between the ages of 12 and 16. These were, I believe, the most important years of his musical career, the years when his great genius was coming to full flower. One of the great satisfactions of my twenty-five years as a professor of piano is that I did play that part in helping to form M. Horowitz as a musician.

Our relationship ceased when I was taken ill in an epidemic of typhus in Rostow, where I had gone in August, 1919 on a vacation just after General Denikine's army had taken Kieff. Because communications were difficult in the political disturbances of that period, it had been impossible to notify the conservatory and my pupils there of my predicament. It was during that period that M. Horowitz turned to the late Prof. Felix Blumenfeld, who was also at the conservatory. On my return to Kieff it would have been improper to attempt to disturb the then well-established relationship with his new instructor.

It was therefore erroneous for your Mr. Cooke to write:

1. That Horowitz studied with me for only two years. In fact, it was four years and I believe important years of his musical development, extremely satisfactory, as far as I am concerned, in the thought of having contributed to the blossoming of his genius.

2. That Horowitz was then "turned over, for finishing, to Felix Blumenfeld." This constitutes a reflection, of a sort, on my pedagogical qualifications and I hope that Esquire, by publishing this letter, will endeavor to correct it. I have a letter signed by M. Horowitz from New York March 12, 1930, in which he wrote:

"From the time I was twelve years old until I was sixteen Serge Tarnowsky was my teacher. I studied under Professor Tarnowsky at the Kieff Conservatory. I shall always be grateful for all that I learned musically and technically from Professor Tarnowsky."

As your article adds, M. Horowitz was graduated from the conservatory at the age of seventeen, so that he spent only a year or so under Prof. Blumenfeld, compared to the four years he was my pupil.

These are the facts of the matter and it is important to me to have them set forth correctly, if they are to be published at all. The rest I leave to Esquire's sense of fair play.

Very truly yours,

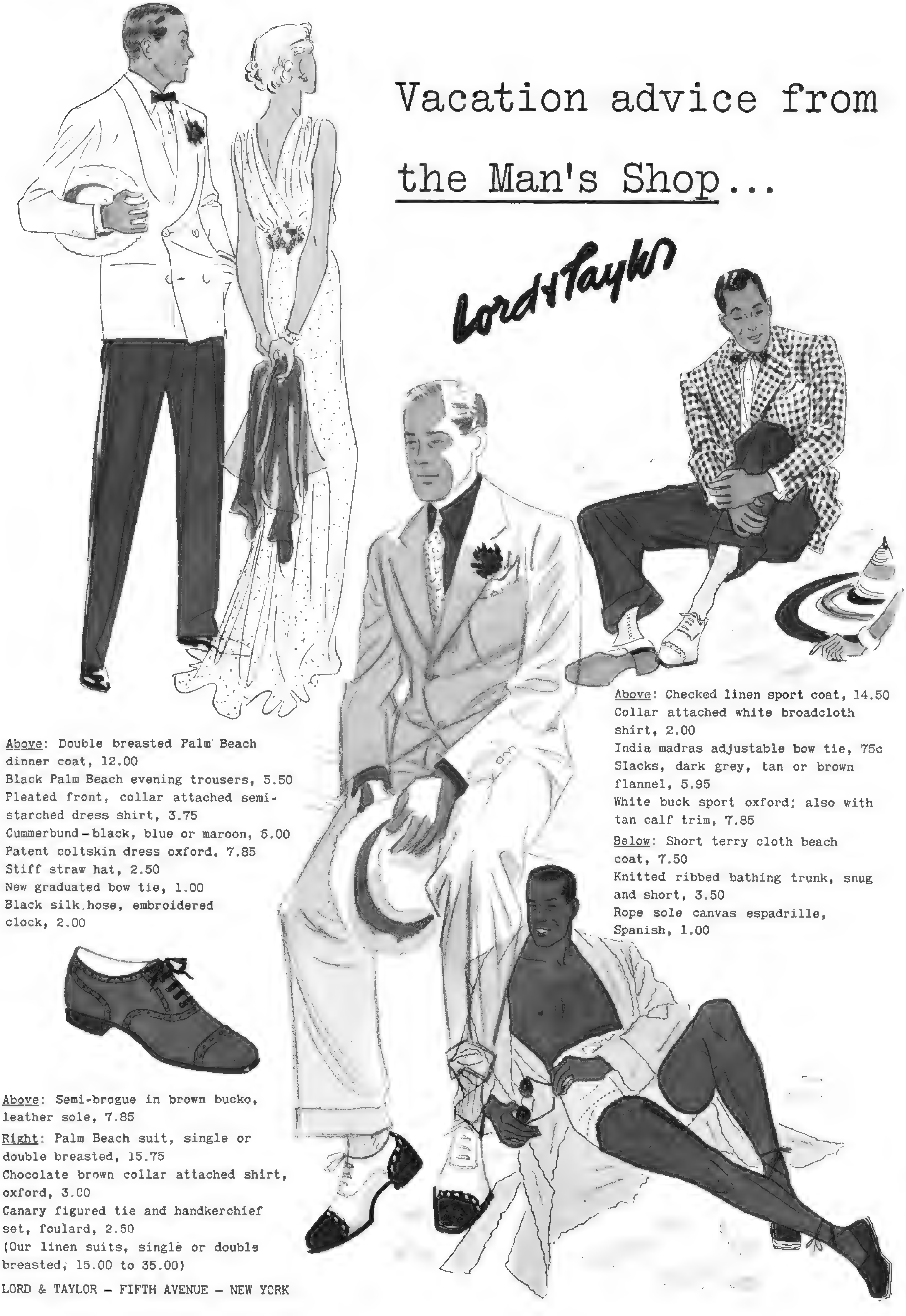
Chicago, Ill. Serge Tarnowsky

YOU *DID* PICK OMAHA

I have just read Esquire for June and seen the letter in *The Sound and the Fury* criticising my *They're Off in the Derby* in the May issue for misstatements of fact. Unfortunately your correspondent is right in his statements that Exterminator won in 1918, not 1919, and that Bradley did not run one-two-three in 1926 but rather one-two with Bubbling Over and Bagenbaggage. I can only admit the errors and state that I do not know how in the deuce I ever came to make them.

Sincerely,

Brooklyn, N. Y. Robert Saunders Dowst



Vacation advice from the Man's Shop...

Lord & Taylor

Above: Double breasted Palm Beach dinner coat, 12.00
Black Palm Beach evening trousers, 5.50
Pleated front, collar attached semi-starched dress shirt, 3.75
Cummerbund - black, blue or maroon, 5.00
Patent coltskin dress oxford, 7.85
Stiff straw hat, 2.50
New graduated bow tie, 1.00
Black silk hose, embroidered clock, 2.00

Above: Checked linen sport coat, 14.50
Collar attached white broadcloth shirt, 2.00
India madras adjustable bow tie, 75c
Slacks, dark grey, tan or brown flannel, 5.95
White buck sport oxford; also with tan calf trim, 7.85
Below: Short terry cloth beach coat, 7.50
Knitted ribbed bathing trunk, snug and short, 3.50
Rope sole canvas espadrille, Spanish, 1.00

Above: Semi-brogue in brown bucko, leather sole, 7.85
Right: Palm Beach suit, single or double breasted, 15.75
Chocolate brown collar attached shirt, oxford, 3.00
Canary figured tie and handkerchief set, foulard, 2.50
(Our linen suits, single or double breasted, 15.00 to 35.00)

LORD & TAYLOR – FIFTH AVENUE – NEW YORK

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

I'm your best friend—
I am your Lucky Strike

I am a better friend than others, for I am made only of mild, fragrant, expensive center leaves. Not a single sharp top leaf nor a single coarse bottom leaf mars my good taste or my uniform mildness. I do not irritate your throat. I am, indeed, a soothing companion, the best of friends.

Copyright [illegible],
The American Tobacco Company

LUCKIES USE ONLY CENTER LEAVES . . . CENTER LEAVES GIVE YOU THE MILDEST SMOKE

They Taste Better

The President Vanquishes

A Bimini Letter

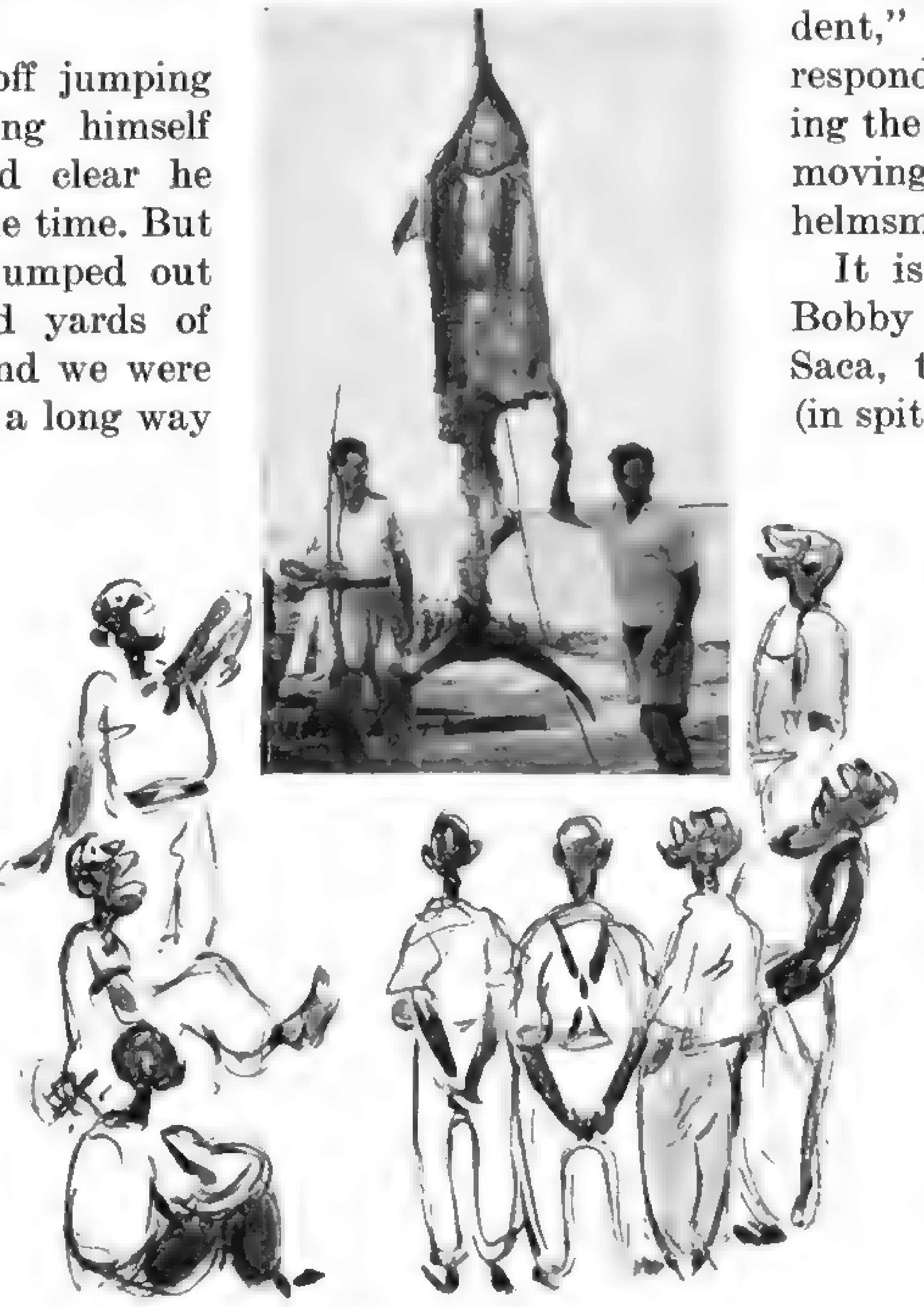
by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

You write this at three o'clock in the morning lying at anchor outside of Bimini harbor. There is a nearly full moon and you dropped out of the harbor to avoid the sandflies. Everyone is asleep below and almost everyone is snoring and you are writing on top of the house by the light of the riding light. It is almost light enough to write by moonlight. Yes, you can do it; but the penciling shows so gray on the paper that you go back to the riding light. A breeze is coming up from the southwest and you know that if we get a southwest blow now it will bring the big tuna. So far the oversize tuna haven't come but there are marlin bigger than any we have ever seen. A few of them will run so big that no one will ever believe their possible size until they see one on the dock. They behave quite differently from the marlin off Cuba in that they stay in certain spots for extensive periods while the Cuban fish are always traveling. Their taking is complicated by the fact that they feed, when on the surface, on schools of bonito and small tuna along with the fish sharks and the big brown, wide finned sharks we call Galanos and as soon as a hooked marlin is killed the sharks will attack him. They will hit him sooner, of course, if he is hooked deeply and bleeding.

To take a record fish off Bimini now, the way the sharks are working, he must be fought very fast, not taking any chance of breaking the line, of course, but taking plenty of chances on pulling the hook out. If the hook pulls out the fish is unharmed. If you break your gear you probably kill the fish. Tommy Gifford's long fights with big marlin were in the early spring months when sharks, presumably, were not as thick. Now, I believe, a big marlin to be landed un-mutilated should be brought to the boat in an hour or, at most an hour and a half; of course a thousand pound fish, if he did not jump, and was hooked in the mouth might fight for hours with his strength intact and as long as he was strong and not bleeding sharks would not hit him.

Until now the largest marlin we have landed here measured twelve feet eight inches in length, was sixty-two inches in girth and had a forty-eight inch tail spread. What we landed of him weighed 500 lbs. and the pictures show what the sharks took. There were two buckets of loose meat that were knocked off when we took him over the roller on the stern that were not weighed. You take a look at him and figure what he would have weighed whole, remembering that all the meat gone is solid meat, that a pint of blood weighs little under a pound, and that the part weighing five hundred pounds was hollow. It is a question on which your correspondent does not wish to speculate further. Henry Strater, known as the President, hooked him and the fish was so beautifully built that after his first clean, smashing jump, he gave little idea of his size. On his first jump your correspondent, getting a good look at him, remarked with some elation to Dr. McCullough who had, after six blank days, bet your correspondent two hundred and fifty dollars that we would not land a four hundred pound fish off Bimini, "There goes your ball game, Doc."

"He won't weigh that," said the Doc.



And as he went off jumping high, clean, throwing himself long, slamming, and clear he seemed smaller all the time. But it was because he jumped out nearly four hundred yards of thirty-nine thread and we were looking at him from a long way away. Just when he should have made his run he turned and jumped toward the boat and it looked as though, if the President could get the belly out of the line, we would never have to chase him. The President working like a fishing machine removed the belly. The marlin had one more idea and crossed to the inside. The President was taking in line faster than a sewing machine running backwards and we hooked up the boat and ran away from him. Then the marlin tried to sound three times and the President held him. After this the marlin became confused and circled and the President gained twelve yards on every circle. The fish had jumped nineteen times (counted) and the President had sweated a bucket and a quarter (estimated). Then the marlin sounded again and the President, resolving to keep away from Bobby Cash's place nights, sounded back at him. The marlin then commenced circling deep and when the Doc predicted we would never get him up your correspondent told the good physician to take his mouth off him. At this moment the President started to put the heat to him and he brought him up steadily, the line spitting drops of salt water tight as an overstretched guitar string. The President hooked up the thermostat and we could see him.

"President," remarked your correspondent. "There's no one like you, President. Bring the sanguinary leader up and we will have the illegitimate on board."

The President, who was pumping like a dry windmill in a Dakota dust storm, applied the califaction further and we saw the swivel. The fish was whipped, coming steady, easy and completely whipped. We could see him purple, striped, huge, beaten now, his pectorals like great violet wings, and him bucking in the water like a log.

"Keep him coming, President," remarked your correspondent, who was holding the gaff, "Keep her just moving easy, Bread," to the helmsman.

It is at this point that Bobby Cash, Old Bread, Saca, the good Physician, (in spite of losing two and a half) and your correspondent break down and cry.

A shark hit the whipped marlin and he took out about thirty yards in a weak rush. There he stopped dead and up top the President was stopped dead. The next hour was the dead President versus a dead fish. The President had fought himself out and killed the fish at the same moment the fish had finished him. The only difference between the two was that the fish had a hook in his mouth and was being eaten by sharks while the President's knee went out of joint, holding the fish in the surge, and stayed out for half an hour.

The President had brought the fish to the boat in forty minutes. After another hour he got what was left of him up. We put him in the boat and caught two more (128 lbs., and 68 lbs.) without noticing them very much and the big one bulked big as a dead brewery horse under the canvas.

We hung him up and weighed him and took the pictures and eighteen jigs followed the President around singing a song that started,

"Mr. Strater caught a marlin,
Tonight's the night we got fun.
Mr. Strater caught a marlin.
One thousand pounds.
Mr. Wasey thought he was the best

Continued at top of page 167

The Pogrom

A portrait, seared in the mind of the bystander, of orgiastic terror in a race-hating mob

by MAXIM GORKY

• FICTION •

This was many years ago in one of the towns along the Volga. Beginning at dawn on a hot June day I had been at the bank of the river caulking a raft with tar, and now it was time for lunch. Then suddenly, from the outskirts of the town, I became aware of a muffled and angry sound, like cattle bellowing with rage.

At first, busy with my work, I paid little attention to this distant hum, though it took on volume and intensity, like smoke at the start of a fire. Over the village a dense cloud lay suspended in the torrid air.

I turned away from the river and immediately seemed to *see* harsh noises, mixed with dust, rise from the earth and saturate the air. The dust rolled up in grey spirals, the sounds became more and more strident, more and more varied, while the air trembled. I shuddered, a prey to lugubrious presentiment.

Leaving my work I climbed the sandy bank. From the top I saw people running pell-mell from all directions. In an excited mob they poured like lava down the street toward the town. Dogs and children tagged their heels. Frightened pigeons volplaned over their heads. Cackling chickens fled from beneath their feet. I, too, touched by the general madness, began to run, unaware of the cause of the excitement.

"There's fighting in the Elisabethinska!" one of the crowd shouted at me. A carter ran along the unpaved road whipping his horse furiously and crying with all the force of his powerful lungs:

"They're fighting us! Come on, you workers!"

I squeezed into a narrow alley and stopped. The mob choked the cul-de-sac like a bag full of grain.

Again, I heard shouts and screams of violence, still far away. Breaking windows tinkled plaintively; heavy blows resounded; something broke, fell, and rolled. The noises became confused, each new one blanketing the last like clouds in autumn, heavy masses of sounds wallowing in the suddenly unbreathable air.

"The Jews are getting theirs!" came the pleased voice of a little bit of a man, a well dressed and distinguished-looking old fellow. He rubbed his dry little hands and added: "That's fine, that is!"

I elbowed my way out, obeying a strangely exciting and irresistible impulse. The terrifying uproar drew me on and everyone with me, sucking us in like quicksand. Human faces, distorted with intense and base malice, eyes shining eagerly, passed before me as in a dream. The mob flowed forward in a heavy and compact mass, ready to tear down walls or barricades should they bar the way, each man prepared to climb over the man ahead, to trample on his body, to crush him under foot.

I rushed into the courtyard of a house, then jumped the fence into the court next door, repeating this process again and again until I found myself once more in a dense mass of humanity.

* * *

They yelled like demons, heads thrown back, faces red, teeth flashing in their open mouths. They waved their arms, jostled each other, climbed on the roofs of the buildings, slid to the ground and then, *without stopping or tiring*, climbed and climbed again! Despite the confusion of movement there was something strangely homogeneous in this swarming mob. Each man seemed to have become the arm of a single huge body, driven by the powerful mob against which there could be no resistance.

High above this savage and beastly pack a tall, thin Jew clung to the roof of a house. With his shriveled fingers he tore bricks from a chimney and threw them down on the seething mass below, all the time crying out in a voice shrill like a gull. His long white beard quivered on his breast and his white trousers were covered with red splotches. Violent cries were hurled at him from below.

"Shoot him!"

"Get a gun! Stone him!"

"Go up there and get him!"

The windows of the house were filled with people. They broke the window frames with cold fury and threw any object at hand into the court and into the street. Window panes vibrated and shattered. A big strapping lad with powerful shoulders and curly hair appeared in one of the windows holding a mirror.

"Look out below!" he cried in a lout's voice as he pushed it through the window. Catching the rays of the sun for one dazzling moment, the mirror somersaulted in midair and fell to the ground with a resounding crash. The young man leaned far out the window to see it. On his high cheek-boned face was a serious, almost pensive, expression, totally void of any spitefulness.

In another window appeared a robust and black bearded muzhik, a pillow in his hand. With a deft movement he ripped it open letting a thick snow of white feathers float out into the air.

"It is snowing! Be careful of your noses, you children!" he cried as he watched the little white feathers turning over and over, falling toward the sea of human faces below. Meanwhile in the courtyard someone was yelling at the top of his voice:

"Come here! We've just found some little Yids in a barrel!"

"Beat them! Kill the little bastards!"

"Bash their heads against the wall!"

"Listen, you old Yid! Come down and make it quick! We've found your brats!"

"Get off that roof or we'll kill them!"

The terrified shriek of a child rent the air like a flash of lightning against a cloudy sky, a streak of dazzling brilliance against the dull roar of the crowd. The hubbub softened for a moment only to spring up stronger than ever.

"Don't touch them!" someone shouted.

"Don't touch the children!"

"Stick to the grown-ups!"

And then another shriek from the child. Sharp as hail it cut to the heart and drowned out all other sounds.

"God damn it!" a voice cried out.

"Hit 'em on the head!"

"You dirty kike!"

"He's mashed my feet with a brick!"

"Come on, Antipe, let's get the Yid!"

Two laborers from a nearby building elbowed their way into the crowd, looked up, and began to climb to the roof. Again the serious faced lad with his rosy cheeks appeared. Struggling, he pushed a large wardrobe into the open window.

"Hey, you kids! Catch the dishes!" he shouted to the crowd who greeted him with frenzied joy.

However, the wardrobe would not go through the space of the window frame so the young man pulled it back. His head disappeared behind it but reappeared almost at once over the window ledge. Slowly, like the bay of a wolf, he shouted:

"Look . . . out . . . be . . . low!"

A pile of dishes, unwinding like a great multi-colored ribbon, fell to the ground, followed by a samovar flashing in the sunlight. Below, the crowd ran in every direction, covering their heads with their hands and laughing in great guffaws of mirth. A redheaded youth picked up the samovar and, raising it above his head, threw it to the ground again with all his might, stamping on it and crushing it with his feet.

From the roof came an inhuman wail of despair. The crowd looked up to see a piece of iron fall with a sound of thunder. On the edge of the roof a large body balanced for several seconds, screamed, shrieked, broke away, and was cast into the air. . . . Only a noise remained, soft and disgusting.

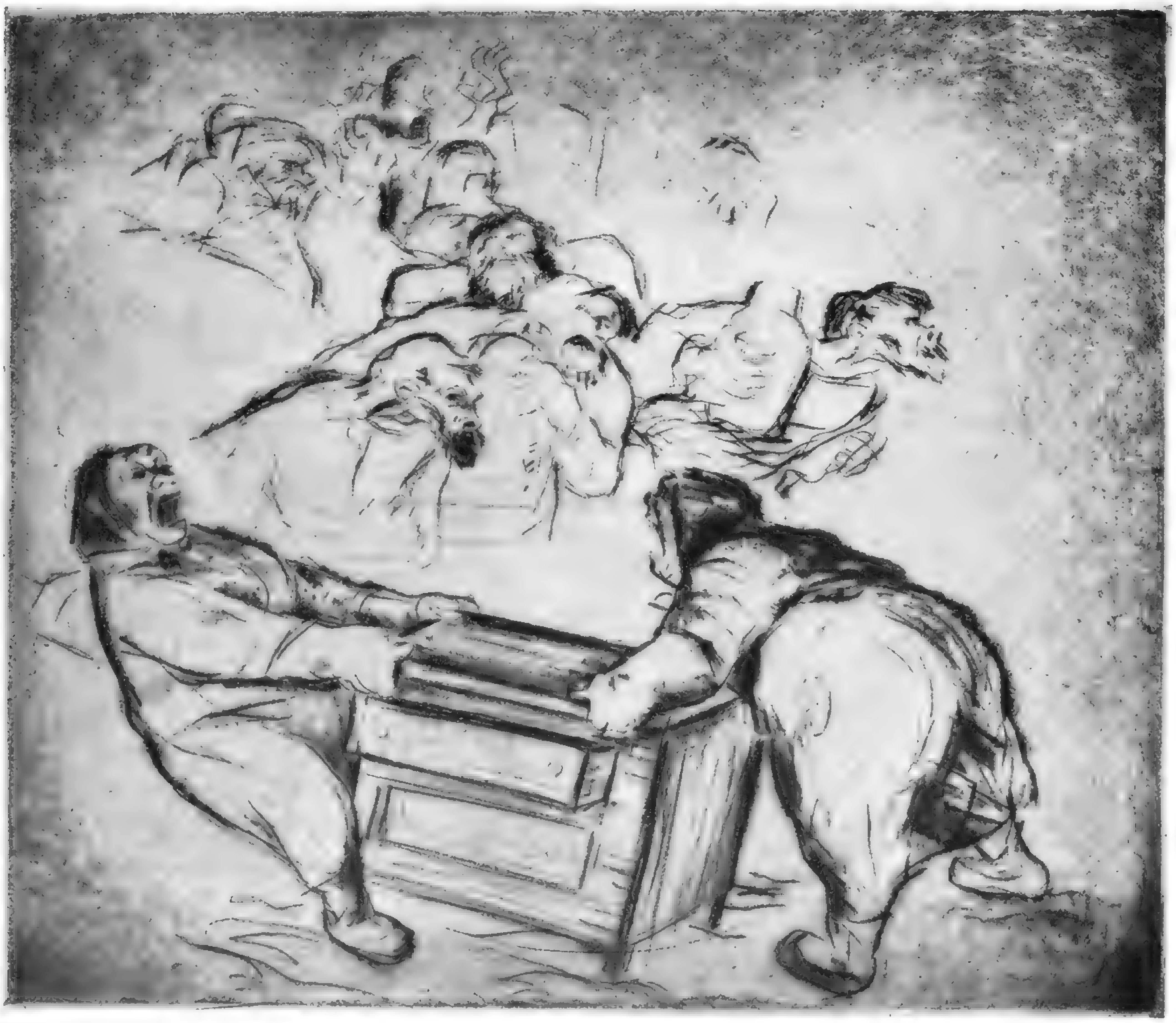
Hurriedly I left the courtyard pursued by their savage cries of triumph.

"Aaaaaah!"

"That's right!"

"At last we got 'em. . . ."

In the street people were breaking chairs,



DRYPOINT BY JOHN GROTH

tables, boxes, gleefully ripping up clothes. Feathers floated in the air. From the windows of houses facing on the court there came avalanches of pillows, baskets, furniture, rags.

The people, gripped with the rage of destruction, caught them in mid-air, broke them, tore them, ripped them into a thousand pieces. Two disheveled women, their faces red, their foreheads sweaty, tugged at a chest, each pulling it in a different direction. They shouted to each other while feathers and bits of straw whirled around their heads. And although their mouths were wide open with effort their voices were completely lost in the crack of breaking wood, in the cries and the roars of the vandals, and in the heartbreaking wails, filled with terror, that came from all directions.

A muzhik of incredible stature passed before me, bareheaded, his shirt torn. From his disordered hair thick blood, almost black, ran over his cheeks. He waved his arms, smiling the sickly smirk of a glutted animal.

Suddenly he put his arms around a lamp post, and pressing the iron pipe against his chest, he began to rock it back and forth. The globe tottered, came loose from its socket, and fell to the ground.

'Down with it!" cried another muzhik running up to the same lamp post, which he too embraced and began to shake with all his force.

From somewhere, like a dove in a swirl of smoke, a young girl plunged into the crowd, her dress torn from top to bottom, her hair streaming over her shoulders. She ran, head thrown back and in her face, pale with misery, her eyes seemed immeasurably huge.

"Beat up the Yid!" cried a voice and in the blink of an eye the young girl disappeared in the dense mass of beings as a minute piece of sugar vanishes under a cloud of flies.

The black swarm of bodies eddied over her, fists struck out, voluptuous murmurs, soft and continuous slaps resounded. Cynical jokes, curses, like the hiss of a snake, were welded into a single sound shot with wicked joy.

"Gangway! Here comes Zelmann! Get back, you!"

Shouts came from a group who dragged something along the pavement. It was a man, or rather a corpse, half naked, dry, disheveled, hacked, covered with blood and mud. By a rope tied to Zelmann's leg they dragged the unhappy man the length of the street. A little river of blood flowed from his mutilated body, leaving a zigzag trail on the pavement. His long dried-up arms weltered in blood and, wedged between his arms where they joined the shoulders, was a frightful head, a bloody ball, hitting against the paving blocks.

A lout ran toward the body, jumped on it, drove his feet into the stomach of the victim as if it were made of paste. Everyone laughed. Then, with a satisfied look, the young fanatic waved his hands and fell flat on the corpse.

Zelmann had been a rich contractor of public works. I had often seen him alive but there was nothing of the rich man about the rag that lay before me. It did not even resemble a human being.

Bewildered by all that was going on around me, choked with dust, I followed the crowd, pushed here and there like a chip of wood swept on by a torrent. It was like a horrible dream.

Over there a white skirt is caught in the gutter of a roof. It floats well above the ground, while an old woman, standing on tip toes, tries to reach it with her brown and skinny arm. Beside her a bearded laborer, his head encased in a velvet cap, laughs heartily. Urchins slide between the legs of the bigger persons, picking up splinters of mirrors. One of them makes several bounds into the air trying to catch a feather that floats capriciously in the air.

Brandishing a saber, a policeman runs around as though lost. They laugh at him. They cry after him.

"Stop! Hold him!"

"Catch the 'boss'!"

Someone throws a broken box at his feet. The policeman trips, somersaults, and falls flat. General laughter shakes the street. Happening to glance down at my feet I see a piece of bloody skin stuck there, a tuft of hair still clinging to it. I shudder.

"Hey, you people! Come here!"

The cry comes from a neighboring court-

Continued at top of page 164

Three Dead Geese

Two famous barmaids, a waiter and a peasant count the results of an international conference

by VINCENT SHEEAN

• ARTICLE •

We have had an international conference on our lake. That is, a number of great men, aided by a number of smaller men, accompanied by a horde of men of all sizes, have been meeting in solemn conclave to settle the future of Europe. The event is not new. Indeed, the same great and little men have met dozens of times before in the past fifteen years, and the future of Europe still seems rather unsettled. In view of this celebrated fact, it occurred to me, as a puzzled dweller on the shores of the lake, to inquire among the people closest to the scene of deliberations—i. e., the other dwellers on the shores of the lake—whether any results of the meeting had been perceived.

I started with Pietro. He raises chickens and geese.

"What do you think of the Conference at Stresa, Pietro?" I asked.

"Ah, Madonna!" he said. "What a lot of trouble for nothing! For five days the policemen and secret agents poisoned my life. I couldn't go out on the lake in my boat, couldn't get to market at Intra, at Lesa, at Stresa, couldn't sell my geese or chickens or eggs, and who is going to pay me back the three hundred lire I have lost, I want to know? My eggs are not like the storage eggs they buy in the big hotels out of boxes. My eggs come from hens. I told the policemen, but they don't care. They would just as soon see all the eggs rot and the meat spoil. I had killed three geese and five chickens for the market at Lesa, and there were all the eggs besides. At least three hundred lire I have lost this week, and the Conference won't pay me back."

"Ah, well, Pietro, that's a great pity, but you know the Conference had other things to think of. They wanted to make peace between nations."

"S-ss-ss-ss! Peace between nations! They might begin by making a little peace here on our lake, for example! Who ever asked them to come here with their aeroplanes and their armies of policemen? Every time I put my nose out of doors somebody asks me to show my papers. The aeroplanes are making me deaf, and I can't get from my house to the farm without being stopped by twenty secret agents, all foreigners, too, from Naples and Sicily and Rome! They can't even understand Italian, not the way I speak it. Is that what they call peace? It's not much different from war."

"Well, there is some difference," I maintained. "At least they don't kill you."

"No," said Pietro—a reasonable man. "They don't kill me. But when they get through their peace meetings there will be another war, sooner or later, and then they'll catch up on the killing. And what for, I'd like to know? All I want to do is get to market three times a week and sell my chickens and geese and eggs. It is not very much, but it is all I want. Why can't they let me alone? I pay my taxes, every year more taxes, and look what they do with the money! Spend it on gasoline to put in a lot of aeroplanes to make me deaf! Millions of lire they have spent this week over at Stresa, and then they won't even let me go to market."

It was obvious that Pietro's severe financial loss had deflected his view of the great assembly. Economic interest does occasionally influence opinion, even on Lago Maggiore. I passed on to Enrico, who, as a stonemason, was less likely to have been financially involved in the historic event.

"How do you feel about the Conference, Enrico?"

Enrico spat violently on the cobblestones of the village street.

"I got a job over at Baveno last week," he said. "It's the first job I have had for about a year and a half, and I was glad to get it.

"Then, on Monday, all these brigands from the south fell on us and declared martial law. I tried to explain that I had a new job and needed the money, but the damned foreigners couldn't even understand what I was saying, and they wouldn't let me go across the lake. So I've lost my job, I suppose. I don't know when I can get another one.

"I tried to argue with the *Maresciallo*. He is a Neapolitan and talks like a horse. All he did was shout and whinny and bellow at me, and then they threw me out of the police station and I had to go home. Thank God I have a field with some vegetables in it, or we would have starved long ago."

"I know that you've had a hard time," I said, "but I was wondering what you thought of the Conference itself."

"*Gran Dio!* What do I know about the Conference? All those people meet and talk and talk and talk, and I lose my job; that's all I know. I tell you, when their war begins I am going to escape from it if I have to swim all the way to Switzerland."

Enrico's view—although a very common one—was not particularly illuminating. I went back to my house, where Maria, the cook, was stewing some vegetables for soup.

"What is your opinion of the Stresa Conference, Maria?" I asked, sitting down on the only chair in the kitchen. She looked up from the stove, her face flushed and startled.

"I don't think about such things, Signor," she said. "I know there is going to be a war, and the boys don't like it, but I don't understand why. There are too many aeroplanes on the lake; they give me a pain in the head, just here. Seven aeroplanes make too much noise. We are not used to noise around here. And then all the policemen . . ."

I let her explain the various local annoyances for some time. I had heard it all before, but once Maria starts she is not easy to stop.

"But the Conference, Maria?" I asked at last. "What about it?"

"The aeroplane factory down at Sesto Calende is working overtime," she said. "There are lots of jobs down there now, only the secret police make so much trouble for the people that work there that many of the boys would rather not have the jobs. I suppose they have to make a lot of aeroplanes for the war. I don't remember the other war very well."

From these and other conversations I concluded that my friends along the lake regarded the great Conference chiefly as a source of annoyance, nugatory in itself but a disturbing influence in the arrangement of their lives. They had lost money; they had lost jobs; they could not go out on the lake to fish; the aeroplanes gave them headaches. With the fatalistic pessimism of

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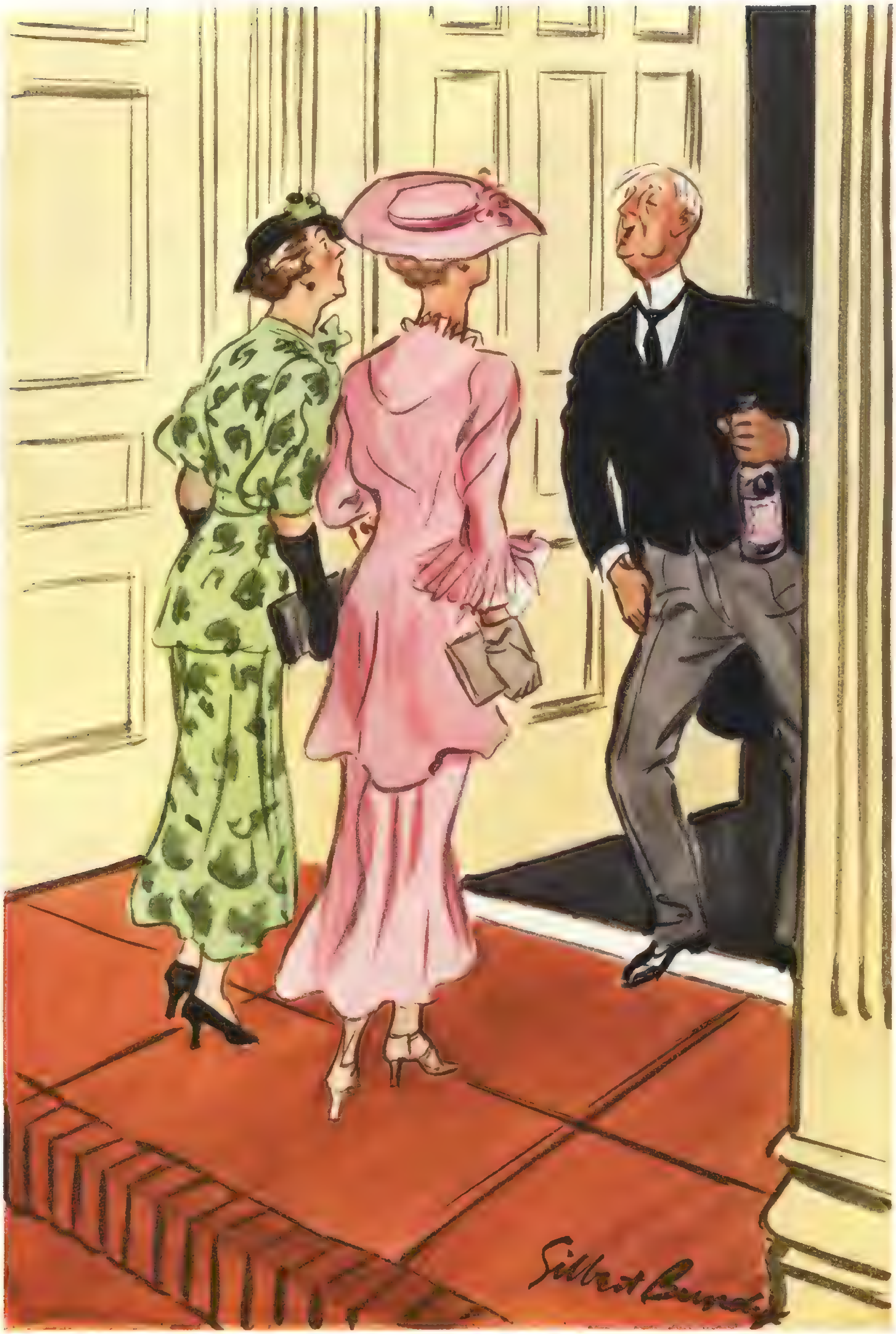

Gilbert Bundy

"Madam ain't at home—by Gawd!"

The Lord's Day

The triumph of a fighting cock brings manhood's bitter truth to the boy who raised him

by CHARLES GRAYSON

FICTION

The excitement awakened him like a real feeling. It was early; too early to be getting up—dark and cold. He sank down a little inside himself, remembering that it was Sunday and the day. Better maybe to stay home, like always. It was warm here, comfortable, nothing to lose. He thought of the morning wind blowing its chill breath off the Gulf. Would El Diablo be cold in his coop? He threw back his blanket and stood up.

Working into his pants and shirt, careful of the labored rasp of his mother's breathing in the next room, he carried his shoes outside. They were almost gone, and they had cost three times the price of sandals. But he never would go back to sandals. Not after shoes. Never! Perhaps today would give him a new pair. Today and El Diablo.

Rising, he crossed the packed floor of the small yard to the pen which pulled out one of its corners. It was empty. The door of the coop which centered it looked like an old black mouth. Unlatching the gate, he moved into the pen as he had moved so as not to awaken his sick mother. He squatted down before the door of the coop, struck a match and looked inside.

The two glowing points regarded him steadily, vehemently, impersonally. Manuel crossed himself. Dios, what an eye that one had! "Feel good?" he asked. "Today—soon we go." El Diablo did not relinquish his stare. The match burned out against Manuel's fingers. He stood up, feeling bigger and stronger and braver, and went to the house.

From the box beneath his bed he took his pig. It was chill and satisfyingly heavy in his hand. He dared to clink it. Five, six pesos, maybe more. For months now that long slit along its clay back had absorbed every centavo he could manage. Now for its use. What good were a few cents here and there? One got past the needs they might have helped. But made many times themselves, those centavos became important—shoes, a good reel. Maybe even—his heart charged up at the dazzling thought . . . a bicycle!

Yet even as he hefted the pig, telling over like the beads of a rosary the gifts it might bring him, he was knowing in the back of his mind where his winnings would go if El Diablo had it this afternoon in Merida. That troubled sound from the next room—she knew, just as he did . . . and his promise of a mass for her must be kept, somehow.

For a minute he stood thinking about going in to her—to awaken her and tell her everything, about El Diablo and the pig, and to ask for her blessing before he started. But the gamecock's eyes got between him and his weakness. Sitting out there in the dark and cold, not afraid or asleep, ready to fight and fight and fight and put the fight into all who watched, to make you see that you must go on and keep going and never back and down so long as you could stand up and fight—Eh, to learn so from a chicken!

From under the house he got the basket he had prepared and hurried back to the pen. There he broke open the pig. He counted the money, frowning. Less than four pesos. Not enough. Wrapping the coins in his handkerchief, he went in for El Diablo.

It gave him a fine feeling to be able to reach in the coop and take the cock from his perch. Anyone else would have had his hands gone over. El Diablo did not complain when Manuel put him in the basket. His flat snakelike head turned and his hot eyes looked up, asking. The chills went around Manuel's shoulders. He stroked the hard feathered back, murmuring:

"Yes, today—the day I tell you of for so long—that I know you are ready for when you take off those sillies of old Rivas—today you must win for the mass of the little madre . . ."

Light was cracking up the grey plain of the sky. He covered the basket carefully and went on down the road. It still was too early for Progresso to be moving; the low white houses were as tombs for the dead. But it was over a score of miles to Merida, and he wanted to get there early. El Diablo had never been anywhere before, except over to the barn of Guillermo Deloya, where he had gone so well. It was best that they get to the city as early as possible, so if the trip made him nervous he would be all right before the main, at four o'clock.

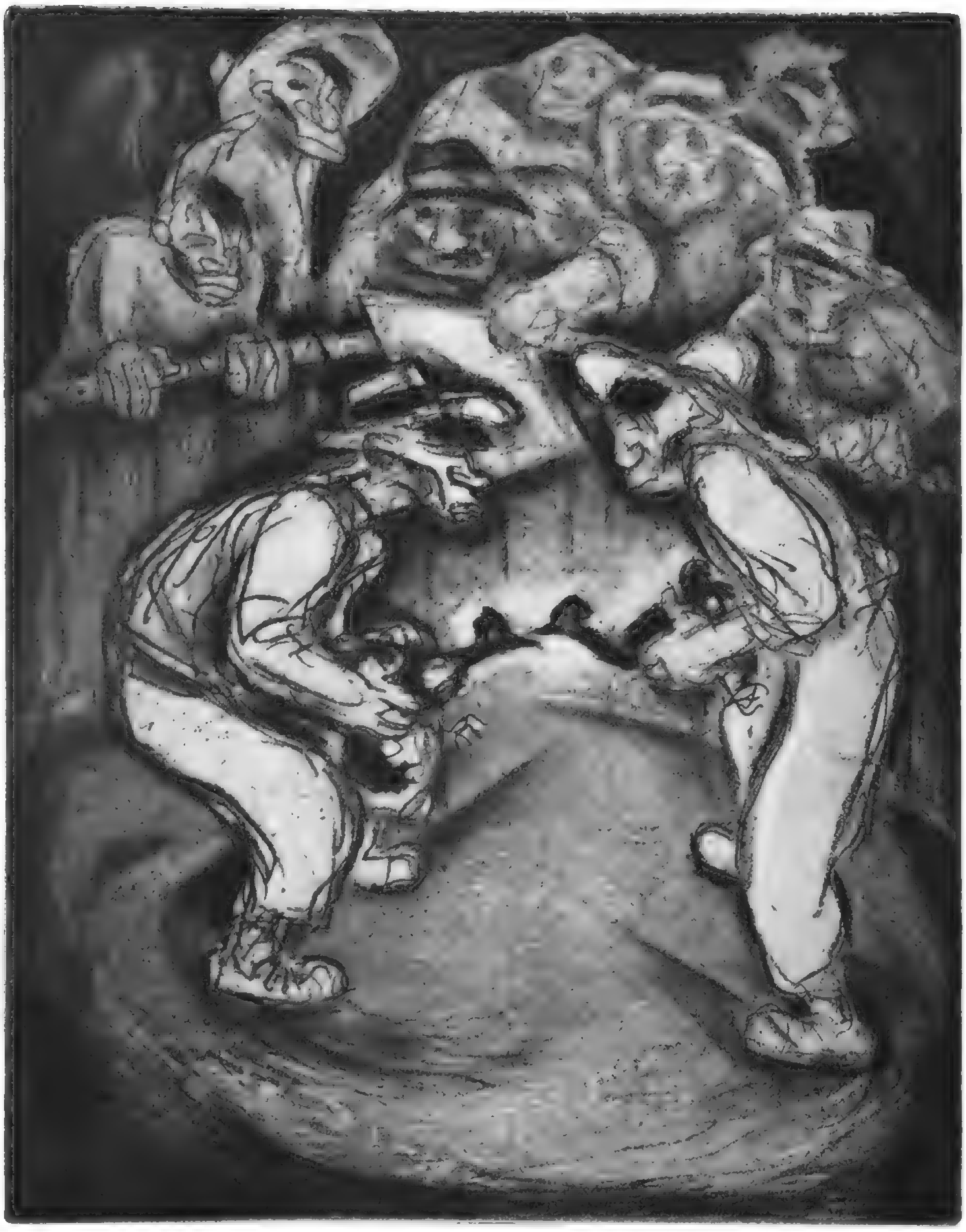
The road to the highway led past the barn of old Rivas, stuffed with gamecocks of every known breed. There were cracks of light along its seams. Getting ready in there for Merida. Manuel hurried. Old Rivas' hate terrified him some; he never had had anyone hate him before. It was a matter of laughter—that which a Yucateco, so proud, never could stand. But whose fault had it been, eh?

He knew now that the *patron* had tried to cheat him, to take advantage of his love for gamecocks by giving him a little unpromising chick instead of money for cleaning up around the place. "He wants to be a cocker, our Manuel," the old man had said to the hangers-around. "Perhaps I should give him this *diablo* instead of dead things like pesos. Eh, my friends?"

His friends had said yes, uproariously, and the ugly chick they called devil in jest had been shoved into Manuel's hands—to make a fool of him because he was a boy and passion in a boy was something to be laughed at. But before he could throw the chick back with a curse into Rivas' face, something like the light cut of a whip had stung up his arms from the tough little body in his hands. He had looked down at it and that flat gaze had looked back at him. He closed his mouth and held onto the fowl.

AQUATINT BY JOHN GROTH

John Groth



AQUATINT BY JOHN GROTH

John Groth

That had been the months ago which had seen the chick develop into the fury he had been in the barn of Guillermo Deloya. As from the first Manuel had been sure would be so. True, he had fed the growing stag carefully, trained and exercised him with almost Mexican patience; but it was not that. The little devil could and would go. As everyone in the barn of Guillermo Deloya had known when he had killed one of the poor birds of old Rivas, and then a good one. To what snickers at the expense of Rivas—and what hate, like the stare of a gamecock itself from out of those deep bright eyes!

The highway to Merida cut suddenly across the road. The first truck he thumbed stopped. The driver was out of Progresso with fish for the city's market. It was a good omen that a man so in a hurry would stop. Manuel smiled. The day was starting right!

The driver was gay. His boat had been the first in and with a fine catch. A huge mess of rubia, many of the so-popular pompano, and best of all a large guango. Would Manuel like a couple of fish for his basket?

This was no market basket, Manuel answered curtly. It contained his gamecock, El Diablo, who was to take part in the afternoon's main at Merida. The man nodded, but became less friendly. It seemed he was a little resentful to have as a passenger one who was up early to go to a cockfight when he was up early to carry fish. The truck rumbled under their feet.

At the market the driver, in with the first fish, was popular. He sold his load quickly, and became friendly again. Now to Marentes, he let it be known like a cat licking its face, where there was a new girl from Vera Cruz. Nice and fat, good for a morning like this!

He was the sport now. Manuel could see him thinking, and himself just a boy standing around on stiff legs with no warm bed or fat girl to go to. Manuel hunched up to seem smaller, putting on a sad look. It worked. The driver gave him a peso.

"Here, put this on the fellow in the basket. We will divide what it wins. My name is Juan Gonzales, at the wharf they will tell you. *Hasta luego.*"

Manuel went down the alley to the feed store of Señor Salazar, hugging himself. Almost five pesos, now, and the hunch getting more alive all the time! He hoped the new girl from Vera Cruz was not sick.

Señor Salazar, who looked like a grain sack that had been leaking, nodded sourly to the great smile which Manuel brought through the door. Manuel bought only the meagerest packages of feed, but little cockers increased, sometimes, to become important ones. He pointed at the basket.

"Is that your famous one?"

"Yes—El Diablo—who has grown so strong on your excellent grain, Señor. See, has he not become a fine fellow?"

Stripping back the coverings, he took El Diablo from the basket and placed him on a bench. As the shopkeeper reached toward him the flat head reared slightly. The hand of Señor Salazar stopped. "Eh!" he said in a voice of mild surprise.

"He does not like anyone but me to touch him," Manuel said, trying not to show his pride. "And now, as you said I might—the coop out back for him until this afternoon?"

In the pen El Diablo stretched himself leisurely, walked around, took a drink of water. Then, eyeing the two figures squatting on the other side of the mesh, he fluttered, quieted, jumped up on a perch and composed himself to rest.

"I give you twenty pesos for him," said Señor Salazar.

Resolutely Manuel shook his head. "He is not for sale, Señor. I have the hunch today he goes."

"You are a fool boy. He will be killed and you will have nothing."

"I will have something you would like to know about," Manuel said, grinning at him. "I heard about her this morning. New here, and fat." Before the shopkeeper could ask it as a favor, he stated the price of his information: "A pair of gaffs—your best. . . . Oh, yes! Do I not pay for every bit of grain I take from this store? Do I not tell you of the hunch, so that your twenty pesos may grow, if you bet? The gaffs, Señor Salazar, and then you may get there before anyone else knows!"

Later, in the park, he took the new gaffs from his pocket and examined them for any minute flaw he might have missed in the shop. But they were as fierce and as perfect as the eagle which once had carried them as spurs. The thunder of bells broke above the trees. He stood up immediately and went toward the cathedral.

What luck to have it here for this day! In all the world there could be no church like this, built over the ruins of NaChan Caan. In Mexico City, they said, there was one so big you could get lost in it. But the Mexicans were liars as well as dirty; and who would trade just bigness for a cathedral which stood where a Mayan temple once had been?

The ten o'clock mass was the most popular, with the women coming directly to it from their bargaining in the markets. This was better. He could be alone at the shrine of St. Benedict to ask for a blessing on the new gaffs, the almost five pesos, the new girl from Vera Cruz, and for El Diablo—especially for El Diablo.

As he placed his candle, he thought the face of the saint looked at him kindly from the painted niche of the shrine. He put another coin in the box as he went out the great doors. Now the sun was sticking its big hot face into the cool blue sky. Good sun, good friend—would it warm Progresso and stop the little madre's cough! He must eat now; she would ask at once if he had neglected his food when he was back home.

At a sidewalk cafe he got his coffee and a cozito. The old woman packed the tortilla extra heavy and showed her empty gums at him when, with his own sound teeth tearing

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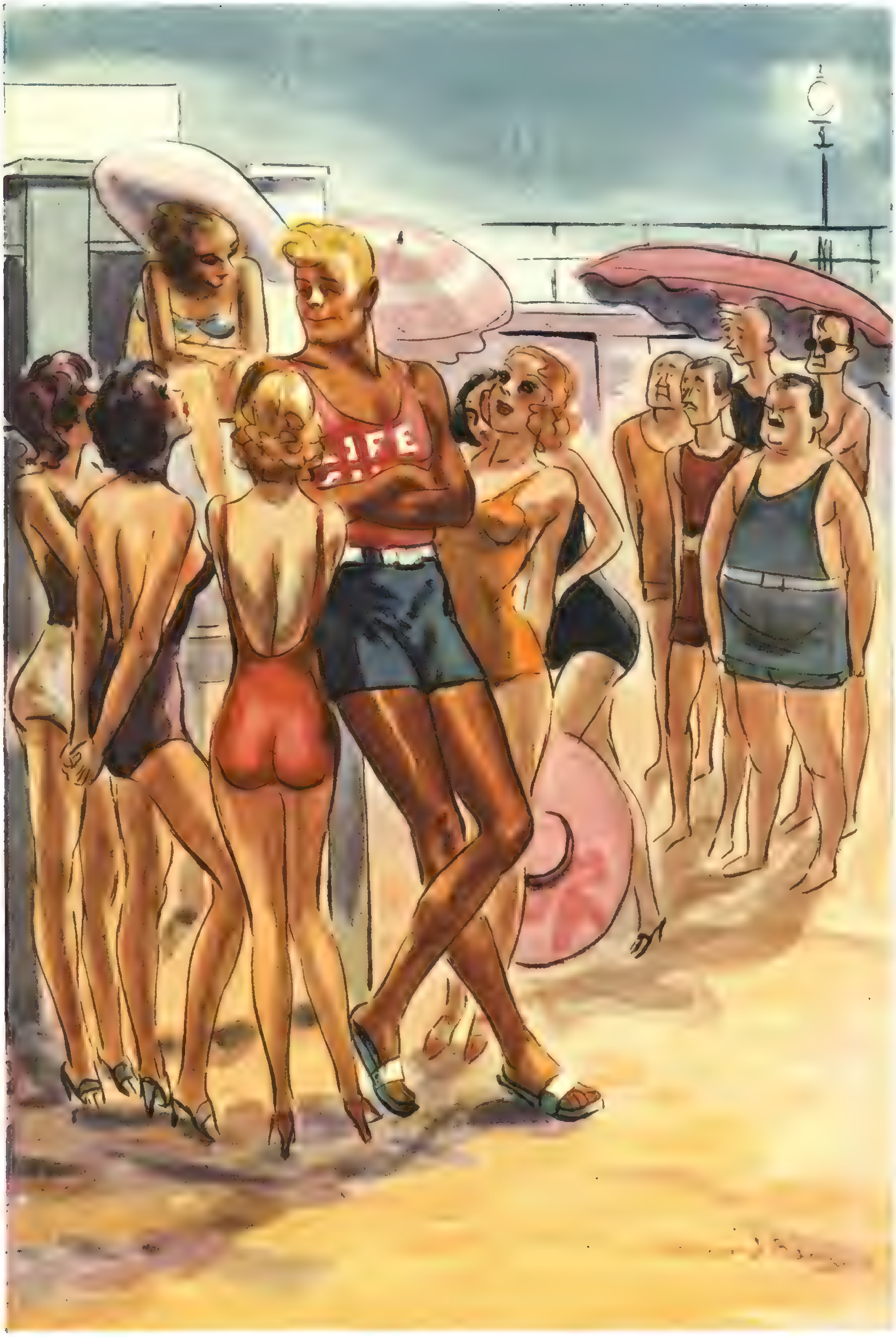


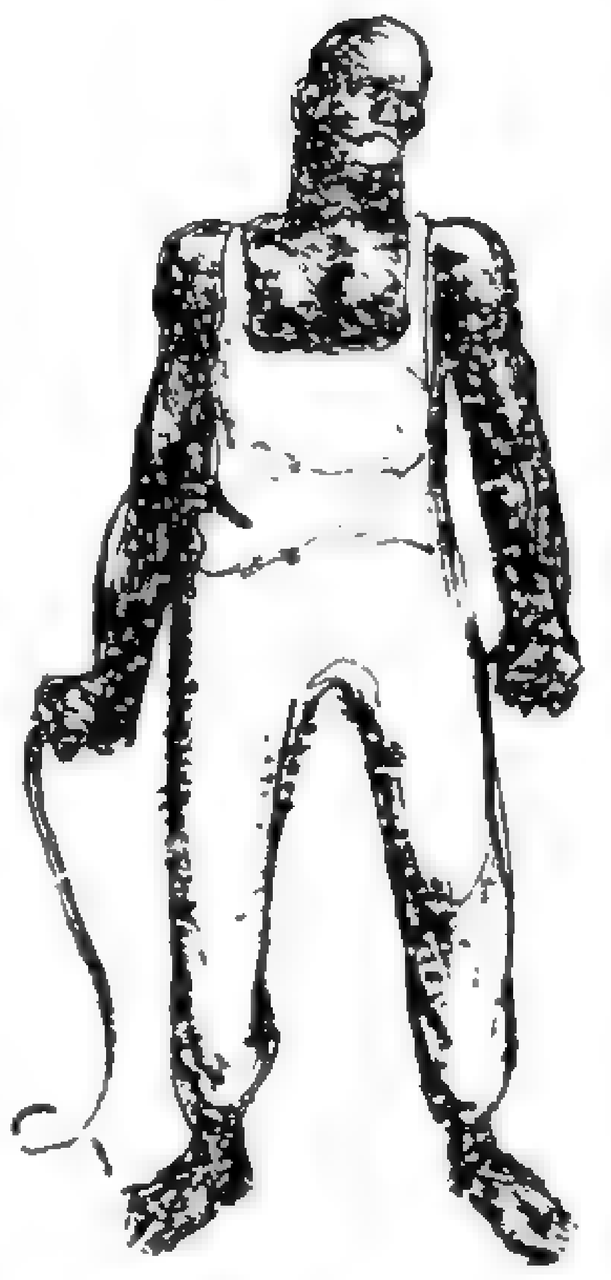
ENEMIES OF MAN No. 16: THE BELLE-BOY OF THE BEACHES

The Siamese Hands

Whipping, death, and burial could not end the lust for theft in those nimble fingers

by MANUEL KOMROFF

FICTION ▪



"I WILL never do it again master. Never! Never! I swear to you. Believe me this time. It is not my fault!"

"Not your fault! You have had plenty of warning. You stole a box of cartridges last week. You stole from the kitchen supplies. And now you tried to take my watch and the servants caught you. And you tell me it is not your fault."

"Oh, master! I won't do it again! I won't! Never again. And it is not my fault."

"You are just a plain thief. You have had your warning and now I must turn you over to the old man. There has been too much petty thieving going on in the camp lately and it has got to stop."

"Yes master. It must stop. I will never do it again."

It was necessary to be firm. The boy had been warned twice before and now. . . . My watch was no trifling matter. It was a fine Swiss repeater and when you touched the lever it would ring the time. At night I kept it under my pillow. It was necessary to be firm with the boy because even the trifling things, that from day to day had been filched, many of these were difficult to replace. We were more than a hundred miles from a town and it would no doubt be a month or more before we would be moving the camp.

Our job was to do some surveying for the Siamese Government and some mineral prospecting and assaying. We had a government permit to do all the hunting we desired and we were given every possible official consideration. Our camp had one of the best doctors in the country and he had his own staff that kept watch on everything organic from the slightest fever in a native to the disposal of kitchen slops. We also had a camp ordinance department in charge of an army officer who was responsible to the authorities for our equipment and supplies. But he never interfered in the management of the natives. There was an old man attached to the camp who settled all native disputes. He was held in great reverence and his word was obeyed.

And so I said: "This dekchai (boy) has evil hands, let the old man do with him what he thinks right."

They led the boy off to the old man and he decided that the boy should be punished without delay.

Soon I heard his piercing cries and I went out into the yard. The boy was on his knees and his wrists were tied so that his arms were around a tree. His hands were whipped with a small green bamboo cane. Cutting blows. He was to get a hundred lashes but his cries were so loud and piercing that I could not endure it and I begged the old man to order it stopped.

The native torturer grumbled and said that he had laid on only twenty strokes and mild ones at that. But the old man stayed his arm and the cords that tied his wrists were loosened.

Well, that should have been the end of the whole business but it was only the beginning. Later in the afternoon the boy stood at my door and asked timidly if he could come into the room. I consented and he came in, kneeled down before me and thanked me.

"They are wild enough already and if they were beaten and cut up they would not understand it and . . ." Tears streamed down his cheeks.

His hands were on his knees and I looked at them very carefully. They looked more like old man's hands. They were ugly. The knuckles were large and the skin seemed drawn tight between the joints and wrinkled. The nails were heavy and curved and the veins stood out and raised up the dark parchment skin.

But the sharp veins may have been due to the severe whipping that they had so recently received.

Tears streamed down his cheeks. "They are not mine master. No part of me is wild. But they are not mine and I could not help it. I told you so before but you would not believe it. I swear to you that the hands did it alone and without me."

"That is not possible. You were warned and I am sorry you had to be punished."

He held up his hands and said, "Look for yourself. They are not mine. But I promise you they will never take anything again. And I want to tell you about the leather boots. They stole them last month."

"Is that so. What else did they take?"

"A lot of things master. I wanted to tell you but I was afraid. They took the English knife and fork and also the soap from the wash basin. Fifteen cakes of soap."

Well that explained what happened to the soap. I never knew where it went and always had to send for a fresh cake.

"And what did you do with it all?"

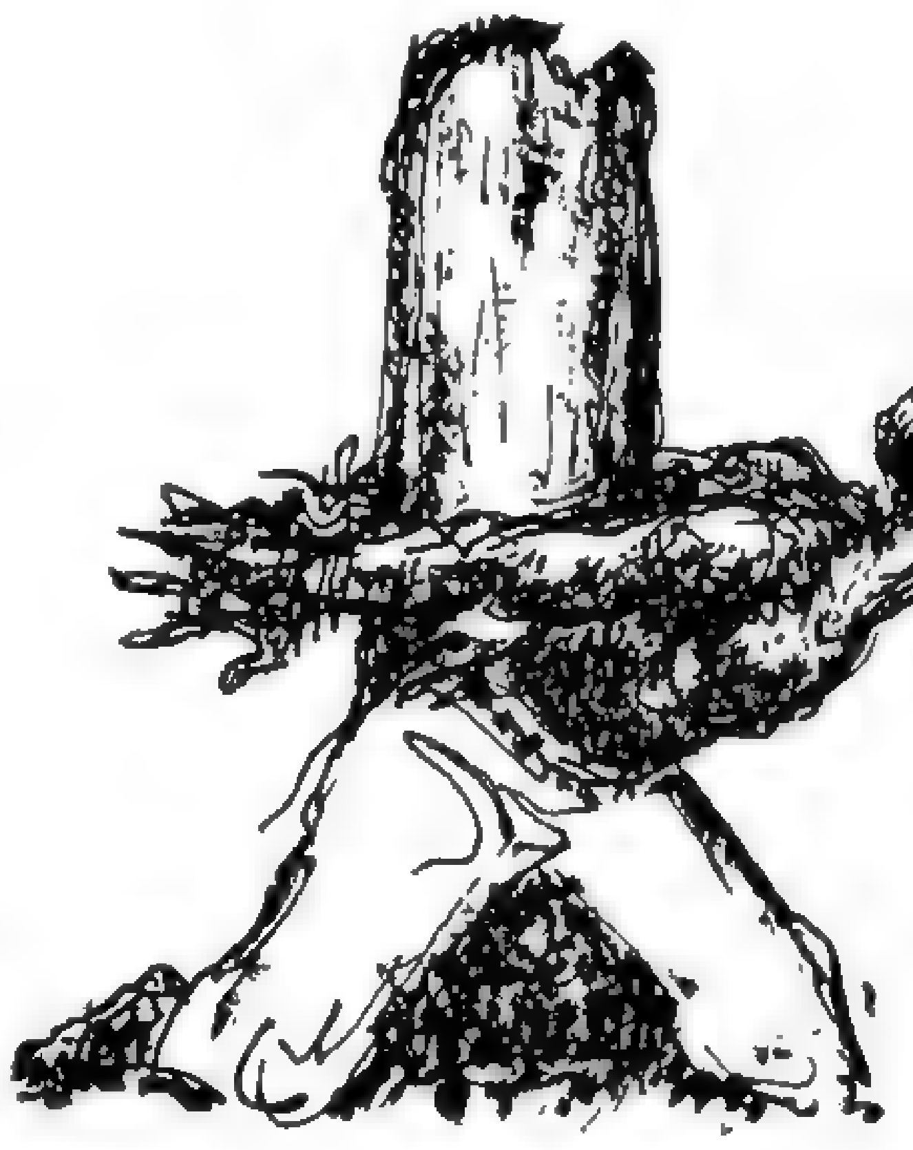
"They buried it. The hands buried it in the ground. It's true master. I can show you the place. I never sold a thing. It's the truth. They took it and they buried it."

"And you were just an innocent little boy trailing behind a pair of thieving hands."

"Master! They are not mine."

"Whose hands are they?"

Large tears came to his eyes. Then he hung his head in shame and spoke very softly. "They are my father's."



"But your father is dead. How is it possible?"

"He died before I was born."

"What caused his death?"

"He was killed."

"Accidentally?"

"No."

"For stealing?"

He looked full in my face. "Yes, Master."

Again I looked down at the hands. They were ugly indeed. They were too old for a boy of sixteen; but the notion that the hands did not belong to him and acted independently was too fantastic. No one could believe such a tale. The tears streamed down his cheeks.

"Now," I said. "The next time you want a piece of soap or something trifling, you must come to me and ask me for it. And if I can, I will give it to you."

"No master, I will never touch anything again I promise you."

He stood up and was about to go out of the door but he turned back. "I would ask you for something master. One of those empty cigar boxes, if you could spare it."

I gave him the cigar box and he ran out into the yard and out of the compound and into the woods. He was weeping as though his heart would break.

Early in the morning there was a commotion at the gate. He was more dead than alive. His feet could hardly hold his weight. His hands had been cut off and the stumps

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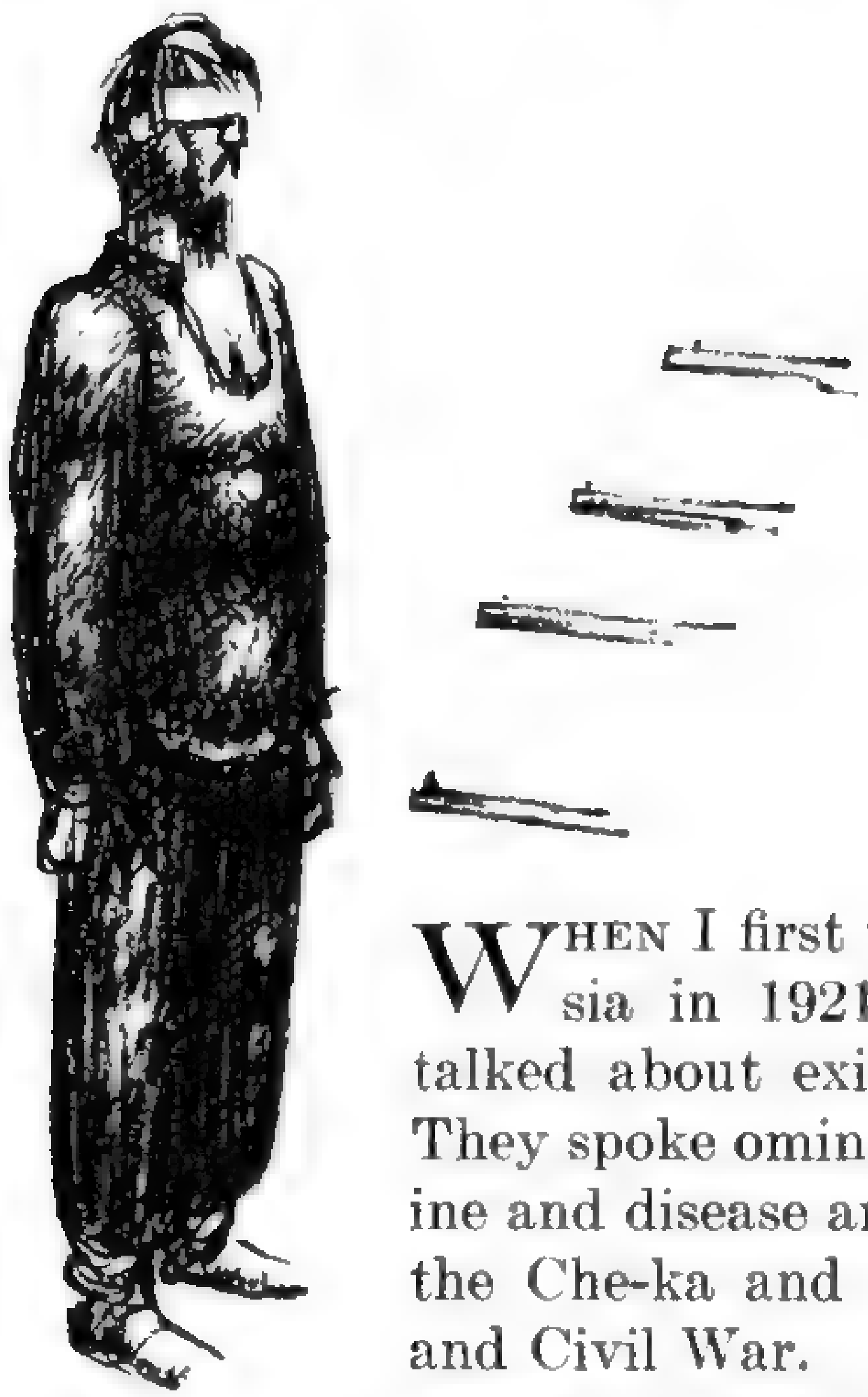
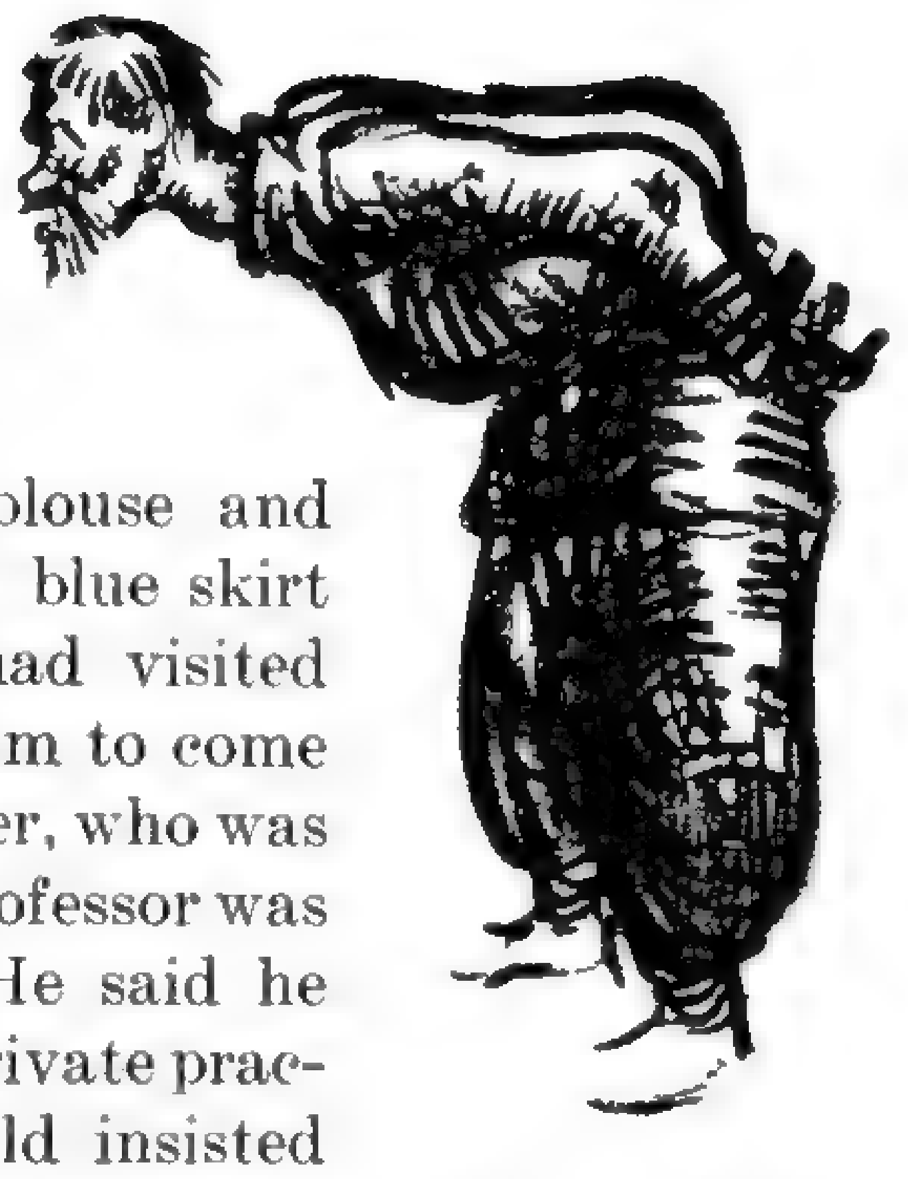
Off the Russian Record



Materialist Moscow produces a quorum of eerie legends to startle the rational reporter

by WALTER DURANTY

• ARTICLE •



When I first went to Russia in 1921 my friends talked about exile, or worse. They spoke ominously of famine and disease and danger, of the Che-ka and train wrecks and Civil War.

But I thought it would be interesting, and I was tired of routine in the Paris bureau after the excitement of the World War and my trip to the Baltic States in the winter of 1919-1920. I found, it is true, much discomfort and occasional risks in Russia, and foreign residents still speak of going "out" to Europe, as if the U. S. S. R. were a prison. But it has been fully worth it and I wouldn't have exchanged my assignment in Moscow for that in any other European capital.

Every reporter is limited by time and space and by facts, and he has the feeling that his work is only from day to day, that it cannot leave a lasting imprint anywhere. I have always wanted to write a book in which I could escape from these limitations and call it "I Write as I Please," because always before I have had to write the way my newspaper pleased or my readers pleased or the way facts were. I thought I would write some of the things I couldn't write before for one reason or another, and rewrite some of the things I did write before, but differently, in my own way this time.

There was, for instance, the story of the Man who Conversed with a Corpse. I don't say I believed it and I didn't dare to cable it, but he believed it and he was a tough rational Bolshevik who didn't believe in gods or devils or the Life Beyond the Grave.

In the early part of the War this man, like Stalin, was exiled to Siberia for revolutionary activities. He escaped and reached a native village in the far north, where they took care of him during the winter.

They were pagan savages living naked in snow huts, to which the only entrance was through a ten-yard tunnel. They ate seal meat, fish and whale blubber raw, or at best half cooked, and burnt whale oil in stone lamps.

The man made friends with the local shaman—witch doctor, sorcerer, or priest, whatever you like to call him—who claimed that he could foretell the future. The Bolshevik did not believe this and said so, and one day the shaman said to him, "If you want proof that I am right, I can give it to you . . . if you want it."

The shaman took him to a cave where there was the nude corpse of a man in a sitting posture encased in a block of bluish transparent ice. No wounds were apparent on his body, and the head which emerged from the ice was that of a white man, not one of the natives, clean-shaven, about thirty years of age. The eyes were closed, and although the shaman would not let him touch the head, the Bolshevik told me that he had no doubt it was a corpse. The shaman went through some mummery with a fire, leaves and powder, which made an aromatic smoke. Then he said, "Ask what you want to know."

The Bolshevik asked in German, so he says, because he knew that language and was sure the shaman did not. The eyes of the corpse remained shut, but the lips moved and spoke German words in a low clear voice. The corpse said that the Revolution was coming, that the Bolshevik himself would take part in it and rise to power. The Tsar would be killed, the corpse said, on the eve of rescue and the Bolshevik would be wounded in fighting, which, however, would have nothing to do with the Revolution, but would live long.

"Well," said the man in conclusion, "the Revolution did succeed, the Tsar was executed when the Whites were approaching Sverdlovsk, or Ekaterinburg as they called it then, and I was wounded in the Polish War near Kiev."

"What's the answer?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said, "hypnotism I suppose, but I'm as sure now as I was then that the body was dead and that its lips *did* move."

* * *

I know another story, about a ghost this time, which was no ghost. My first six months in Moscow in the winter of 1921 I had a little secretary-interpreter who believed in ghosts and theosophy and the Rosy Cross and all that, which I didn't.

One day she came in great triumph and said that a well-known professor of medicine had told his class of students at Moscow University that the night before a little girl of about twelve, wearing a red blouse and tamoshanter and blue skirt and stockings, had visited him and asked him to come and see her mother, who was very sick—the professor was a gynecologist. He said he had no time for private practice, but the child insisted so strongly that he agreed to see her mother the next morning.

The woman was in bed in a single room, in the corner of which was a screen. She was in bad shape, the professor said, but he had no doubt that he could save her life. Before leaving he said, "But you ought to have a nurse; I shall try and find one. Your daughter is hardly competent to look after you."

The woman replied, "I have no daughter."

"Well," he said, "the little girl who came to see me about you; she said she was your daughter, a child of twelve or so, wearing a red cap and jumper and blue skirt."

The woman looked at him strangely. "My daughter died two days ago," she said. "She is there behind the screen, because I have been too ill to make arrangements for her burial."

The doctor looked behind the screen and it was the same child that had come to him, but his medical knowledge told him that she had been dead twenty-four hours or more.

"There," said my little secretary-interpreter, "that's a case for you. I know the doctor's name and he ended by telling his students that he was a free-thinker but that the whole thing was so inexplicable to him that he wanted their opinions."

"All right," I said, "if you know his name, let's get him on the telephone and arrange for me to see him." Which she did.

He was a Dr. Snegueroff and, as it happened, he talked French, having been trained at the Sorbonne in Paris, which made it easier for me. I went to see him and asked him about the story. "There is just one word of truth in it," he said, "I am a free thinker. All the rest is a tissue of lies and an absurdity, but it seems that half of Moscow knows it.

"Why, I have even had priests here congratulating me on my courageous fight for religion, whatever that might have to do with it, even if I had told the story to my class, which of course I didn't. No little girl came to see me, I didn't attend her mother, and I didn't find a dead body behind a screen, much less tell this ridiculous story to my students."

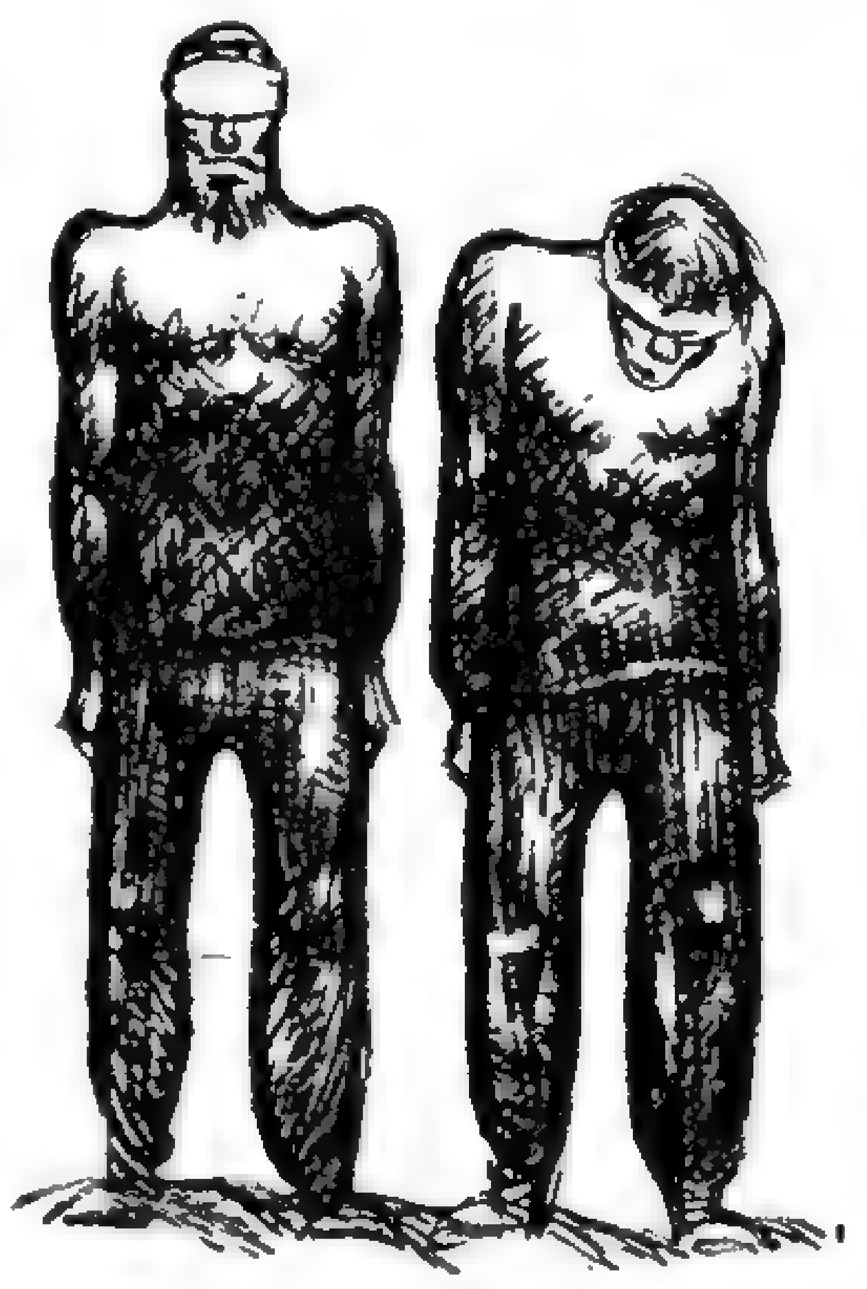
Again I asked, as reporters must, "Then what's the answer?"

Dr. Snegueroff smiled bitterly. "I'm not sure," he said, "but I can make a guess. I am in line for a more important post at the University, and so are some of my colleagues. It is possible that professional jealousy may have led to the circulation of this nonsense with the idea that the Bolshevik authorities would believe enough of it to convince them that I am not a suitable person to be in charge of the training of medical students in an atheist state."

He did not get the appointment, but there was a curious sequel to the story, which I cabled to New York with this beginning: "We have heard of entertaining angels unawares, but I today have met a man who entertained a ghost unawares, which is more unusual."

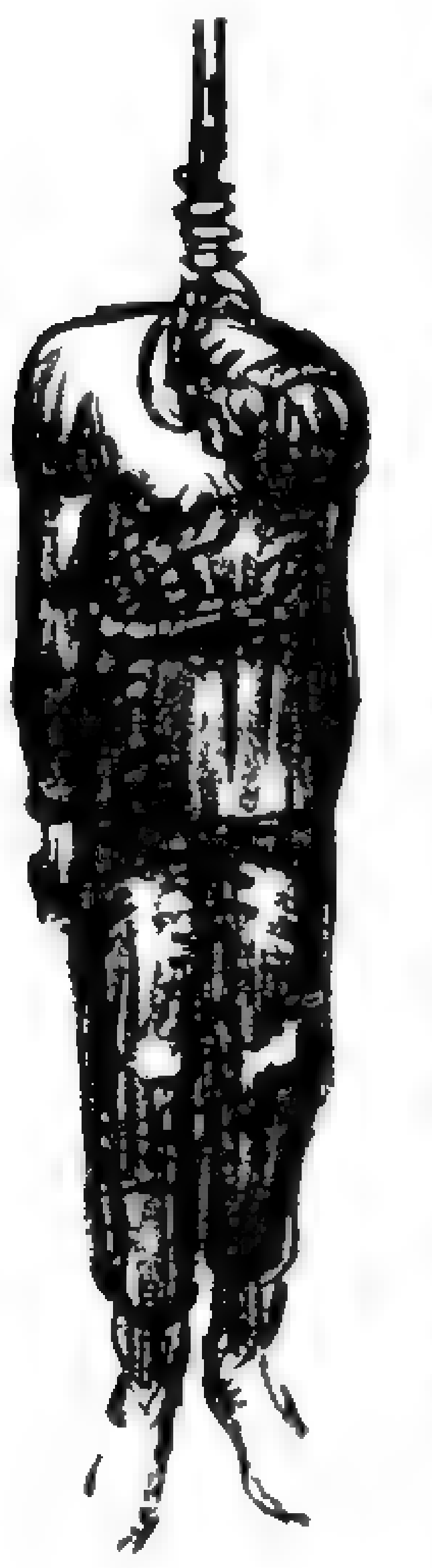
Two weeks later my paper published a letter from Chicago saying that the writer had been much interested in the story of Dr. Snegueroff and the alleged ghost, which, he added, had appeared as authentic in a book published in Chicago in 1889 entitled "Memoirs of a Family Physician."

I still wonder how it reached Moscow to wreck the promotion of a Paris-trained free-thinking gynecologist.



* * *

There was another story, even more fantastic, which I also cabled and got myself into a mess, out of which I had to wriggle as best I could. I went to a dinner for the foreign press at the Japanese Embassy given by the Ambassador, Mr. Hirota, who is now Foreign Minister. He spoke perfect English, and unless I am mistaken, had been at one time director of an English newspaper in Tokyo run by the Japanese Foreign Office.



He gave his dinner Japanese style with chop-sticks and exotic food and a continuous flow of hot rice wine—saki, they call it—which perhaps affected my judgment. At any rate, someone mentioned an amazing story about the voluntary burial of a young man and woman in a wall—a sort of suicide pact—which he said was current in Moscow. One of the Japanese diplomats had heard the tale and told it in great detail.

I had just finished a rather dull series on economic progress, a series full of plans and figures.

I thought this suicide story was good, so I went home, wrote it, and cabled it the same night, as follows:

A girl of about fifteen was walking home alone from school up the Tverskaya, which is one of the central streets of Moscow. At the corner of the Boulevard, opposite the Passion Monastery, she was approached by a tall well-dressed man with a long black beard, who asked her if she would like to earn a hundred rubles without trouble or risk to herself. His manner, she said, was reassuring, and she accepted, whereupon he led her to a large closed automobile, in which they both sat with the driver in front of them.

The man pulled down all the blinds but talked to the girl in such a way that she was not frightened. They drove for half an hour, then he said, "Now I must blindfold you for a few minutes, but you do not need to be afraid."

He led her, she thought, across a courtyard, then up two steps into a house and down twenty or more steps, and removed the bandage from her eyes.

She found herself alone in a large room all draped in white silk, including the ceiling, in the middle of which was a large electric globe. There was a simple wooden chair in one corner of the room, in which she sat, and beside it a pile of bricks and mortar, a mason's trowel, and a whisk-broom and dust pan such as house maids use in Europe to clean floors.

No door to the room was visible, but in a moment the girl heard sounds of singing and one of the silk curtains swung aside to reveal a little procession, four men dressed in white with pointed hoods like the Ku Klux Klan, which hid their faces. Each was carrying a long white candle in a golden candlestick.

They stood in pairs in the middle of the room and then there entered a handsome young couple, man and woman, in their early twenties, unmasked and with hands clasped, who took their place between the other four.

There was more singing in a language which the girl did not understand then two of the masked men stepped forward and pulled aside the curtain beyond the pile of bricks and mortar, showing a large, jagged hole in the wall. Without a sound the man and woman entered this vault, and the others set methodically to work to brick it up, also in silence.

The girl watched fascinated and related afterwards that then for the first time she was terrified. When the work was completed, one of the masked men said in Russian to the girl: "It is the rule of our order that a young virgin should sweep up the dust and rubbish which is left after our brother and sister have passed beyond. Take now the broom and dustpan."

The voice she recognized as that of the man who had brought her in the car.

With shaking fingers she complied, while the four of them stood there motionless. Then one approached her with a black scarf, blindfolded her and led her upstairs, across the yard and back into the car, where she sat for a minute alone with the chauffeur. The blinds were still drawn.

Then the man appeared unmasked in the same costume he had worn when she first saw him, and drove her back to the Tverskaya corner. But this time he said nothing during the drive, which seemed to the girl much shorter than before. At the corner he opened the door and helped her out, pressing a folded paper into her hand which proved to be a hundred ruble bill.

That was substantially the story as the Japanese diplomat told it, and one of my colleagues incautiously added that he had heard of three or four such cases and that he had even been promised that he could meet one of the girls, which seemed good enough for me, what with the lateness of the hour and the saki and my dull economic series. So I wrote the story as an interesting report that was being told in Moscow.

To my dismay two days later I received a cable from my boss:—"Send follow on excellent immuration story"—and realized that I was out on a limb.

The more I investigated the less I could find. Everyone seemed to know that story but there wasn't a shadow of confirmation anywhere.

Finally I got from one of the police authorities what sounded like a convincing explanation.

He said, "Two things are certain—no disappearance of handsome young couples has been reported to the police in recent weeks, and we have been unable to find any of the half dozen or so little girls who are said to have been paid to sweep up after the immuration ceremony."

So you have two possible answers. One, which I think the most probable, is that the whole story is nonsense, invented by some crazy poet or romancer—there are plenty of them about. The other is that there is some group of people—I wouldn't perhaps call them perverts but, let us say, sexual eccentrics—who get an extra thrill from the idea of combining a night of love with the thought of the ghastly punishment that was inflicted upon the erring monks and nuns in the Middle Ages.

I mean that behind the wall in this cellar there was an ordinary room from which the couple walked forth next morning by another door, back from the jaws of death to life and breakfast. A refinement of vice, you might call it, although as I said, I don't think that is the true explanation."

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Change for a Woodpecker's Scalp

Evolution of this thing called money from cattle to pictures of cattle, from grain to gold

by EDWARD M. BARROWS

• ARTICLE •

PATCHES of ruby-red flickered among the leaves, or flashed in the sunshine. Beneath the trees, primitive financiers hungrily studied the problems of state that the gaudy display involved. For they were Karok Indians of Washington Territory, and the flashes of red were tribal money, betaking itself wings and soaring high above the common reach, even as it does with us today.

This money was the scalp of the familiar redheaded woodpecker. The problem was to secure those scalps and put them into circulation. As this is the same problem that confronts our gold-money Republic today, let us consider a moment the woodpecker currency in comparison with our own. The Karoks universally desired the woodpecker's scalp, chiefly for ornament—exactly what gives intrinsic value to gold. Gold lies under the ground, awaiting the miner's skill and toil. The Karok currency was in the treetops, and was supplied by the hunter's bow and arrow. Either operation limited and standardized the currency supply.

Once retrieved, the scalps were coined—that is, cut to orthodox patterns and prepared for the wear and tear of commerce. Then they were put into circulation. Since everyone wanted them, the happy hunter had the pick of the tribe's possessions up to the exchange value of his scalps; just as any American citizen with money, if there remain such, may be said to possess anything in this country up to the value of his money until he spends it. He has only to make his choice.

Like gold, the potential scalp supply was definite and ascertainable — woodpeckers being by nature conservative and not interested in birth control. Properly coined, or in this case tanned, it was durable, was easily stacked and carried, and the different issues were of standard fineness—except possibly when migratory but congenial birds created a temporary debasement of the currency. It was not divisible into fractions, so an inferior currency of sea shells took care of smaller transactions. The shells had a value of their own which fluctuated according to the tides and seasons. A scalp was worth many handfuls of shells when shells were abundant and only a few shells when these were scarce. Which is to say, the Karoks were on the double standard. The early whites correlated these woodpecker headgears with dollars and cents. International Exchange.

The end came when the avaricious settlers swamped the scalp exchange by going after the birds with shotguns. This finally cleared the forest of woodpeckers, whereat the scalp market jumped over the moon. The currency was abandoned in favor of beaver skins; squaws took to beads and American coins for ornament, and the few remaining woodpeckers were left in undisturbed enjoyment of their own toupees. There remain but a few of these attractive pieces of currency in numismatic museums—the usual finish of coins that have gone the complete cycle of financial history.

Over the five continents and the seven seas the relentless Anglo Saxon has stormed, carrying his religion, his drinks, and his money with him. And invariably he finds these three supposed blessings of civilization there in advance. Ethnologists say that a primitive tribe without money exists only in the economist's imagination. Paradoxically, only highly organized civilizations are able to get along without money, or to resist the destructive influences if they use it. There are aborigines without money, but they have no social organization. Each man lives on his own killing and fair exchange is unknown. Wherever primitive people join in a group endeavor at living there is money—that is, one article that can be used to measure the value of everything else. To a large section of eastern Asia for example, tea is indispensable. Hence travellers would trade their metal coins for blocks of compressed tea, knowing that with it they could obtain food, clothing and weapons without carrying these encumbrances along. In a pinch they could always use the tea themselves. The next step was to standardize these tea-blocks under some responsible guarantee. In parts of Siberia the Imperial Russian government used to issue this tea-money, officially stamped with the value of the brick in Russian coinage. If a hungry capitalist chewed off a piece, the remainder passed currency with due allowance for depreciation. Tea was tea, and the people wanted it—the basic principle of "sound money."

Primitive peoples in general are a comfort to the hearts of gold standard advocates, though most of them are indifferent to gold for its own sake. They usually stick to the "sound money" principle—that any currency should rest on its own value of usefulness, regardless of its possibilities for the exchange for other goods. The subtle value of gold is altogether too intangible for these peoples. They prefer something that they can eat, smell, look at, wear, or otherwise put to work in their daily lives. This has the curious effect of giving gold, the sound money rooter's *ne plus ultra,* only a fiat value in savage parts, the traders decreeing the fiat. Until the competitive eagerness of traders taught them better, they would exchange gold ingots for glass beads, but would not surrender the beads for gold. In certain parts of East Africa, travellers buy cakes of salt to use as money in places where precious metals are not precious. Absurd? No more so than buying French francs or English pounds with our dollars when we go abroad.

The world-wide list of commodity currencies seems oddly assorted. Yet every item has three characteristics. It can be used somehow by its owner. It is desired by every other member of the tribe or nation. Its value tends to be commensurate with the labor, or skill, or privation that went into the securing of it. In some West African tribes iron axes and spearheads are money; also large malleable iron crosses that can be worked into utensils. One of these crosses will buy 10,000 coconuts, or one wife! In the same region cowrie shells are money. They can be picked up by the handful, and a bushel of them would not procure a pleasant look from a prospective bride.

Among certain Eskimos, fish hooks are money, and can be loaned on the equivalent of time notes, with fish as interest. Dried fish in all primitive societies are a common medium of exchange, as are various hides and skins. Cloth, cartridges, cheese, nuts, twists of tobacco, teeth, raw iron, spades, wives, boats, slaves, wheels, wire, razors and knives, copper plates, mats, spices, assorted liquors, arrowheads, nails, silk, cocoa beans, and gum drops (among the

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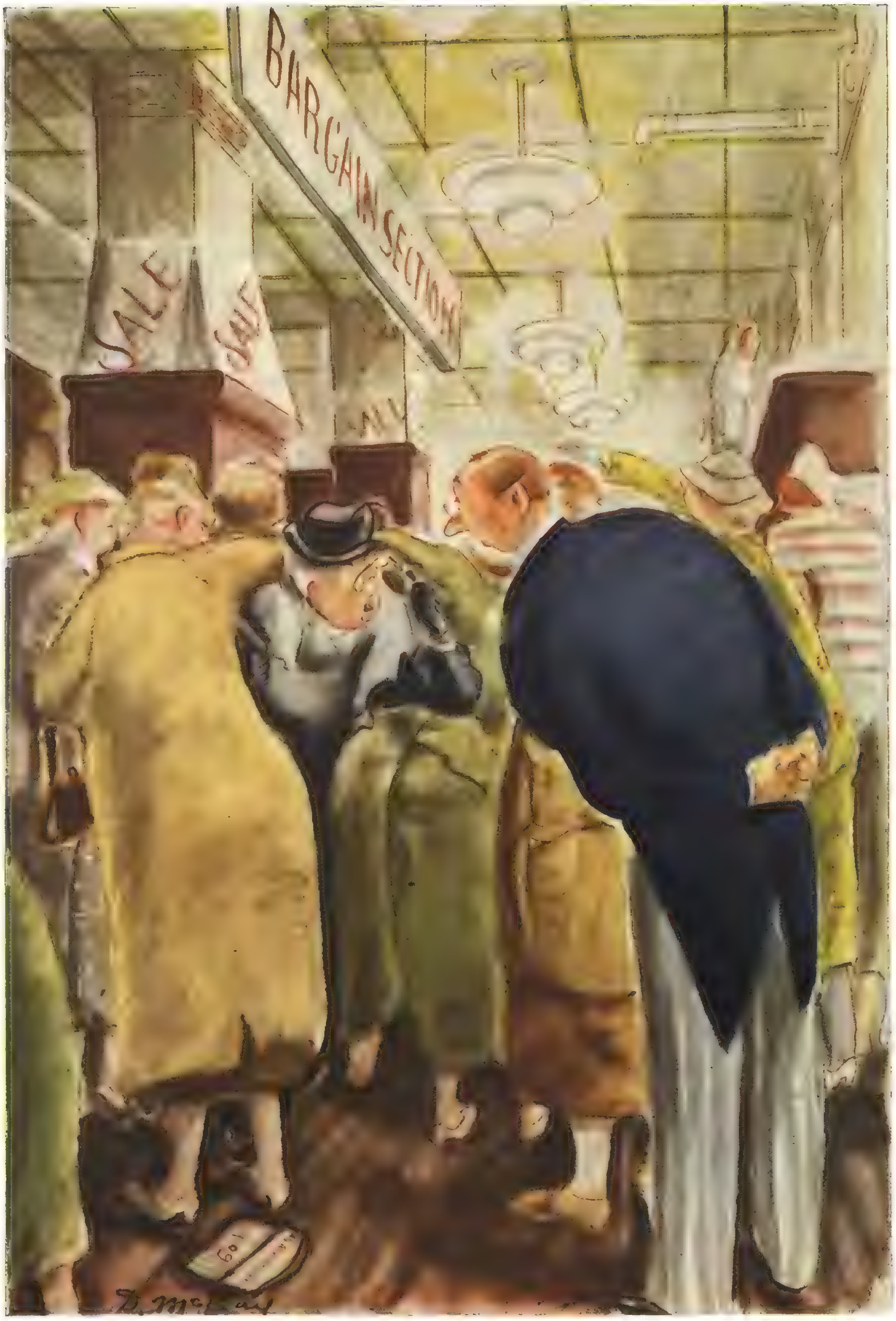
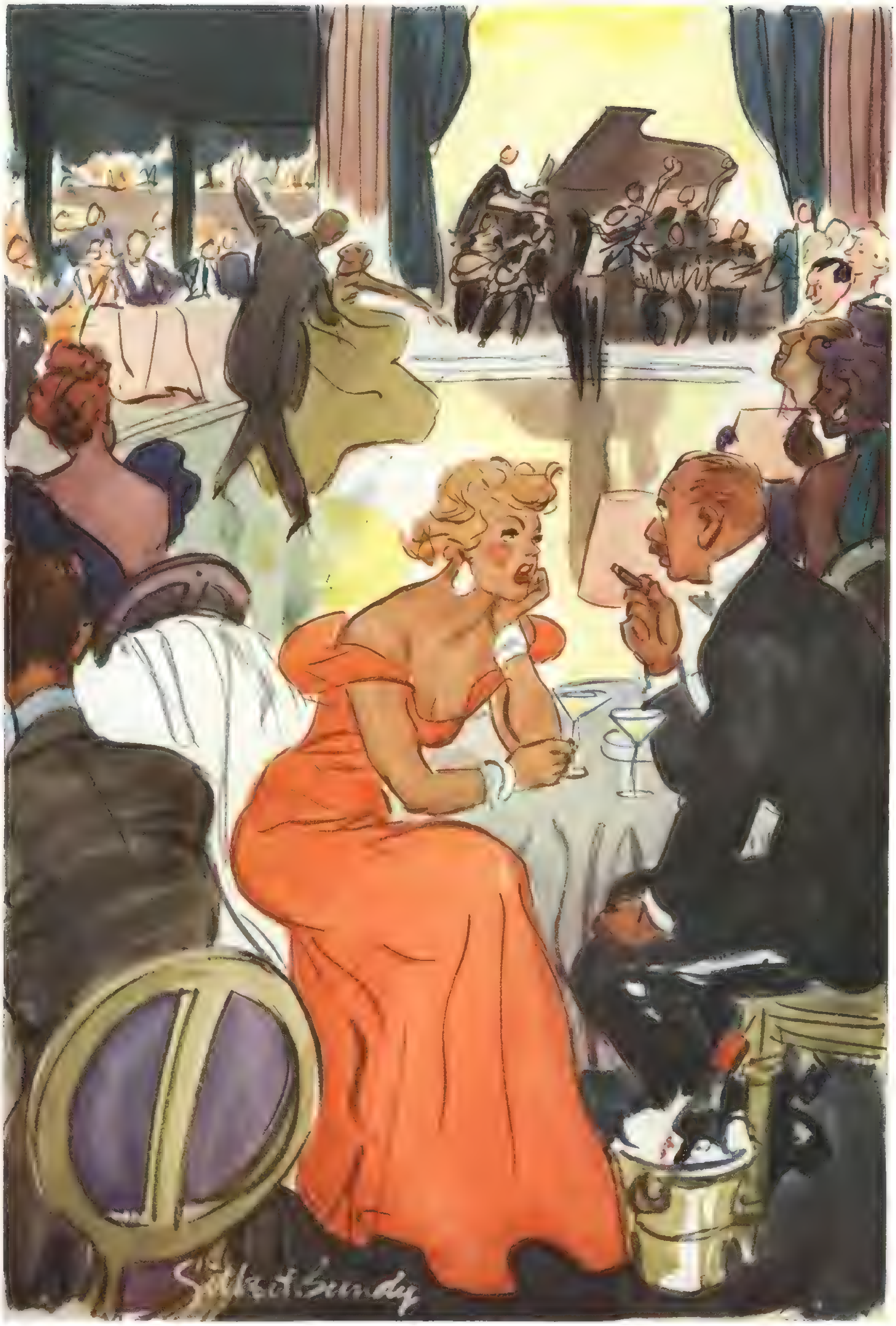

BARGAIN SECTION
SALE
SALE

"Can you please tell me how to get the hell out of here?"



Gilbert Bundy

"He thought I looked easy, see!"

Shortest Way With Poisoners

Poisoning is no lost art but the toxicologist has created a new infallible art of detection

by HENRY M. ROBINSON

• ARTICLE •

THE green thread of poison runs in a baneful pattern through the history of the world. Nero and Agrippina loved to dabble with the black phial, and pre-Baconian alchemists divided their studies between a search for an elixir of life and a *venin de crapaud* or toad-poison, of which the merest fleck would cause agonizing death. As late as 1710, there were in Paris 400 "witches" whose chief business was compounding potions and making "sleep sponges" for clients who wished to remove bothersome human complications—a husband, wife, or creditor—from their lives. Catharine Montvoisin, the most notorious of these dark-visored practitioners, had a real flair for mixing arsenic powders, and amassed a fortune of a million livres before she was executed for machinations involving the royal family of France.

The dream of the poisoner in every age has been to discover a lethal draught that is tasteless to the victim, heart-pulverizing in action, and as imperceptible—once its work is done—as a spider's remorse. Medieval poisoners may have possessed some such formula; unchallenged by modern methods of analysis, it was possible to avoid detection (though not suspicion) when a guest drank your health, and collapsed in writhing torments at your feet. But today there is no such sovereign dose known to science. No obscure drug, no noxious gas or murderous plant-juice can escape the modern toxicologist. With test-tube and microscope he isolates the slightest dew of poison, filters it out, and impersonally offers it in evidence against the accused. Starting without a single clue, the expert toxicologist can infallibly detect whether or not poison is in the cadaver, what kind of poison it is, and how much was administered; in many cases he can tell whether the death was due to suicide, accident, or criminal design. All of which is most helpful from the crime-detector's point of view. For poison, it must be pointed out, is the most intimate form of murder; one can be stabbed or shot by an enemy, but the bane-draught is usually poured by a friend. Once the presence of poison is established, there is comparatively little difficulty in tracing it back to the hand that administered it.

A peculiar optimism is, however, the dominant trait of the true poisoner, who reasons that superlative guile in administering the fatal dose will ward off penal consequences. Precisely such an optimist was Dr. Perley Mordecai, morphine-drenched dentist who, penniless and desperate, plotted to kill his father-in-law for a small legacy. Mordecai placed some aconitine—the ferocious extract of wolf's-bane—in a temporary dental filling in one of his father-in-law's teeth. The filling dissolved within a few hours, as Mordecai had planned; the poison entered the victim's digestive tract, and he died unattended in terrible convulsions. Toxicological examination revealed not only the presence of aconitine, but also some suggestive fragments of dental wax in the deceased's stomach. The poison trail was now clear. Mordecai's purchase of the drug was traced, and he was quickly convicted of first degree murder, largely on the basis of the toxicologist's report.

Jurists agree that competent toxicological testimony ranks high among conclusive forms of judicial proof, but unfortunately this type of proof is too rarely invoked in our courts. For although self-styled "poison experts" in the United States are as plentiful as generals in Honduras, only a few members of this vast army of "experts" can qualify for the title. Not quackery, but simple lack of experience is to blame for this situation. Every chemist knows how strychnine is detected in a bottle of medicine, but to isolate 1-250th grain of strychnine when it is mixed with 500 grams of human tissue, is quite another matter. The Massachusetts toxicologist retained by the prosecution in the recent Jessie Costello trial, did not know how to perform the proper test for oxalic acid (the fatal drug in question) and thereby lost the case for the state!

Now couple this dearth of first-rate toxicologists with the archaic "coroner system" in the United States and you get a condition highly favorable to criminal activity among poisoners. In many states the coroner is not a medical man, but the lowest type of political appointee. He may be a shoe-maker or an ex-pugilist, yet he merely views the body and assigns the official cause of death. These judgments would often be ludicrous if the spectre of foul play were not skulking in the background. Excerpts from a coroner's report in a mid-western city read as follows: "Body found in alley; died of assault or diabetes." "Death caused by tuberculosis or indigestion." "Evidently died by falling on back of head." Sometimes when the case is too rank for such summary disposal, a local chemist is called in to make an examination, but downright inexperience and lack of equipment invariably hamper him at his unaccustomed task.

In only two cities, New York and Newark, N. J., is every accidental, sudden, or suspicious death made the subject of a toxicological examination. Frequently, the most searching surgical autopsy will not reveal why a person died; it then devolves upon the toxicologist to discover what drug, gas, or poison, is responsible for death.

Dr. Alexander O. Gettler, Toxicologist of the City of New York, has examined more than 30,000 cadavers since the office was founded in 1918; during that time he has uncovered some 2,500 cases of death by poison, including alcohol. It was Gettler who established the medico-legal principle that if .25 or more of alcohol by volume were found in the brain or spinal fluid, intoxication existed. In one of his alcohol cases, a famous aviator had crashed to death as he tried to take off on a trans-Atlantic hop. Gettler made a toxicological examination and found that the aviator was indubitably drunk when he left the ground.

Gettler's laboratory is a huge, rather starkish room filled with bluestone workbenches and shelves of glass-stoppered bottles containing every drug in the Pharmacopoeia and every chemical reagent known to science. Queer-shaped glass crucibles simmer over Bunsen burners; test-tubes brim with rainbow-colored liquids, each containing the tell-tale residue of a lethal attempt. Dr. Gettler, a stocky, rubber-featured, Columbia graduate who likes nickel cigars, works in shirt-sleeves and a vest that does not quite reach his trousers, as he fishes among his utensils for a clue to the latest murder.

"This is a hurry-up case," he told me as he assembled the materials of his trade for an analytic test. "I suspect chloroform, and I must distil it out before it evaporates." He places small parts of the organs and brain of the deceased in a perfectly clean glass container, pours in an acid aqueous solution, and trims a Bunsen burner to a blue

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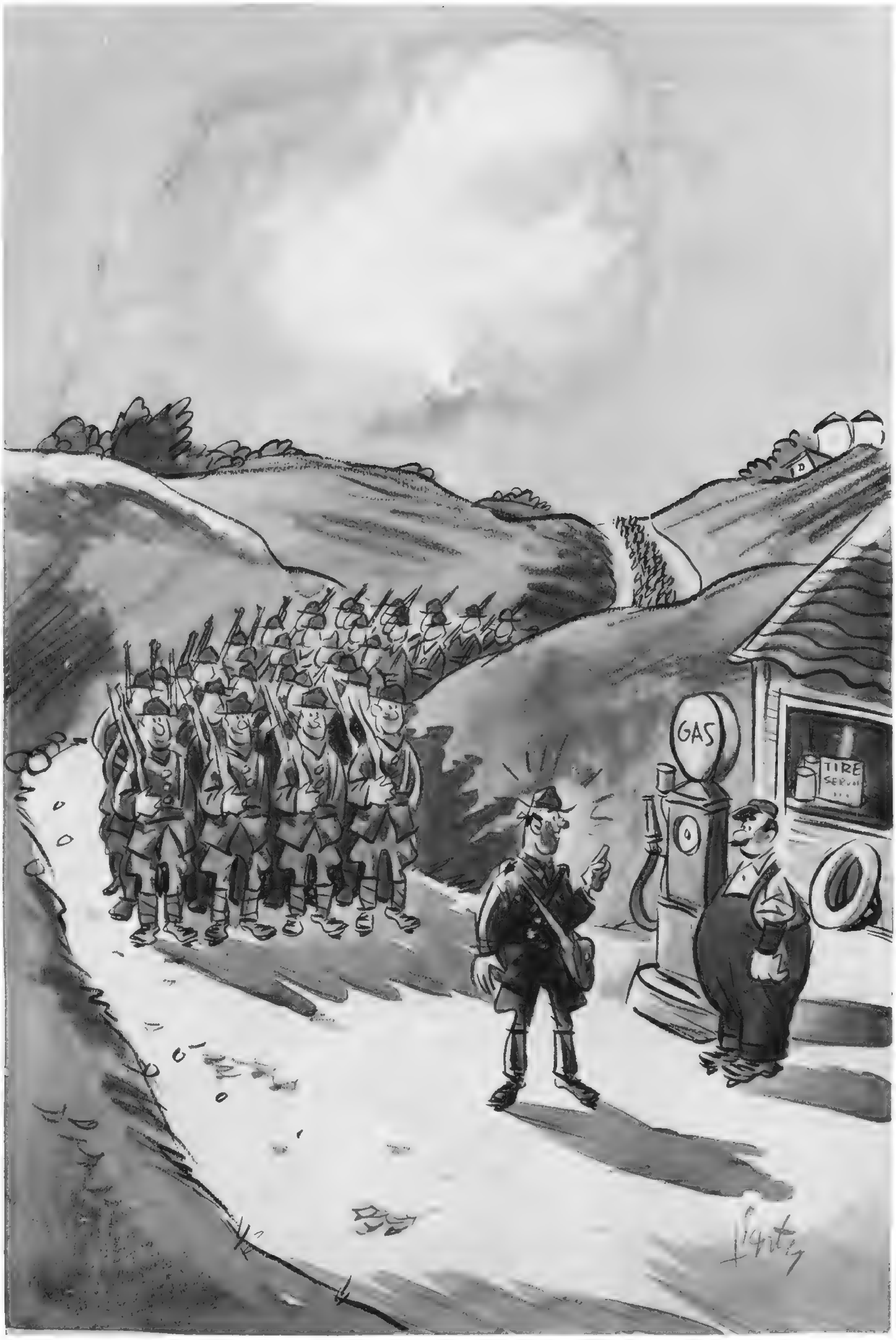

"Have you a washroom we could use?"

Washing the Hands

A little essay dedicated to the popularization of that useful phrase: Where is it?

by AIKEN A. DEHAN

▪ SATIRE ▪

False modesty in the extreme form which characterized life in the Victorian Era has to a large extent disappeared in more modern times. Most of us today call a spade a spade and do not refer to a girl's leg as a limb. But we still cling stubbornly to many other objectionable forms of polite hypocrisy and prudery and the most objectionable of these is in connection with—to put it baldly—the washing of hands.

I thoroughly agree with Mr. Hemingway in his advocacy of the use of words which are even downright dirty when they are necessary to draw a character true to life. But these good old Anglo-Saxon words; strong, simple but highly expressive words, are even more necessary in ordinary conversation, even in polite society. I see no good reason why we should refer to a simple necessary action like the washing of hands by more or less obscure synonyms.

We all find it highly necessary, several times a day, to wash our hands. Why in the name of common sense and honesty should we think it necessary to refer to this simple natural act as "seeing a man about a dog," "watering the stock," "sharpening the skates," or as the French so subtly put it, "changer le poisson d'eau"? There are probably hundreds of such expressions in every language in the world, all designed to avoid the necessity of coming out, point-blank, and saying what we mean.

In some cases the suggestion implied in the synonym is obvious but in others it may be more or less in the nature of a convention and like so many conventions, not universally understood. Now-a-days when every home is equipped with a bath-room scale a man at a mixed gathering has only to bring up the subject of weight and the intelligent host or hostess knows that he wants to wash his hands. But I know of an actual case where this simple subterfuge gave rise to a heated controversy which finally resulted in the entire assembled company trooping out to stand in the hallway while a man weighed himself on the bathroom scale—a man who had practically no interest in his weight but did want to wash his hands, in privacy. If he had had the courage to come out openly and say he wanted to wash his hands no one would have thought any the less of him for his frankness.

The considerate host or hostess makes provision for the washing of the hands of the guests at frequent intervals but how few hosts and hostesses are truly and unselfishly considerate these days. Women are the worse offenders in this respect. Esquire is an outspoken men's magazine. It is not intended for women and if any of them read this article and choose to take offense at what I say, they will have themselves to blame. Women seem to be so constituted that they can go for hours and hours without ever thinking of washing their hands. There is probably some biological reason for it. A camel can go for nine hours—or is it nine days?—without drinking water. It must be quite the contrary with most women.

Being constituted as they are, most women fail to appreciate the weakness of the stronger sex in this respect and make little or no provision for it in their social arrangements. Think of the untold distress and actual suffering that has resulted from this lack of common consideration.

The male guest may be chilly or tired or may have been sitting still for hours, all of which tend to aggravate matters. Now that alcohol has once more taken its proper place at social gatherings the necessity of frequent hand washings has increased enormously. The guest may have got himself jammed into a corner, behind a bridge table or something, unable to escape without knocking over the furniture. He may be sitting in a conspicuous place in front of all the company where his slightest movement is obvious to all. Unless the hostess comes to his rescue he may feel that he has to sit and suffer till the buoyancy of his back teeth is put to a severe test.

On account of the constitutional peculiarities I have already referred to, the hostess may be absolved in many cases from blame in this connection; but not so the host. Even in a mixed gathering where false modesty is rampant he can with a little ingenuity and originality give his male guests opportunities to relieve their distress and do it in an unobtrusive, inconspicuous way. It is a simple matter for the host himself to slip out at any time on the pretense of answering the phone or a ring at the door bell but the guest has no such opportunities. An understanding and unselfish host can, from time to time, pick out a dummy at a bridge table and suggest that he ought to go out and turn over the engine of his car, seeing it is such a cold night, or that he might like to come down and see the new blower on the furnace, or if he cannot think of anything better, that the guest really should come upstairs and see Junior's white mice. It all seems terribly complicated when all that is really necessary is to come right out and ask him if he wants to wash his hands. But what else can you do with confirmed male prudes?

The ideal host gives his male guests an opportunity to perform the necessary ablutions as soon as they arrive. It may be a cold night, they may have driven a long way or they may have recently taken copious draughts of fluids or large quantities of salt or sugar, all of which tend to soil the hands. He gives them frequent opportunities during the evening and always a final opportunity before they leave for home. But hosts like this are few and far between.

The ideal architect designs and equips houses so that the guest can wash unobtrusively. He puts complete bathrooms, that is complete except for the bath, at the far corner of the cloakroom on the ground floor and in the basement. He has at least two bathrooms, complete in all details upstairs, out of sight of each other. But who ever heard of an ideal architect? Most architects are positively inhuman. They put bathrooms in conspicuous places, usually in full sight of the room where the women leave their wraps and put on their war paint. They equip these bathrooms with fixtures that make distinctive noises. They fail to provide adequate bolts for the doors and hide the lights and switches. They make a more or less personal matter, like washing the hands, a sort of semi-public ceremony.

Of course some men are not bothered with this hand-washing urge at all and there are others, hardy spirits, who refuse to suffer in silence. I hope by giving this matter publicity to alleviate in some small measure the sufferings of those who still retain a certain amount of modesty, false or otherwise.

There are some cases where even the frankest individual must use discretion. I go a few times a year to play bridge with three old maids, three of the dearest old ladies in the world but also three of the most perfect examples of Middle Victorianism, extant. The evening is usually an ordeal of mixed pleasure for they make no provision whatever for the washing of the guest's hands.

Not long ago I started on one of these duty visits. For hours in advance I had rigidly abstained from drinking fluids or eating sugar or salt. I was all set to spend

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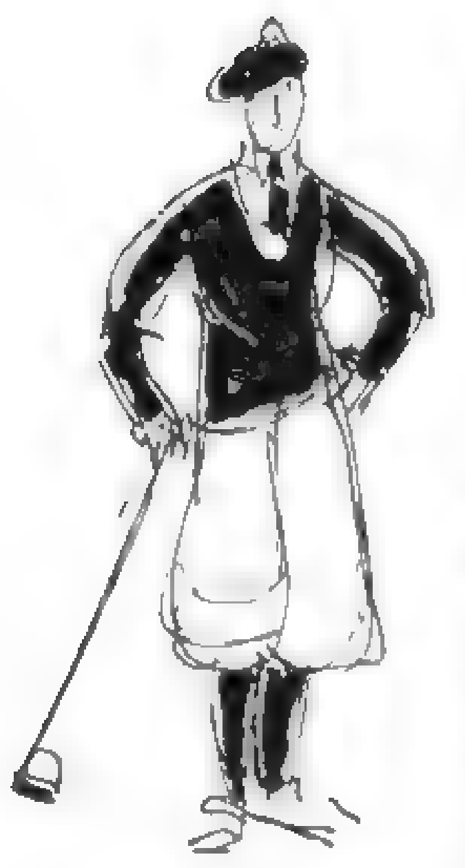
The Gates Go Down

How golf professionals learned there is more money in pleasing than in puzzling their public

by GENE SARAZEN

• SPORTS •



GOODBYE to the golden gates. Gone are those beautiful days when a serious problem of the United States Golf Association was investment of funds laid before ticket sellers by citizens eager to get an occasional peek at the performance of the eminent Robert T. Jones, Jr. and gentlemen of the ensemble.

Those rich gate receipts are gone for a long time from golf, and I suspect from baseball, football and tennis, because if the daylight and weather permits, the populace now wants to stir around instead of sit tight and gaze. The folks want more action for themselves than they can get from yelling and cheering for others.

I figure that what I've told you in the two preceding paragraphs cost me at least $30,000 before I learned it myself.

In six months prior to this year's national open golf championship at Oakmont I made more money through golf lectures and demonstrations than I did from the entire year's exhibitions and prize money when I held both the American and British open championships. The explanation dawned on me not long ago. It is that the sporting public has come to prefer being participants rather than spectators. If the event has reason for drawing a big gate as a great show, then there is the only chance of scoring strong at the turnstile. Turn to your newspaper sports pages if you want some confirmation. Note how the most popular sports writing these days is practically dramatic criticism.

Times have changed a lot in the last three or four years in sport and the fans are arising from their fannies to make the amazing and cheering discovery that they are the kings and queens of the sports world today.

Here is the way it has worked out in golf:

When the gate money was great and the stars were the golden gods the adult public got a false idea that playing a good game was a performance possible only to a talented and patiently practicing superman. Even though the idea was laughable to the pros who discussed it in private, professionals made the mistake of scaring and discouraging prospective enthusiasts by trying to act as high-priests of the deep and dark mysteries golf was supposed to have. When the congregation got tired of listening to one sect of instructors sermonize on its pet doctrine of how to hit the ball, earnest and sincere preachers of another notion would leap up to make converts. A hopeful student of golf could be converted to a different style each week, if he'd just go around enough. As long as the congregation had plenty of money to spend the professionals had more teaching methods than there are religious creeds. Each pro maintained his way of teaching was the certain way to par and glory forever.

Then came the evil days when the public ran short of funds. In four years golf lessons to men fell off, I'd estimate, 80% from the boom-time figures.

If it hadn't been for women coming into the game and asking for instruction the average pro wouldn't have had to spend much more than an hour a day on the lesson tee.

When the pros came out of the prosperity that almost ruined them they emerged with the idea that golf, to grow, had to get organized on the basis that it was a fairly easy game to learn to play well, if not to play in sub-par scores as a money-making competitive profession. Anything in the game line has to be fairly easy now before the public will go strong for it. Mr. and Mrs. William Joseph Public have had enough going the hard way since late in 1929.

Some of the smart showmen in golf got the new idea of the public being pleased instead of puzzled, early. They did all right, too. One of them wrote out the prescription of a blacksmith's grip and the left ear pointing toward the ball as the sovereign remedy for golf ills. Another, and more experienced one, adopted an ingenious and simple method of getting the pupils to swing at the ball. Intelligent professionals, without exception, now have adopted the policy of rating the pupil more important than the instructor. In the departed golden days when the pros were gods, the pupils who did not learn quickly to hit the ball properly were generally led to believe that the awkwardness, the ignorance and the all-around absence of results was the pupils' fault. Pupils became embarrassed to go to pros.

Now the situation is almost as unreasonable on the other side. The pro is expected to teach good golf to his muscle-bound members in a few easy lessons. The main thing that retards progress of the player who is taking the lessons is that the pupil came to the pro too late after starting wrong and getting set stubbornly in errors.

Let me start someone in golf and supervise them for the first two or three months and I will have them shooting in the middle eighties before they are through their first season. All I'll do with them is to show them how to grip a club and have them learn to swing with a heavy club—one weighing about 25 ounces. When you've got them shooting in the middle eighties they are in the mood to play a lot of golf. They also are in a frame of mind for taking a lot of lessons to get them down into the seventies.

That's about all there is to getting started right on the sort of a golf game the fortunate newcomers have a right to expect. This heavy club practice idea is one of the most effective things that's hit the game. I gave Lawson Little the hunch on the heavy club to eliminate trouble with his backswing, just before he sailed for the other side to put up a defense of his British amateur championship. If he followed my advice you can depend on it he was swinging all right. (*He was!*—ED.)

It's a good thing for golf that the gates have fallen off so the star players have to pay more attention to conducting pleasant kindergartens for the newcomers, or have their professional earnings slump. There's not a golf pro in the business today who learned his game as he has been trying to teach his pupils. I certainly know that I didn't learn to play golf as I tried to teach others to play for the ten years and longer that I served as a club professional.

I learned by looking at and feeling good shots. After I won my first American open title and my first Professional Golfers Association championship, I went for ten years without getting the other titles to which I really had a good claim because of the game I played. One of the reasons for this failure to win consistently was that I had learned the greater part of what the eyes and muscles can teach about a golf swing. Then I started to listen to fellows give me advice. They got me so confused I got as badly off as a centipede trying to learn to walk by taking a correspondence course.

You watch the same thing throw some of the young pros of today. They start with good natural swings

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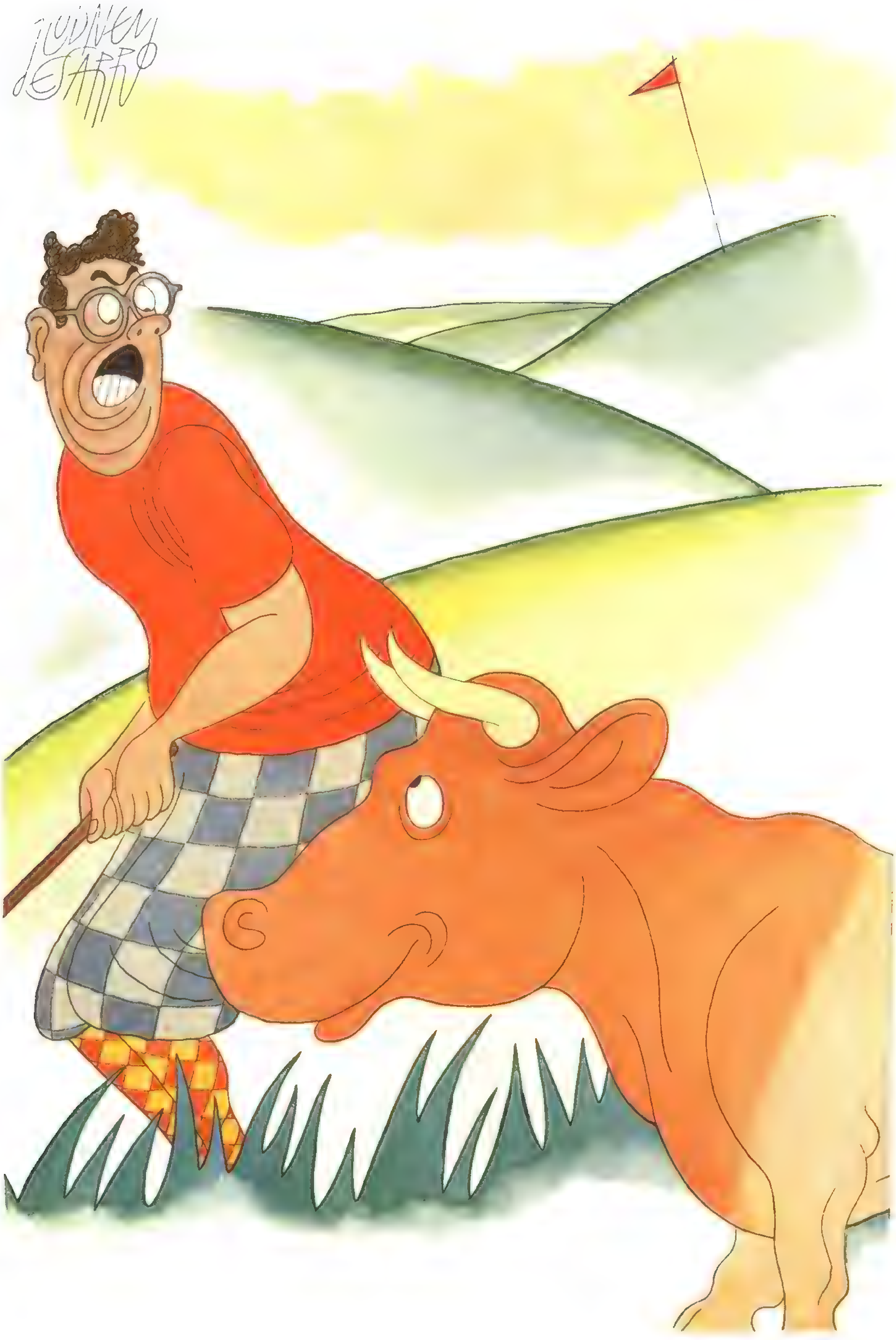
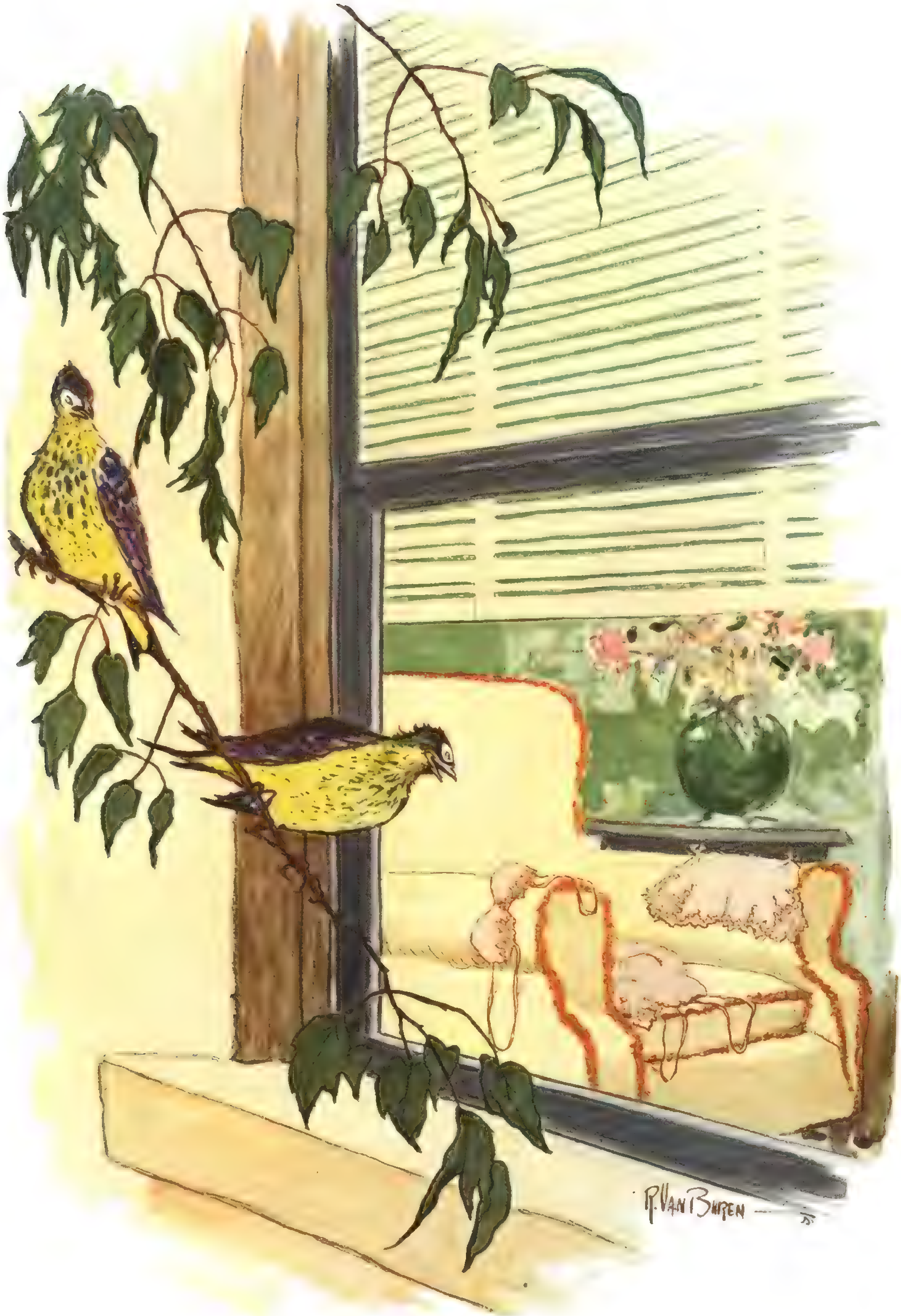

RODNEY DESARRO

"Now don't you tell me to keep my head down!"



"Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy! Get a load of this, Eddie!"

Twins of War

In this odd inversion of the practice of sending a proxy to war is an idea to end all war

by L. PAUL KUHRING

• FICTION •

MR. FOSTER took the evening paper from the butler, and found it folded with black headlines showing. Though he read them from habit the news had been his for hours. When you make munitions faster than anyone else you are close to those who first hear things, and that forty thousand were dead or wounded since he had opened his last and largest factory, that the "operation had been only a partial success" did not surprise him.

He dropped the paper into his lap and glanced up. The butler, Mings, was standing by the window where he had just drawn the curtains. Big chap Mings. Pity, Mr. Foster thought, that he was old. He'd look grand in a Foster-made uniform, squatting behind one of those new Foster super-machine guns. Men would count with those babies. The enemy, strangely, had identical arms, made from identical patents. This Mings, though, was old. Mr. Foster said—"Pity we can't get into it, Mings. You regret it, too, eh?" "I fought once, sir." Mings said, gravely. "The war to end wars, sir. That'd be near twenty years ago. I have a son in this one, sir."

"Indeed. Proper spirit. Where is he?"

"Navy, sir—escort work on a destroyer."

"H'm." Mr. Foster's memory fixed on another despatch which he had been privileged to see that evening—one not yet given to the press. Yet, even now, newsboys were crying another extra. Mr. Foster said, from force of habit, "Get me one Mings." Mings went out. Mr. Foster picked up the paper on his lap. There *was* something on the front page his omniscience had missed.

LADDERLY MISSING. SHELL CONFERENCE POSTPONED.

"So." Mr. Foster softly whistled. Ladderly—likely as not sneaking around to get a hog's share of the shell contracts. And of course, since Mr. Foster's giant firm had picked up the job of building those last five destroyers from under Ladderly's nose, Ladderly would walk warily. But Mings was back, grave of face. He said, gripping the new extra edition firmly. "There was—a telephone message, sir, before you came in. This war, sir, it made me forgetful."

"Yes, yes. Quite all right." Mr. Foster said, impatiently. After all, though, when you see a war coming and quietly, a year or so ahead, switch to old and draft-exempt servants, you must expect their very age to slow 'em down. "What was it, Mings?"

"Mr. Ladderly's been found, sir."

"I thought so. Then he's come back—and he'll have done the dirty down at the capital. Get me Crawford—at his house, his club. Crawford must know, Mings, and at once. Crawford and I can block this Ladderly. There's millions at stake, Mings, Hurry, Hurry! damn it!!"

But Mings just stood there, bulking big. Mr. Foster noted how the telephone seemed tiny in Mings' hand. "Hurry, man."

"If you will give me Mr. Crawford's new address, sir—"

"New?" Mr. Foster snorted, half rising to his feet.

"Mr. Crawford, sir, has recently moved—perhaps an hour ago. This war sir, we must all make our sacrifices. Mr. Crawford is a casualty."

"I—I dined with the man yesterday—phoned him this afternoon."

"Many men dined last night, sir, who won't tonight. And someone else called Mr. Crawford. You see, sir, his twin of war was killed in the big push yesterday."

"Twin? Damn it Mings are you drunk? Crawford was an only child."

"Not of late, sir. Not since the war started. Mr. Crawford met with—with a glorious fate, sir—at the Proving Grounds behind his factory. They were trying one of those new bombs. He—he got in the way of a premature."

"God!" Foster was on his feet now. His face was white. "It—it might have happened to me, Mings—perhaps with a twelve inch gas shell. I've watched a thousand tried. And the little ants in the street yap about our lack of patriotism."

"A little ant in the street stopped a bomb much like the one that got Mr. Crawford, sir. The little ant was—overseas. Drafted. Leaves a wife and baby. Mr. Crawford's twin, sir, twin of war."

"You are drunk, Mings." Mr. Foster accused, gratingly. "Leave this room. Pack your things—get out. Or wait—you said Ladderly's come back."

"I can take you to him, sir." Mings said, meekly—or was it drink that muffled his voice. He turned, went to the door, and—

"You—you locked that door?" Mr. Foster babbled. "What's this—murder, Mings?"

"No sir." Mings towered there. Mr. Foster shivered. Deep lines were now etched on Mings' gray face. Mings said—

"I—presumed to order the car, sir. The second chauffeur, Henry. Albert was drafted today."

"Good. Take me to Ladderly." Mr. Foster remembered the little handy automatic he kept near his own favorite back seat in the limousine.

He thought. "I'll let this maniac get me into the car—then shove that gun into his ribs. Probably not dangerous—yet, why take chances."

The car was at the door. Mr. Foster followed Mings across the curb. A sheet of whiteness was there on the back seat. The chauffeur, too, had been reading that extra. Mings said—

"To West Crescent, Henry."

"At his old warehouse, eh?" Mr. Foster thought. "So that's where Ladderly is. I always wondered why he didn't make fuses there."

The car rolled on. West Crescent was a darkish street. The old Ladderly warehouse towered seven stories. Mings said, "Stop, Henry." The old chauffeur eased the car close to the curb. Mr. Foster said—

"What fool's play is this, Mings?" and groped for the little automatic.

Mings said, "Mr. Ladderly came down just there, sir—where they've washed the sidewalk. Six stories, sir. That's where he came back—then went. His war twin, sir was an aviator. Only *he* crashed two thousand feet."

"Damn you—what is this?" Mr. Foster got the gun out. But Henry, the second chauffeur turned, crashed bony wrist against pudgy arm. The gun dropped. Mings kicked it away, put his foot on it. The car slid forward.

Mings said "No more wars, sir. Not with war twins. They'll stop it."

"You—you'll swing for this."

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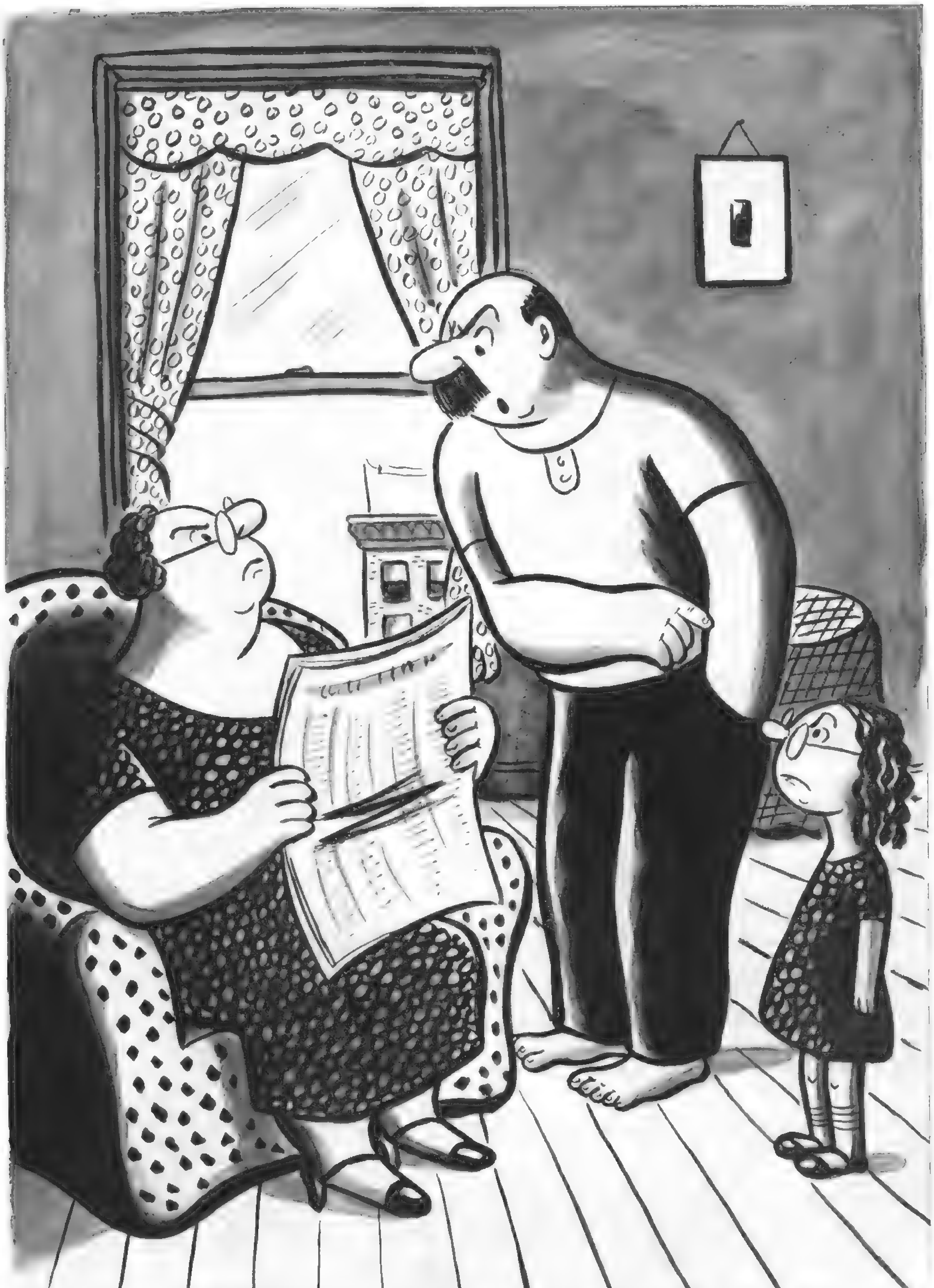


"For the last time — tell her to stop psychoanalyzing me!"

Sigmund Freud at Eighty

The Darwin of the nature of the mind sits in exile though in his own home, works and waits

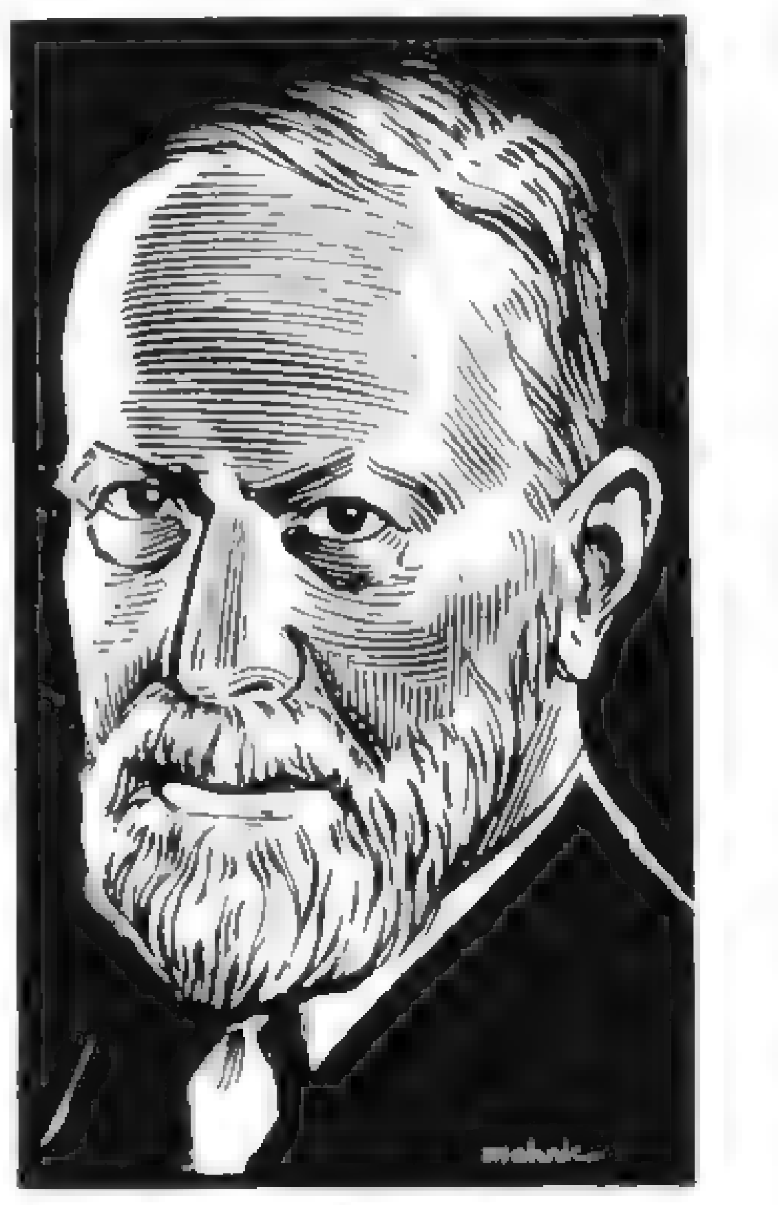
by DR. ISAAC GOLDBERG

• ARTICLE •

On May 6, 1936, the founder of psychoanalysis will cross the threshold of his eightieth year. It does not promise to be a jubilant occasion. Official Vienna, even before the dark clouds of Nazi-ism had massed over the heads of the Jews and of all who believe in civic, intellectual and spiritual freedom, had been silent as the tomb while the rest of the world celebrated the seventy-fifth birthday of Sigmund Freud. If, a few years ago, it refused to forgive him for having been born a Jew, and for having freed sex from superstition, what can it feel now, when Austria, like Germany, has been stained with illiberalism and blood-lust; when fanaticism has blotted out, temporarily, the Germany of Freud's great inspiration, Goethe?

About all greatness, it would seem, there is a historic moment of tragic expiation. This, for Freud, is such a historic moment. Proscribed in his very birthplace, doubly excommunicated, he confronts the end like a modern Prometheus, chained to the rock of scorn and ignominy by the very humanity that he sought to save. His disciples have turned upon him, repudiating him in the name of no loftier a claim than Hitlerism and its crooked cross. What can have been the feelings of Freud when he opened the *Zentralblatt für Psychotherapie*, in December 1933, and found at the head of this Hitlerized scientific publication the name of his former friend, Dr. Carl C. Jung? True, Dr. Jung, for many years, has been severed from the orthodoxies of psychoanalysis. True, too, that Freud, very early, (indeed, more than twenty years ago) had discovered the anti-Semitism of Dr. Jung. Yet it must have been with a pang that Freud read Jung's introductory editorial: "... The widely different conceptions of the Germanic and Jewish psychology, of which persons of insight have long been aware, will no longer contend with each other." To think that a Jung should condescend to a program calling for the serious consideration of Hitler's *My Battle* as "a basic work," the source of studies and lectures and scientific directions!

Intellectual America should feel, for Freud, a sort of alma-maternal interest. It was here, at Clark University, Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1909, that the doctrines of psychoanalysis were first publicly and fully promulgated by their founder. On this visit—his only one—to the United States, Freud was accompanied by the lately deceased Sandor Ferenczi and Dr. Carl Jung. Little could he have dreamed that such a day as May 10, 1934 was ahead of him, and that with the burning of his books would come Jung's reversion to Jew-hatred. Freud was fifty-three at the time; he had studied under Charcot in Paris; his now famous work on *The Interpretation of Dreams* had been published nine years before; from the beginning he had always been attended by ridicule, and from the beginning he had learned to bear it, together with the badge of his race.



His adoption of the medical career had been a second thought. He had married in 1886, and it had taken him several years to establish himself. He remains the slender personage of middle height, with serious brown eyes and the small beard that once seemed an obligatory adornment of all practicing psychoanalysts. Though soon he would become the focus of a scientific and artistic sensation, Freud continued to be the essentially reclusive person that he had always been. Practically all his life he has lived in the same city. For more than forty years, in fact, he has lived in the same house, surrounded by his family and his beloved antiques. For a quarter of a century he has scarcely stirred from his habitat.

In the pursuit of his goal he has remained stonily indifferent to criticism. Intellectually, as well as outwardly, he has been much of a hermit. There is a symbolic appropriateness to his passion for antiques, since psychoanalysis delves into the buried past of the mind, exhuming, as it were, the deeply overlaid deposits of our Herculaneums and Pompeiis.

Curiously enough, in the history of his bodily health, as in certain personal habits, he parallels the experience of his friend, Havelock Ellis. Like Ellis, for example, he attends to all correspondence personally, and every line of it is written in longhand. (Or was, until age compelled him to spare himself.) Like Ellis, he is fundamentally a withdrawn spirit, achieving in this manner closer contact with the world than do many who plunge into the hurly-burly rather to keep from understanding it, to deafen and dazzle themselves against the terrors of comprehension. Fame came to both of them unsought. Each has learned from the other and freely acknowledged the debt. Between them, through happy coincidence rather than through collaboration, they may be said to have sanitized sex in our day.

Again like Ellis, Freud remained free until his later years from any serious illness. About ten years ago, however, he was afflicted with a malignant cancer of the palate (an epithelioma), which was successfully operated upon; he was left with a thickened speech, and had to give up his beloved cigars.

With the scientific demonstrability of Freud's theories I am not here concerned. I am dealing with a powerful, dominating personality who has changed the color of human thought—your thought and mine. McDougall once called him the greatest psychologist since Aristotle. Others have said that what Darwin did for biology Freud did for the study of the mind. Freudian, as an adjective, bulks almost as large, even today, after decades of attack, as does the companion term, Darwinian. There was a time, in this country, when half the royalties on widely-selling novels—and even poetry and drama—should in all justice have found their way to the pockets of Sigmund Freud. For the principles of psychoanalysis, not yet exhausted as thematic material for writers, caught on like wildfire and were overworked to the point of caricature. Schools of criticism were based upon the Freudian revelation. We were all analyzing everybody else. Amateur psychologists ran amok. Clearly, something in contemporary consciousness had been released. Just as Darwinism added such terms as "natural selection," "evolution," and "secondary sexual characteristics" to the vocabulary of writers and parlor conversation—just as Marx had made us excessively conscious of such concepts as "proletariat," "surplus value" and "dialectic"—just as Nietzsche acclimatized the "superman" and Shaw the "life force," so did Freud give new values to such words as "complex," "repression," "inhibition" and "sublimation."

As I have said, my concern is not with the provableness of Freudian theory. Of late it has been passionately attacked by Communist psychiatry as a relic of bourgeois, individualistic, reactionary thinking. How fast we move! If Freud's entire structure were some day to be demolished—and I doubt, in my non-medical way, that it is as fragile as all that—his service to finer living would scarcely suffer diminution. For the accomplishment of Freud, as distinguished from his medico-psychological theories, is that he turned the healing sunlight upon the dark, fetid slums of sex. Freud tore the roof off the underworld of the human mind. Resolutely facing the Gorgon of sex, he came back, not dead, as the superstitions of mankind had promised, but more

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Don't Call Me Kiwi

Of a radio dispatcher who was called by the name of the bird that has wings but cannot fly

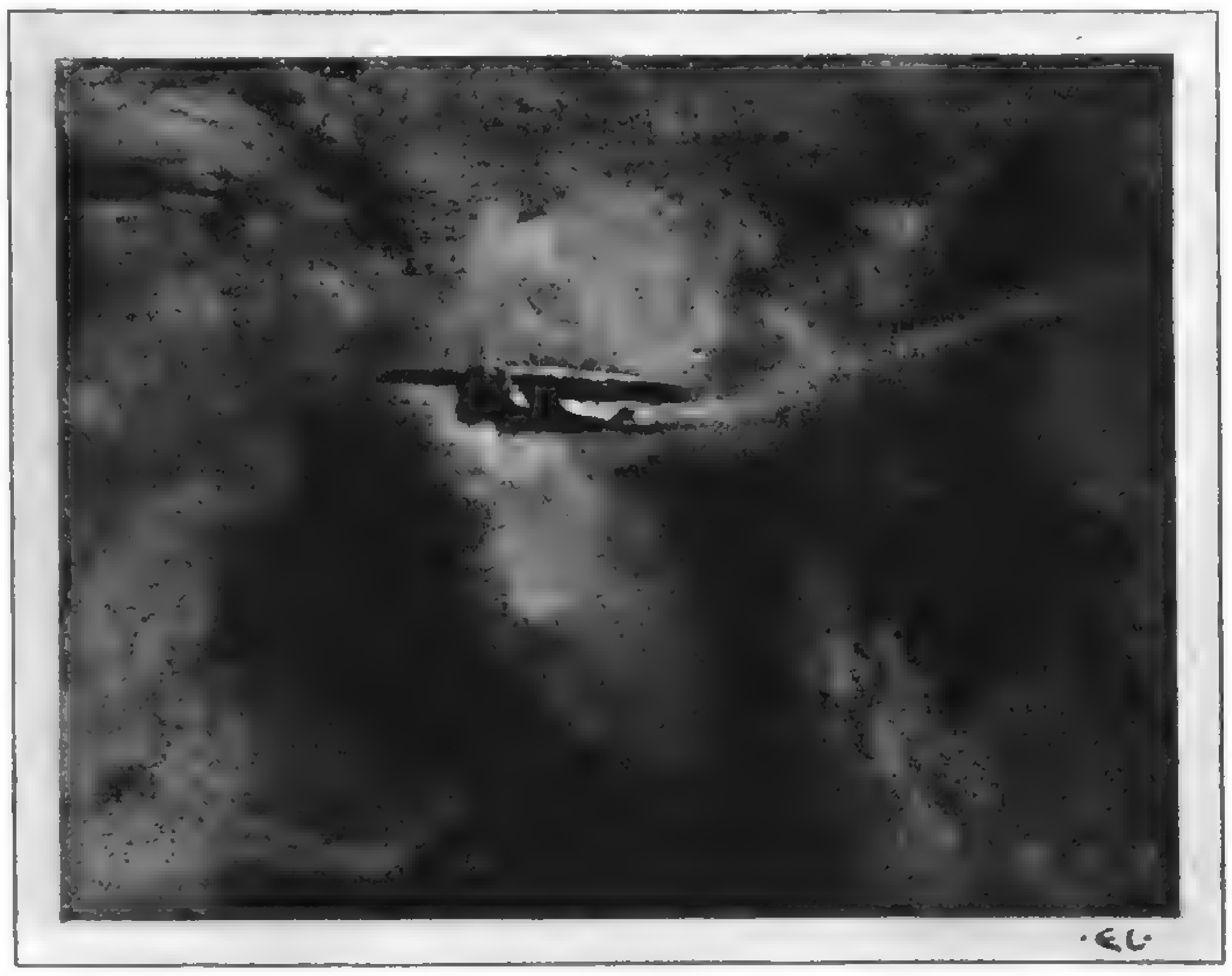
by HARRY ASHE

• FICTION •

A STONE is tossed upon a lake of sky. Ripples of radio waves spread out upon the shores of valleys and mountains, of painted deserts and barren towns to beyond the outposts of the stars, beyond the frontiers of the sky.

Waves that mock man's fetish of time and distance and through the temples of the gods of peace and disaster seek to warn and comfort men and ships that sail the deeps of sky.

Caldwell had never been off the ground. And yet as radio dispatcher for Western Skylines he dealt in the movement of planes, his voice a part of their voyages, his body remote and landbound. About him a river of action flowed. He stood upon its banks, dipping his fingers in the fluid of adventure, a fluid now calm and gently moving, now swollen in anger of storm that swept about him and mocked his anchorage of earth.



On the wall of the dispatcher's office the needle of the wind direction indicator swung restlessly between west and southwest. From the corner of his eye Caldwell saw it saw too the wind velocity jump from ten to thirty and back again. He was facing the open window looking out across the airport to the hills beyond. The westbound ship would be in soon, he mused. Joan, his wife, was aboard as hostess. She had been out two nights now. It worried him. That Ranney. Damn his good looks!

A voice clouded with static and the roar of engines in flight penetrated the room: "Ranney to Los Angeles . . . Ranney to Los Angeles . . ."

Caldwell reached for the transmitter before him. "Okay, Ranney, go ahead . . ."

"—Over Palmdale. How's your weather? That fog burn out? . . ."

"—Clear and unlimited. Wind southwest, gusty. Go ahead . . ."

"—Okay."

Caldwell replaced the transmitter.

Could he tell if Joan lied? If there were only some way of knowing about those things. But did he really want to know? Hadn't he salvaged her from that desert town, that drab spread of buildings on the Colorado river, that town of sand and heat and mental death? Was it release she had married or was it himself. . . . The cigarette burned his fingers.

The sky yielded its passengers. Red caps, baggage laden, dashed about the terminal. Friends clamorously greeted friends. New travelers of the air assumed a pose of casualness. A child cried. A movie star smiled at the curious crowd that clung to her.

The sliding canopy that led to the ship's door was sucked in. The motors were started again and the propellers, turning slowly at first, suddenly became whirring, phantom discs. The ship, its metal wings and fuselage glistening in the California sun, moved in easy dignity down the field to its hangar berth. In military fashion it stopped sharply at the line. The crew disembarked and a swarm of mechanics descended upon her.

Joan and Ranney passed before the dispatcher's window. Caldwell glumly stared. . . . They're coming in now. Laughing together. Some secret between them. She doesn't laugh that way with me. I'll watch her eyes when she greets me. Women are overly casual when they're hiding something. I'll watch her. I'll watch her. . . . Am I a fool? Am I?

The voices ran along the building wall and dropped in through the window, spent and whispering. Ranney's tone was querulous now. "Why can't you go out with me? You were friendly enough in Albuquerque."

Caldwell leaned forward in his chair, his gaunt frame facing like an antenna toward the sound. "Yes," his wife's voice answered low and bantering, "—yes, but that was Albuquerque."

The door opened. "Hello, Kiwi!" Ranney greeted.

Caldwell hated the aviation nickname taken from the Australian bird that has wings but cannot fly. "Kee-wee" rang in his ears half the day. It was Ranney who had first called him that.

Ranney was talking radio now: "From Kingman on you were coming in clear as a bell," he said.

Caldwell swept them both with a glance. "You were not so clear," he said abruptly. "I'll have the ship transmitter checked."

Joan was smiling in greeting. "I heard you over the co-pilot's phones. It's awfully funny to have your voice with us and not you."

"It must be," he answered drily. "—Have a good time in Albuquerque?"

"Yes," she said and held his glance. Ranney was across the room filling out his pilot's report. "—Miss me?" she asked.

"Of course," he answered and turned to the weather reports before him. The palms of his hands were very moist. He read the reports again.

Ranney completed the ship and engine entries on the pilot form and picked up his small black traveling bag from the floor. He turned to Joan. "I'm taking you home," he announced.

"I'm sorry," she replied. "You're not. I meant what I said on the ship, Bill."

Smilingly he walked over to her, debating the finality of her tone.

The chair of the dispatcher creaked in turning. "You don't have to bother her, do you?" Caldwell asked quietly.

Ranney looked at him in amusement. "Keep out of this, Kiwi!" he said.

Caldwell dropped the match of the cigarette he was lighting and watched it burn slowly on the floor. Needlessly he ground his heel in the fading flame.

Joan was smiling. "I suppose I must tell you, Bill," she said. "It's just that I'm—I'm married!"

From the field a ship took off and the roar of its motors filled the room. "You might have told me," Ranney said finally.

"It had to be a secret," she defended. "You know the company rules about a hostess being married."

Ranney turned abruptly, then stopped at Caldwell's chair. "If this leaks out, Kiwi," he said, "and Joan is fired, I'll know who is responsible."

Caldwell grinned. "No danger," he said. The door closed suddenly.

Joan was standing by the window watching

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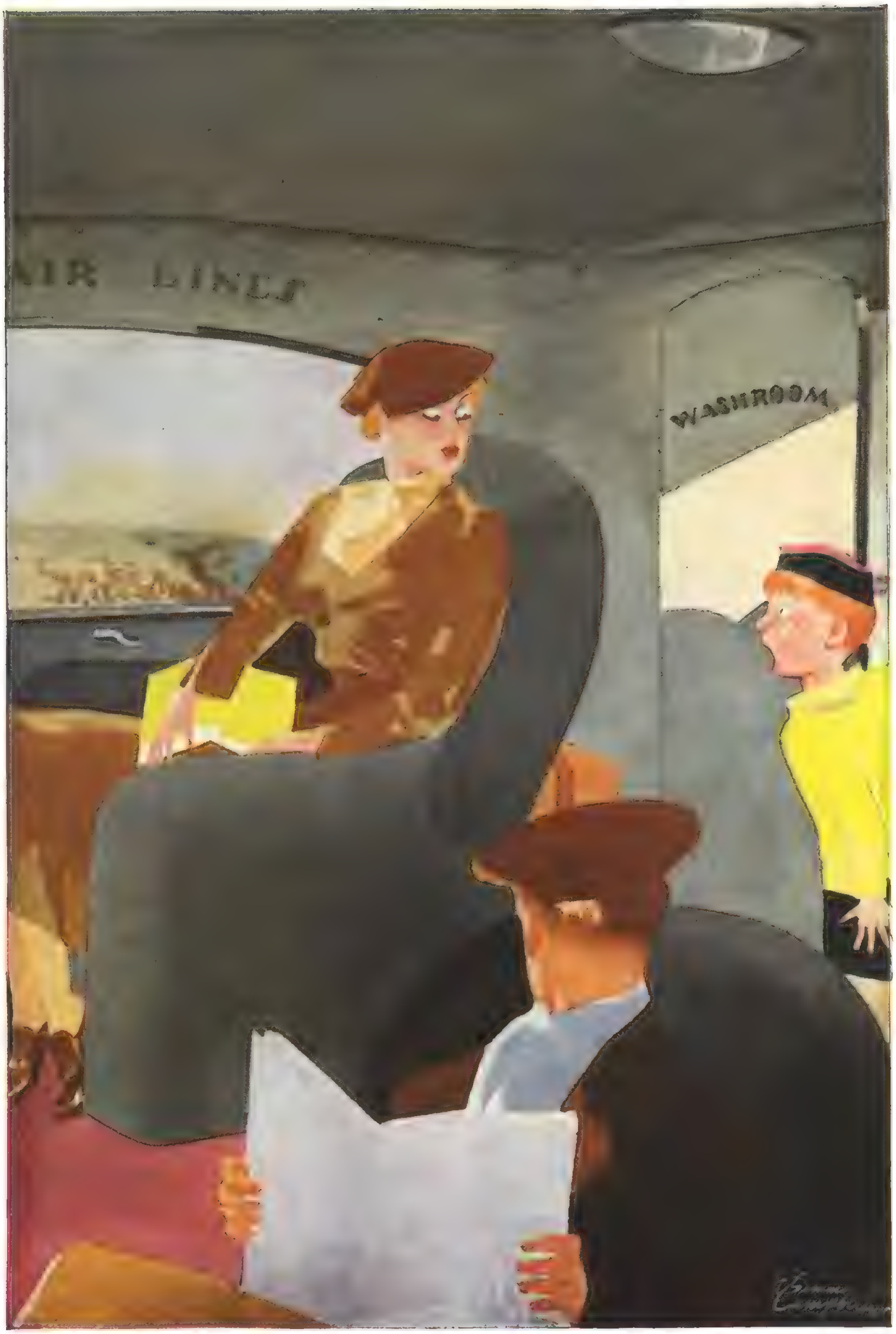
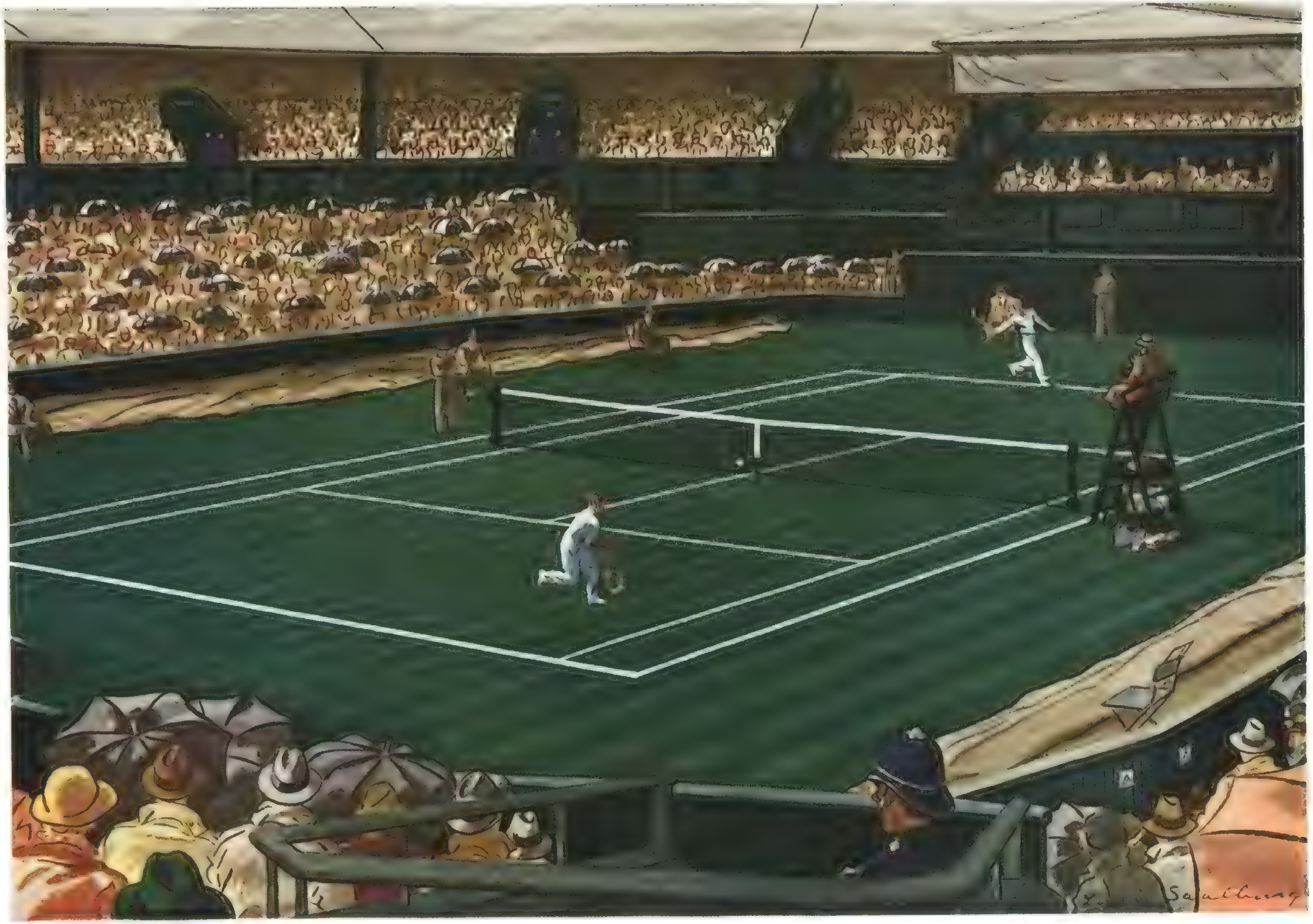

IR LINES
WASHROOM

"Gee, Mummy—you can see in here better'n you can see out th' windows"



Painted in England for Esquire by Leslie Saalburg

THE CENTER COURT AT WIMBLEDON

Tempers and Tennis

Ex-champions will sadly confess that he who can't control his temper can't control the ball

by MILTON HOLMES

▪ SPORTS ▪

It must be that a strange, malevolent God hovers over that sacred half acre known as the Centre Court at Wimbledon. Else why would a cultured young man of the best circles go berserk, swatting a woolly ball over a fish net???

Quite a hullabaloo was raised at Wimbledon last July when the pride of Britain, tranquil "Bunny" Austin, during an important match, kicked his racket into the crowd. All of sedate England, seated around the sacred Centre Court, rose up in resentment; such conduct was not becoming an Englishman. Here are the details: It was in the quarter-final round of The Gentlemen's Singles Championship of the World. Austin, playing errorless tennis, was leading Frank Shields, two sets to love, 5-5 in games and needed but one point to break through Shield's service for a 6-5 lead, with his own service to follow for the match in straight sets.

A "set-up" came to Austin who had taken his position at the net, he had the whole of the opponent's court into which to volley the ball but instead, he hit it into the tape of the net.

In his vexation he vigorously kicked the racket only to see it fly from him with an unexpected bound into the crowd where it gently alighted on the lap of a woman spectator.

The very moment it happened Austin realized his mistake, but then it was too late. He ran quickly to retrieve the racket and apologized repentantly.

But the harm was done, in more ways than one. Austin had lost his temper and with it his control and power of concentration.

He returned to the court. In no time at all he dropped that game instead of winning it, and the set as well. Needless to add, the contest was over, for Austin promptly lost the fourth and fifth sets. (Score 4-6 2-6 7-5 6-3 7-5).

The turning point of the match can be directly traced to that "set-up" on which Austin had lost his temper. As if his undeserved defeat at the hands of Shields was not punishment enough, Austin felt so regretful that he wrote an open letter of apology to the press which was printed in the newspapers the following day.

What's all the shouting for? Why all the fuss? That was nothing!

It was on this same Centre Court at Wimbledon in the year 1907 that Karl Behr, the American Davis Cup player, known among his friends as "the crazy wild Indian" for his turbulent disposition, was engaged in a Davis Cup match against Norman Brookes, the Australian master. Behr had won the first set handily at 6-4 and lost the second at the same score. It was in the critical game of the third set that a "sitter" came to him at the net. He eyed it cautiously and then swung with all his strength. There was a resounding impact as the ball hit the top of the net, juggled there for an instant and then fell back into Behr's court. Behr, flush with rage, took a tighter grip on his racket, turned and with a mighty swing flung it over the grandstand. True, it wasn't the massive structure that stands there today but nevertheless his aim was directly over the Royal Box with its regal occupants, over the heads of the King and Queen.

The throng sat stunned, struck dumb!

Behr walked over to the umpire's chair, picked up another of his rackets and went on with the game as if nothing had happened. Thereupon Brookes beat him easily, 6-1, 6-2 for the match.

The English press criticized Behr severely for his behavior on the court, atrocious and preposterous they said. When interviewed that night on the incident Behr answered belligerently, "If I feel like throwing a racket of mine away . . . that's my business!" Such was the temper of "the crazy wild Indian" but a finer player or better sport never trod the courts. The large majority of outstanding tennis players over the years have been high-strung, fiery individuals. These great players must of nature be temperamental in order to rise to the heights necessary to win important matches. They have the same kind of temper your wife showed last Saturday night when you trumped her ace; like Junior's spell when the blocks toppled over; like yourself, when you wrapped that golf club around the tree on the sixteenth hole. You know, the bad sort, the spleeny species . . . but they possess an ability to control this temper most of the time.

William T. Tilden, 2nd, had the knack of appearing outwardly annoyed, flustered and irritated, but within he was "as cool as a cucumber." These displays of anger were purposely staged for their devastating effect on the opponent's concentration. For it was only on the rarest of occasions that Tilden was really carried away by his emotions, the most notable of which was his match against Henri Cochet in 1927, also on the Wimbledon Centre Court.

On that day and in that match Tilden played finer tennis than had ever been seen on the traditional turf of the All England Club. Cochet, playing superbly, was blasted about the court in pitiful fashion. Tilden soon had the match in hand with a lead of two sets to love, 5-1 in games and the advantage of his own "cannonball" service; one more game and a marvelous victory was his. He tried to end the match with a sensational shot; Tilden evidently thought it was good but the linesman called it out. From then on an exasperated Tilden hit the ball with all his power and attempted such difficult and impossible shots that he lost *16 consecutive points in rapid succession.* Cochet, quick to realize what had happened, pounced on his opponent like a cat and never let up until he had won three straight sets and the match (score 2-6, 4-6, 7-5, 6-4, 6-3); Tilden never regained his composure.

All of which is most amazing when one considers that at that time Tilden was the foremost tennis player of the world.

On the other hand, many of the players appear outwardly calm even while within they are fired up, seething with anger. Cochet was like that. When this type of player hits the skids in a match it's like sliding down a greased chute, but it takes a smart opponent to recognize how upset they really are.

The one match that Cochet wanted to win more than any other was against Ellsworth Vines in the finals of the National Men's Singles at Forest Hills, (the Wimbledon of America), in September 1932. Cochet had been beaten by Vines the previous July in a Davis Cup match but the tie had already been won for France and there was nothing hinging on the outcome. Cochet was making the trip to this country just to prove to himself first, and then to the rest of the tennis world that he was still Cochet, the miracle man, the greatest tennis player of the universe.

Up to the final round, Cochet had displayed by far the finest tennis in the tournament. Vines played a terrible match the day before in the semi-finals against Sutter and he was most fortunate to eke out a win.

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The Sea Chest

Chips' rosewood chest was made to hold six dozen bottles of beer or an infant's lingerie

by BILL ADAMS

▪ FICTION ▪

THE ship *Springburn* was bound for Frisco with general cargo when, in the middle of a black night, she went aground on a coral reef in the South Pacific. To lighten her they opened the main hatch and from beneath it dumped to the sea five hundred barrels of cement. Next they opened the after hatch. Under it were three grand pianos; which were ruined. The sea, sweeping over the quarterdeck for some time after the ship grounded, had found its way below. The skipper ordered the pianos dumped overboard. It was midday when the last piano was hoisted to the deck. As the bells struck for noon the mate gave the order, "That'll do for now. Go eat!"

While everyone else went below to eat, Chips, the carpenter, went to his shop for tools. The piano was built of rosewood inlaid with mother o'pearl. He had cut from it enough wood to make himself a sea chest when some of the sailors, their meal finished, came on deck to heave the wrecked piano overboard. Throughout the afternoon the crew hoisted bales and crates from beneath where the pianos had been and dropped them to the sea. At sundown a boat was lowered. A kedge anchor was laid across her stern, rowed well clear of the reef, and dropped to the sea bottom. With all hands heaving in on the cable attached to the kedge, the ship was hauled off into deep water. Her hull undamaged, she proceeded on her course.

Day by day, in his spare time, Chips worked on the rosewood till he had made himself a sea chest. There was nowhere a nail in it. Having placed all his belongings in it, he swapped his old chest to a foremast sailor for ten pounds of plug tobacco.

When the ship arrived in Frisco Chips went ashore and got drunk. He remained drunk all the time she was in port. Being drunk did not greatly interfere with his work. Many sailors are just about as handy when drunk as when sober. It is a peculiarity of the breed. Day by day he worked in his shop, muttering to himself. Before the ship had been in port two weeks he had spent all the money he had made on the outward voyage. But he still had the sea chest. On the day before the *Springburn* was to sail for home he sold it to the sailmaker of another square-rigged ship for a month's wages, and became more thoroughly drunk than ever. The drunker he became the more morose he grew. Tears ran down his sea-tanned face. He was sorrowing over having parted with the rosewood chest. Sitting with him in his shop, the sailmaker, also very drunk, watching his tears, began to laugh. All hands were gone ashore for a last evening's fun. There was no one aboard but the two of them. The sailmaker's hoarse laughter rang along the deserted deck. Bye and bye he rose, laid an unsteady hand on Chips' shoulder and said, "Keep your ol' chest. I don't wan' the blurry thing." Then, still laughing, he wandered off to his own ship; quite oblivious of the fact that he had paid for the chest.

When he sobered up next day and went to fetch it, the *Springburn* was at sea.

On the homeward voyage Chips made a stout canvas cover for the chest, to protect it from the salt air. The canvas completely hid it. For anything that anyone could have told it might have been made of common pine.

When the *Springburn* docked in London Chips left her, and took a room on Piggott Street. On his first evening ashore he met a lady of the sort that is frequently to be found on Piggott Street. In two days, having gotten from him all the money he had made on the voyage from Frisco she ditched him for the second mate of a tramp steamer just in from sea. Chips whipped the second mate; then went to his room and came away with the chest on his shoulder; intending to sign away to sea. But he was unable to find a ship. Penniless, he sold the chest for ten shillings to an old Dutchman who kept a second hand store. Having done so, he hunted up the second mate, whipped him again, and got drunk; after which the lady got the rest of his ten shillings from him and went back to the second mate who still had part of a big pay day in his pockets.

Penniless and drunk Chips found himself at the door of the Dutchman's store. Just within the door was the rosewood chest, with its lid propped open and a sale price of fifty shillings on it. Chips set the chest on his shoulder and saying "To hell wid ye!" took his departure. It was night. A few gas lamps lit the shoddy street.

Chips was rolling cheerfully up the street when he met, rolling cheerfully down it, the mate of a ship that was going to sea next day. Seeing the sale price which Chips had not removed he put his hand in his pocket and brought out fifty shillings. "Here you are, my bucko boy!" said he. Chips set the chest down, hauled off, and struck the mate on the jaw; scattering the money all over the sidewalk. The mate struck back.

"Now then, wot's all this 'ere?" asked a gruff voice. While the mate began to gather up his money Chips looked cheerfully at a big policeman who had just come round the street corner. "My pal's dropped all his pay day," said he. "Why don't ye help him pick it up?" Then he sat down on the chest while the policeman helped the mate to pick up the coins. Two two-shilling pieces were missing. Chips had set his foot on them, and had picked them up unobserved.

"Now then, you two come along o' me. You're under arrest," said the policeman.

Chips brought a two-shilling piece from his pocket, offered it to the policeman, and said, "Forget it, matey. We was only having a bit of fun."

The policeman winked at Chips, pocketed the two shillings, and strolled off round the corner whence he had come.

"Blast you!" said the mate, "you've lost me four shillings."

"I'm out two shillings meself, old pal," said Chips. "But I still got two left. Let's you an' me go have a drink together." They entered a nearby pub, Chips with the chest on his shoulder. When they came out they were drunker than ever; and the mate had bought six dozen bottles of beer which they put in the sea chest; making it so heavy that they had to carry it together.

"I'll toss you for the blasted chest," said the mate. Chips agreed. They tossed. Chips won. Side by side, they sat on the chest; singing a sea chantey.

The policeman reappeared. With him was the old Dutchman who at once cried, "Dere iss mine chest!"

The mate looked cheerfully up at the policeman and said, "He's crazy. I just come in from round the Horn with this chest. My pal's helping me carry it to my diggings." He and Chips rose. The policeman tried to lift the chest. "How can it be your chest, you old fool?" he asked the Dutchman, "you said as yours was empty. Get out o' here!"

While the Dutchman stammered and stuttered, Chips said to the policeman, "Let's go get a drink o' beer, eh?" The three went into the pub; the policeman, whose beat was just over, helping Chips carry the chest. In a few minutes they came out again. Side by side the three of them sat on the chest; the policeman joining in the chorus of the chantey that the two sailors sang.

"Oh, Shannydore, I love your daughter!
Way, aye, you rolling river!
Oh, Shannydore, I'm going to court her!
Way, aye, we're bound away across the wide Missouri!"

Presently they rose and strolled off; the policeman helping Chips carry the chest. At the corner he stopped, "So long, boys! I got to go 'ome to me wife!" said he.

Chips hailed a passing cab. He and the mate climbed to the seat, beside the driver; and set the chest on top of the cab. Chips fetched a bottle from the chest and offered it to the driver. The driver emptied three bottles in quick succession. "It's a bloomin' cold night," said he, and whipped up his horse; till it was going at a gallop down the cobblestoned street. "*Rolling home, rolling home, rolling home, across the sea,*" sang Chips and the mate while the cab rocked from side to side. Presently it began to rain, and the horse stopped. "Let's get inside and have a drink." said Chips. They all got down and went inside the cab, taking the chest with them. After a while they fell asleep. So did the horse. A young lady of Piggott Street looked in on them, saw that they were fast asleep, and went through their pockets. It was dawn when Chips opened his eyes and woke the mate. "Let's get out o' here," he said. Taking the chest with them, they left the driver to finish out his night. They had walked quite a way when the mate put a hand in his pocket. "That louse of a cabby robbed me," said he, and added mournfully, "I can't go back now. I'm going to sea on the tide, and the skipper sent me ashore last night to look for a carpenter." Two hours later Chips was at sea, carpenter of the *Hinemoa*.

"Chips, what the devil did you have fifty shillings marked on the chest for?" asked the mate, coming into Chips' cabin one day.

"I'd sold it to that old swab of a Dutchie for ten," said Chips, and opened the chest that the mate might see it.

"I'll give you fifty for it," said the mate. "You will like blazes," retorted Chips. The mate told the skipper of the chest, and the skipper came to look at it. Chips' sea chest was the talk of the ship.

The *Hinemoa* was an old ship. When she came down to the Horn the gales from the westward tried her sorely. After trying for two weeks to battle her way westward, she began to leak. All day, all night, the crew pumped; while the gale roared and the great seas thundered over her deck. They had been pumping for a week when, in a lull between storms, the skipper, seeing that his ship was doomed, ordered the boat cleared away. Dark was falling when all hands clambered down into her. The last to leave the ship was Chips. By then she was so low in the water that the sea was level with her decks. In the darkness no one noticed that Chips placed his chest in the boat's bow ere stepping into her himself. All night they rowed, with a flat calm on the black Horn sea. "If any ship was to pick us up, by glory I'd give her skipper my sea chest," murmured Chips to himself. He had scarcely voiced the thought when a breeze from the east fanned the cold air. And next minute a sailor cried, "There's a ship coming up astern!"

The skipper lit a flare to attract the ship's attention. She answered with another. Day was just breaking when she came up with the boat. From the *Coringa's* quarter rail her crew stared down into the boat. From the poop, the skipper stared down. Beside him was his wife.

Last to leave the boat, Chips tied a rope round the sea chest and hauled it up after him. He set it on his shoulder and carried it up to the poop.

"There ye are, sir," said Chips to the *Coringa's* skipper; "it ain't never brought me nothing but bad luck."

"No sailor needs a chest as fancy as that," said the *Coringa's* skipper. "It's only fit for a woman's gear to lie in." The skipper's wife had the rosewood chest taken below to her cabin.

As a matter of fact the lady was not the skipper's wife; but merely what is known amongst sailors as "a long-haired chum."

A couple of weeks later the *Coringa* was running up the south east trades under a full moon when her skipper came out on deck in the middle of the night to find the lady on the poop with the arm of the *Hinemoa's* mate around her. "That's a devil of a way to treat a man!" said he.

"Six of one and half a dozen of the other," said the *Hinemoa's* mate. "Why blame me?"

"Second hand goods. It's all one to me," sneered the skipper. And till the ship came to Frisco the lady was the long-haired chum of the *Hinemoa's* mate. On reaching Frisco, having had enough of the sea, she left the ship. "If you think you're going to take that sea chest with you, you've got another guess coming," said the skipper. So the rosewood chest remained aboard. Soon after the lady left the ship, the *Hinemoa's* people also left her.

"You can have that blasted sea chest, Chips," said the *Coringa's* skipper. "It didn't do me any good." The lady had removed the chest's canvas cover. Chips went ashore with the chest on his shoulder, and with him went the *Hinemoa's* mate.

"Chips, let's go see Limerick Katie," said the mate. They went a little way up Pacific St., to Limerick Katie's.

"My land!" exclaimed Limerick Katie. "What'll you take for that dandy chest?"

"It ain't for sale, Katie," said Chips. Limerick Katie called one of her girls to fetch drinks. The mate sat the girl on his knee. The four began to drink Limerick Katie's liquor. Soon the mate and Chips were singing a chantey.

"Once I had an Irish gal, and she was fat and lazy!
Away, haul away, oh, haul and sing together!
And then I had a yaller gal, and she near drove me crazy!
Away, haul away! Haul away, Joe!"

Soon Limerick Katie signed to the girl, who slipped out of the room and fetched Katie's bouncer. Both very drunk, Chips and the mate were thrown out to the street. Seated side by side on the curb they sang:

"As I came down the Bowery one evening in July
I met a maid who asked my trade.
I'm a sailor John, said I.
And away, Santy, my dear Annie,
Oh, you New York girls, can't you dance the polka!"

Continued in center of page 143

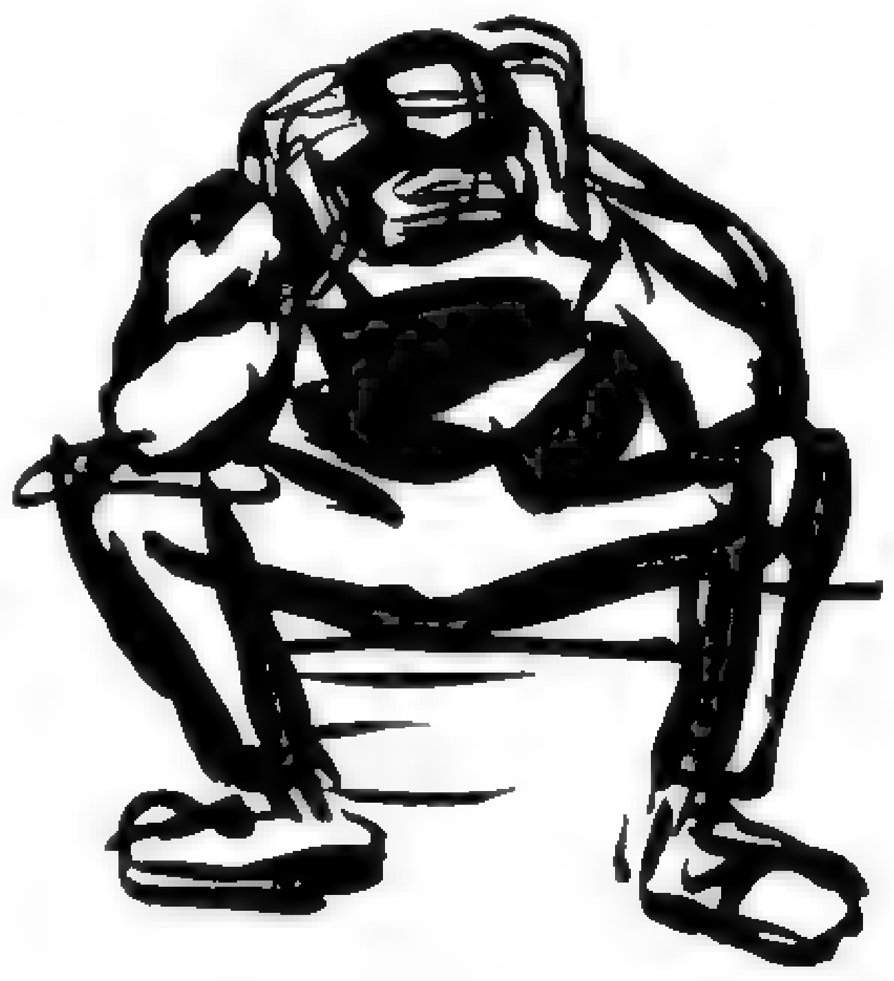
Reluctant Banes

Childbirth in a Negro cottage tenderly and starkly portrayed by the rhapsody of folk-speech

by HERMANN B. DEUTSCH

FICTION

LISSEN at de gal take on, like it might be nare woman birth a baby in 'is world befo' disheer day an' time; an' her a'ready havin' three in de bygone years at dat. I ain't patienced fo' folks to take on dataways, even if she be's my own chillen. I got a good min' to tell em so, but I wouldn' care to go in de room. No, Lawd! I be too 'shamed wid all dem men doctors she got in yonnuh.



She ever was a contrary gal, dat Irene, de contraries' I see. Womens was good enough to catch all my chillens, and plenty good enough to catch de udder three she birth, but she boun' she gwy have biggety ideas now. It de relief lady put it in her haid she got to have de men doctors from to Touro 'firm'ry. Account she scaid is de onlies' reason Irene won' go to no hospital, like de relief lady wanted. "All dey knows in de hospital is cut," Irene say. "I too scaid of all de cuttin'."

So now looky all de doin's. Two nurses *an'* two doctors in 'st room. Mfff! Men doctors! Da's jes' plain ondecent. No respeckable woman don' want no mens around when de time come. Mens is got dey place. Mens is fo' work an' pleasure an' womens is fo' work an' pain. Da's de p'ticular will of de Lawd God on High, like it say in de Blessed Book. Sho do it. Praise Jesus!

An' whe' de good of all de foolishment! Answer me dat! Do it ease de pain any? Do it shorten de time? Ain' de gal been takin' on two livin' hours longer'n she do wid ayre de three chillens she have befo'? Whe' de good it do her now dat she boil em four glass maynaze jars like de nurse say fo' her to do? An' de salad oil a-waiting by de kitchen stove? An' de newspapers she got to sew up in pads wrop wid muslin on top? Lissen at em take on yonnuh in de room . . .

"Don't yell, Irene. Keep your mouth closed. Bear down with the pain. If you holler, you only waste the pain. This is a peach of a pain, Irene. Don't waste it!"

"I does hate to keep you waitin' like 'is, an' if you-all jes lea' me get up an' walk de flo'! Please suh, doctor! Lea' me walk fo' 'bout two pains, an' I lay right back down an' gi' you de chile, hones' I will."

"No walking. You're okay where you are."

"But I's so tiahd, doctor, suh. An' my back e hurt mos' too bad. It never did take so long befo', account I always use to walk up an' down a couple times to make de chile get started."

"You stay put, you hear? The baby's a bit out of position, that's all that's making it take longer. Or else it's just naturally a little reluctant."

"Please, doctor . . . Oh, Lawzeeee! Yuh come anudder pain, de wuss one till yet."

"Don't waste it, then. Keep your mouth closed. Think of what you'd rather have, a boy or a girl. Think of anything you please, but keep your mouth shut and bear down."

Do lissen at de man! People got no mo' shame, 'ese days. Easy enough fo' him to say to don' waste de pain. He ain' de one to suffer it. If he was, he be takin' on same as her. Neither it ain' no need to ask do she want a boy chile or else a gal chile. Us all wants a boy chile. She done got two gal chillens an' only one boy right now. Ever since I knowed disheer chile on de way, I been pray to the Lawd to please, suh, sen' me a boy gran'. It be so nice to think on, havin' two li'l chiny shooters in de fambly. Yeah, Lawd, do hear me a prayin' fo' a boy chile 'is time.

Cecil want one too. Da's de gal's husban'. Dey's lawful married out de book, dey di'n' jes' took up wid one anudder. But Cecil gone out. He say don' nobody want him roun' noways, an' besides, he have to be to his work. I min' de time she birth de firs' baby. Cecil mope aroun' de place lookin' so mo'nful-like and po'-mouth ontell I clean got to drive em out. "Dey even makes me go nex' do' to eat my bait of vittles," he say. "I rather go hongry an' stay right in disheer house." But now, when de time come, he say: "Well, I go call de doctor an' 'en I leave. Ain' nobody gwy have no time fo' me."

He got to get to he work 's mawnin', anyway. Cecil's on de relief an' he get sixteen days work a month, an' 'is month de lady sont us some groc'ry o'ders too. She mad wid us account de baby comin'. She say: "Not enough in de house to eat on now, an' you fixin' to set up somebody else 'at got to be fed. It ain' no sense to it." But I tell her we too glad e might be anudder li'l chiny shooter in de fambly. She de one put all de biggety notions in Irene's haid about got to have mens to catch de chile. Men doctors from de Touro! Da's why I wouldn' go in de room, me. I be too 'shamed, front of all em mens.

I tell de gal an' I tell de lady from de relief it's ondecent to have mens in de room, but it don' do no good. Use to be whe' de ol' sheep go de young sheep follow, but not no mo', no Lawd, now dey got to go dey own way, an' what de come-out? She havin' a ha'der time'n ayre she have befo', an' Cecil got to go to he work out in Gentilly account it mos' mawnin' now, so's he won' even know ontell late 'is evenin' is he got a boy chile or is he got a gal chile. Yessuh, Lawd, it mos' de break of day, an' she been takin' on like 'is sence not long pas' de noon. De ol' ways is de bes' ways. I tell Cecil so when he come a-runnin' fo' me to dust on to de house, account de time have came, while he gwy telefoam de doctor.

But it do be's a proudful thing to have em autymobles stan' in front de do' jes like de quality.

Firs' thing de welfare nurse come in her cyah in de afternoon, an' now de two doctors is each come in he own cyah too, so one way I's kinder glad it lastin' 'is long, so de neighbors'll see de three autymobles in front de do' come mawnin', a proudful sight fo' true, mos' like it was a fun'ral what de Lady White Doves is runnin'.

But all de autymobles in 'is worl', an all de boil' glass jars, an' all de res' of de truck don' ease de pain none. Look like dey even be's makin' it wuss, de long dat she been takin' on . . .

"Now it isn't that bad, Irene. After a while we'll give you a little ether, and it'll all be over before you know it. Only you mustn't cry like that, you mustn't yell, you only waste the pain when you do that.

"Bear down with the pain, then you won't have to have so many of them, and it will all be over just that much quicker. You're about as reluctant as the baby, aren't you?"

"Da's a nice word, doctor. Reluctant. I like de soun' e make. Re-luctant! If only you lea' me gotup an' walk de flo', I wouldn' be so re-luctant, neither de chile, doctor, suh . . . ahhhhh . . ."

"Getting another pain? That's good. Harder, too, isn' it? Won't be much longer now. Keep bearing down! You've still got this same pain. It's not gone yet. We'll give you a little ether, directly."

"Please suh don' gi' me none 'at ether stuff. I wants to feel de pain. I won' holler no mo', suh. Only please don' gi' me none 'at ether."

"All right by me, if you'd rather suffer. Miss Steinweg, Dr. McCleery and I are going out on the sidewalk to catch a breath of air.

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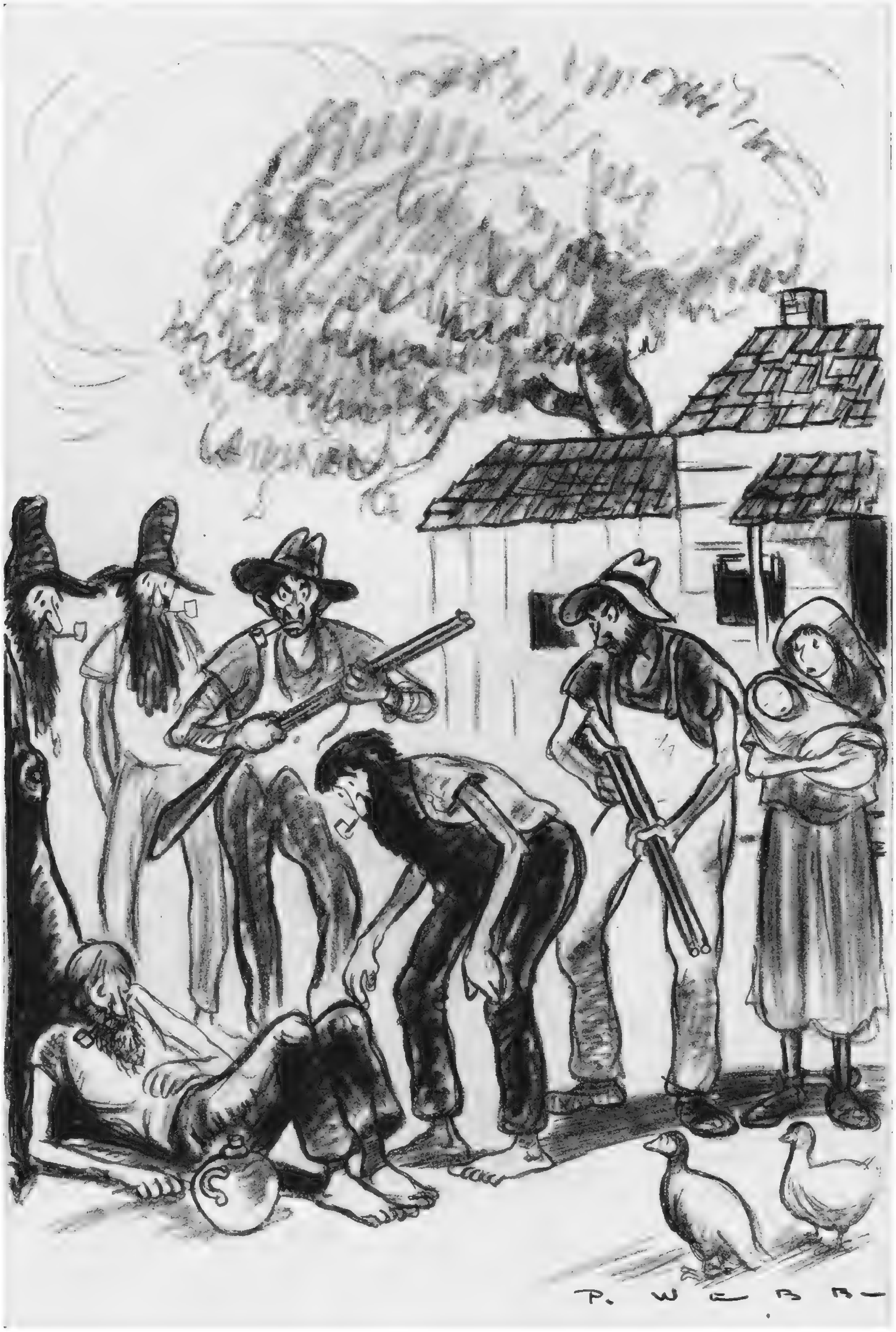

"Hey, Paw—s'posin' I do git married—would there be room for me here?"

Hummingbirds and Honeysuckle

What really happened to the sailor cast upon a land where every male had been destroyed

by MAX BRAND

▪ FICTION ▪

All our family wondered why my uncle Joe never married, but I believe I was the only one who ever got an answer, although all of us had often asked the question. He said:

It *is* curious, and damned curious, but if you're seventeen you're old enough to hear it, I suppose.

When I was your age, I had the sea fever and my temperature never dropped unless I had a salt wind in my face and a good dash of spray, now and again. So, by course of nature, as one might say, I ran off from home one day and shipped aboard a Yankee schooner plying to Mexico. An hour after we made sail, I found out that larking in a small boat has nothing to do with life before the mast under a skipper with more calluses on his knuckles than on the palms of his hands. Before we passed Key West, I was sick of belaying-pin soup, and by the time we sighted the coast of Mexico I was hungry to desert.

That coast was a picture, Jimmy. The lowlands were green jungle with a smell of fever in the offshore breeze, but behind and above the land mist I could see far-off mountains, blue white like an iris flower.

The more I saw of the country, the more I preferred it to the deck of that schooner, and one night in the dark of a land mist that had blown off shore, I slid down the rope to the dory that bobbed astern of us, cut the line, and watched the schooner soak away into the darkness until I dared to risk the noise of rowing. Then I leaned on the oars and headed in for the coast. I had on shoes, trousers, a blue flannel shirt, a handkerchief tied around my throat, and fifteen cents in hard cash; but I was the happiest lad that ever rowed through a fog to a strange coast.

In the morning I found myself close under the lee of a headland that ran out to sea ten or fifteen miles. It had a clean look, after the jungle I'd been seeing, for there were big cliffs and green, rolling land beyond, checked into cultivated fields. Then I saw a town, just a glimpse of roofs.

I came to the harbor, presently. It was a little wedge of water with dense forest shoaling from the highlands down to the sea's edge, and at the bottom of the inlet there was a pier. I slipped up beside that pier and tied the dory snug. But when I climbed ashore I had to blink a few times. For over on the far side of the pier and close to the shore the ribs and stern of a wooden ship stuck up above the water's edge. Even that bit of skeleton gave me a feeling of clipper lines. I should have called it a four or five hundred ton craft and it was a sad thing to think of it rotting away here with its chin lodged in the mud. I made out the name written dimly across the stern:

Sally K. Loomis, Boston

That pier was falling to pieces with age and disuse. The planks were eaten with green slime and mold so that my heels crunched into the face of them, and I could feel the piers underneath sag a bit, like weak knees. At the head of the inlet I found a way through the forest. Perhaps it had once been a road, but now the brush was often higher than my head. On each side crowds of lofty trees were reaching for the light, one above the other. The grey, dripping clouds of Spanish moss gave them a wild and ancient look, and I could not help wondering who first had cut this slash through the wilderness and why the road and the pier had been allowed to decay. Perhaps there was another harbor, farther down the shore.

I got out of the woodland wet with sweat and stinging with mosquito bites, but when I reached the uplands the insects blew away from me in a dark smudge and an honest sea-breeze was in my face. In two minutes I was walking through as kind a countryside as you could wish. It had been reclaimed from the jungle. Between the fields, the hedges plainly were trying to become forests and the trees jumped their heads up into the sky. Hard work had cleared the jungle and kept it back, with its vapors and its poisons and all. The sea-wind got in its healthy work, of course, and the soil was rich. The maize grew up higher than a tall man could reach and the heads of it were enormous; the hayfields looked like young jungles. The richness of the country made me feel easy, and at home.

Presently I came on a strange sight. It puts a tingle in my brain even now, to remember it. I turned into view of a field of twenty acres, or so, and there I saw a string of ten people hauling a plough. They stepped in unison with the flash of the furrow turning behind them.

Yes sir, the ten of them had made themselves into a team for draft purposes and they lugged away as patiently as beasts.

They were not men; they were women! They wore big, windy, cotton skirts; their hair was long. I gaped as I watched those in the right hand file sinking their bare feet into the ploughed ground. Then I smiled a bit, for I pictured the bucks sitting about in the shade smoking pipes and gathering dignity while their squaws turned themselves into mules and oxen. When they came closer, I saw that they were a powerful lot, six footers, with plenty of weight in their shoulders. Behind the team walked an older woman who acted as driver. When she sang out, one of the laggards would lean harder on the rope; otherwise, she furnished time for their marching with a sort of mumbled chant.

At the end of the furrow, that team of women started to turn about and trudge back the other way when they saw me. There was no signal for an attack. The impulse was unanimous and instant, as when a group of dogs sees a rabbit. The whole gang threw off the shoulder straps and started for me. There was something so wild about the look of them, they were such a strapping big lot, and they came on so hell-bent that I turned and ran for it. They went over or through the hedge as though it weren't there and when I looked over my shoulder I saw them racing with the wind of their running knocking their skirts knee high, their brown legs flashing, and their bare feet pounding on the lane. I ran for my life, but though I was a light-footed youngster with a sound pair of lungs, it took me a full mile of work to drop them so far that they gave up the job. Even then they called after me, and their jargon came crowing down the wind.

I went on slowly, with a good many looks over my shoulder, for I began to feel that I had landed in a strange country. The cultivated fields went along on each side of me, and here and there I saw other women at work, usually bending over hoes. Most of them were at a distance, but one who was close to the road stood up from her labor and stared at me with an opening mouth.

I began to notice other oddities in this chosen land. Here where the richest sort of pasturage was offered on all hands, I saw not a single cow or ox or horse or mule or even the little Mexican burros. There were no goats, even, and who can think of Mexico without almost tasting roast kid? There were no dogs. There were no animals of any kind.

I sighted a town and the little white-washed houses cheered me up a lot. So I stepped more lively and pretty soon I was going down an empty street deep with white dust that was blinding bright under the sun.

I said that the street was empty. I should have said that the whole town was naked as a cemetery. Now it's a hard thing to describe what's nearest and most familiar but I'd say that the life of a town goes up from it like a smoke. There are the noises, for one thing; and then there's a flight of pigeons and small birds rounding through the air towards the rooftops, or exploding up from a pavement with a rush; and more than I can put into words, there's a sense of life that shines out of even a village. Well, I missed all of those things as I walked through the street, with the dust flowing like hot water over my feet. It seemed to me like a town painted into a stage set.

I turned an elbow of the street and pulled up with a grunt, for out in the middle of the way was a naked boy baby of three or four years. There were a lot of things about him to take one's attention. I wondered, for instance, to see an Indian child with curling black hair and eyes that were a bright blue stain in its face. His skin was weathered to a golden tan and under the force of that sun there was a metal sheen to him. He had just stood up from the ground and out of his two fists thin streams of dust were falling and making a smoke about his feet.

This bit of a boy threw out a hand at me, after a moment, and began to point, and to shout: "Hombre! Muy hombre! Hombre! Hombre!" He shouted and he laughed and he danced and he threw up his hands and clapped them over his head, and it was a mighty pleasant thing to see that laughing boy even though he was laughing at me. But when I looked up from him, by thunder that stage-set had changed a lot, for in the shadows of every doorway people were standing like a mob that waited for its entrance cue. It was a female crowd, some of them hatchet-faced crones and some of them strapping Indian girls with a good scattering of children that began to work out to the front, every one of 'em as bare as that mocking little devil who was whooping in the street. This whole crowd was in suspense and it seemed that I was what suspended 'em, for they all stared at me until I thought that I'd come to a part of a world where a white skin never had been seen.

For a sizeable moment there was no sound except for the yipping of that blue-eyed little boy; then a murmuring began and I felt the electric danger in the air until a tingle in my toes and a quiver down the back of my legs told me to be off. The sound of that muttering, it was like the rising note of water in a pail; presently it would flow over the brim.

Well, it *did* overflow. In a doorway just beside me stood a whale of a girl who had been scrubbing up the house, I suppose, because she had a sopping rag in her hand. She had tucked up her skirt, for the mop-work, I daresay, and she looked like a coppery Diana except that she carried the rag instead of the spear. Her outfit was about as scanty as that of the goddess and she seemed in shape to run down a stag or stick a wild boar. This lassie let out a whoop and came out of the shadows with a flash and a bound straight at me.

She missed me by a hair's breadth as I got under way like a dog that's kicked from behind. But she was not the only trouble ahead of me. She'd started a game that the rest were glad to join, and as they ran into the street I barely avoided their reaching hands. One of them got a grip on the collar of my shirt. Well, that cloth was old, worn, and half-rotted by sea-water drenchings; it went to pieces and I left the rags of the shirt in her hand and kept on with the wind of my running cool on my bare chest while the sun scorched my shoulders. But even that Mexican sun could not warm the small of my back where the chills were jumping, for the whole crowd was racing to catch me.

I saw them with a scared glance over my shoulder. The children and the older women were trailing to the rear, but up in front was a vanguard of a dozen of the girls and when I saw them coming, with wings on their heels, I believed the old yarns about Amazons. They had a grim look in their faces like runners who intend to win the race or bust.

I dusted out of that town with my teeth set and my neck-cords straining. I was able to keep just one jump ahead of that strong-handed lot but I was pretty desperate, for they looked as though they could run all day and damn well intended to.

I was half blind with fear and with breathlessness when I saw water flash ahead of me. It was a stream too wide for jumping, so I turned up its bank under a line of the biggest cypresses I ever saw. Each of 'em was a whole round-headed green sky by itself and the roots stuck out knees and shin-bones for half an acre around every trunk.

I went up that water-side with the staggers coming in my knees until I reached the little lake that stopped the current of the brook. The water lilies were touching hand to hand all the way across to the farther shore. And there, just before me, I saw a ghost of a hope. For at the side of the lake there was a biggish house, stretching its arms around a patio; and under one of the cedars at the patio entrance a hammock was slung; and in the hammock lay a big hulk of a man with a tattooed arm hanging over the side of it; and by him stood a girl who kept the mosquitoes away from his face with a fan of bright Mexican feather-work.

This picture may not seem much to you, Jimmy, but it jumped me into the middle

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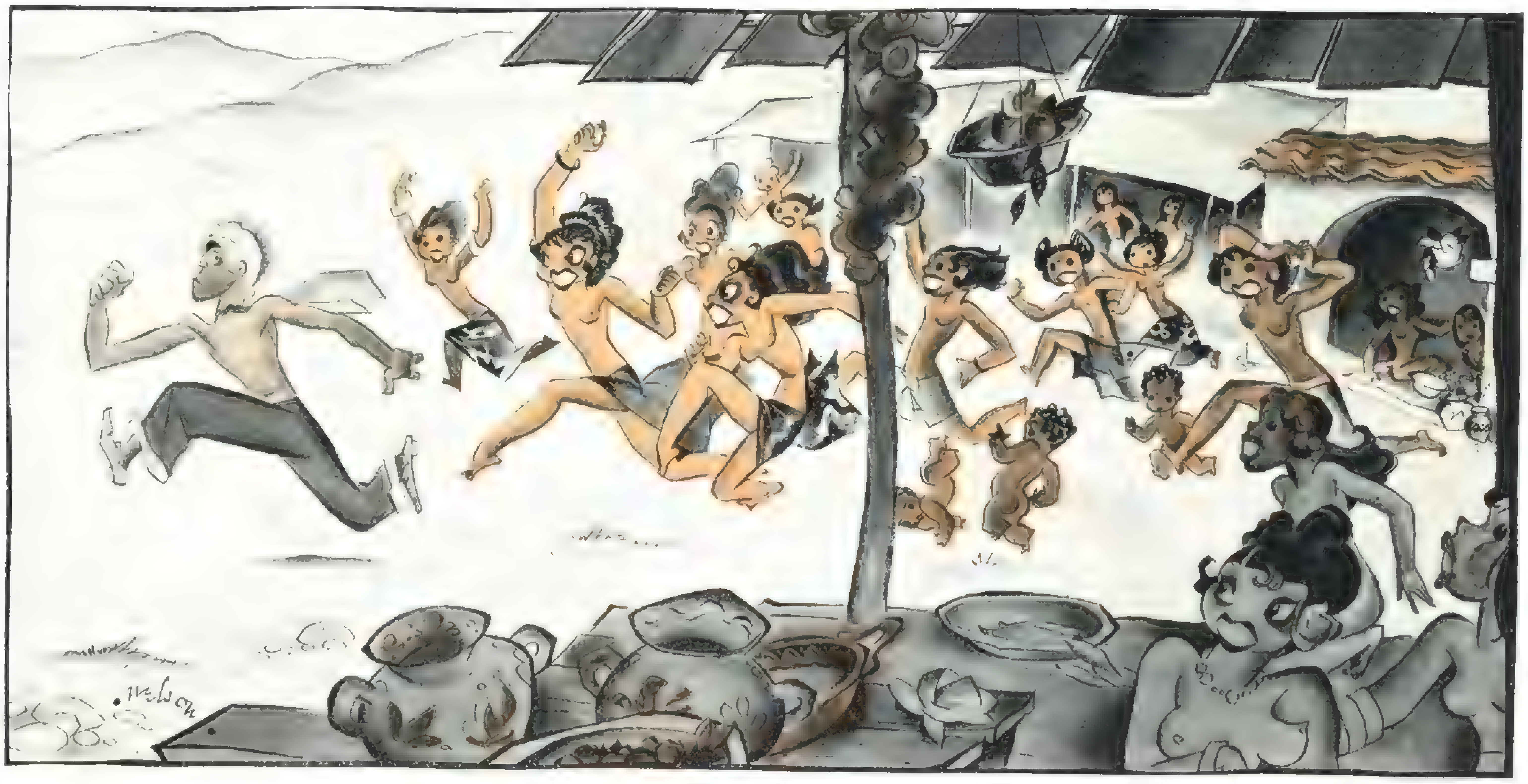

Strictly on the Level

No man is safe from these enigmas unless he knows the two words used by the old Arab

by J. C. FURNAS

• ARTICLE •

Did you ever hear the one about the old lady who starved to death? Stop me whether you have or not, because it's terrible. The only thing to be said against the enigma-story is that some member of the party is always dragging in the old lady who starved to death. Otherwise the enigma is one of the more satisfactory ways of catering to human beings' longings to be made to feel like fools. It has little or nothing in common with post-office, anagrams, ghosts, or any of those all too numerous parlor-games which call for paper and enough pencils to go around. Unlike amateur magic it has the virtue of simplicity and, in the best examples, the beauties of intellectual honesty.

Oriental peoples are extremely fond of the yarn with a stinger in its tail. Some of the current crop may sound like samples from those books of compressed detective-mysteries which challenge you to do a Sherlock Holmes in two minutes. But the connoisseur of enigmas scorns the red herrings and fluky motivations of detective tales in general. His choicest specimens are simple as Mother Goose, shrewd as Mark Hanna and baffling as a knot in a shoe-lace. They may occasionally contain the element of crime-detection, but the main point is never who killed Cock Robin or what was the flaw in his alibi.

An example, of first quality but easier than most, should be the best explanation of what this is all about. That means the one about the old Arab, which has a certain flavor to boot. He was a testy old gentleman whose two sons were crazy about horse-racing and each owned a fast horse. Their incessant arguments as to which horse was faster got sadly in the old gentleman's hair, so much so that, when he died, he left a will bequeathing all his property to that son whose horse should *lose* in a race from Mecca to Medina. That was his way of expressing what he thought of horsey people in general and his two boys in particular.

This problem of how to lose a race when the other fellow also wanted to lose had the boys completely baffled. But they had to try it because, unless the race was held, all the property went to Mecca Lodge No. 3 of the Odd Fellows. So off they started for Medina, each as set on getting there second as a crooked jockey riding the favorite, reining in all the time, turning back, driving the horses half crazy and getting nowhere fast. By night-fall they were only halfway to Medina, the horses were dead beat—and they were still neck and neck. They agreed to put up overnight at a convenient caravanserai, get some sleep and start fresh in the morning.

Inside the caravanserai they found a wise old Arab to whom they told their troubles. He said their problem was extremely simple—whispered something in one brother's ear, whispered the same thing in the other brother's ear and went out. The brothers slapped their knees in delight and went to bed. In the morning they got up at the crack of dawn, saddled the horses and rode for Medina hell-bent for election, as fast as the fresh horses could set hoof to the ground under whip and spur all the way. It was a swell race. One horse won—one horse lost—and the requirements of the will were met. But what did the wise old Arab say to make them act that way?

In one or another version that tale probably goes back to the time of Hammurabi and was very familiar to your great-aunt Sophie, as she will probably tell you if you try it on her. Whatever its age, you're rather better than average smart if you can hang the ring on it. It's a good example because there's no clutter, no spare props, nothing but a bare situation which calls only for cooniness in the solution, like the fox, the goose and the bag of corn. Among reasonably bright people, one in three or four gets it. He will grin presently and say that the wise old Arab told the boys to change horses. To which the chorus will respond: "Why, I never thought of that."

If you got the old Arab's number and are rashly inclined to think that this is simple business, here is the toughest of the lot to chew on. It has the additional recommendation of being the simplest. A man named Smith—Jones, if you like—goes walking and meets an old friend whom he hasn't seen or heard of for twenty years. The old friend says: "I've been married since we last met. We have a little daughter—here she is." The little daughter appears and is presented to Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith says: "What's your name, little girl?" and the little girl, feeling contrary, answers: "My name is the same as my mother's." "Ah," says Mr. Smith, "then your name's Margaret?" "Yes," says the little girl. Now just how did Mr. Smith know that the name was Margaret?

The victim may ask questions if he likes, but there's no point in doing so here. The facts are to be taken as given and no more are necessary. Somewhere is the answer, as obvious as the lyric of a love-song. Unless you see it right away, you're sunk. The more ingenious you are, the straighter you think, the worse off you are. Not one in two hundred lands it. Only a sheer genius or a bright child stands a chance. It has the Indian sign on crack mathematicians and hack-drivers alike. I have seen one of the most eminent lawyers in the country, a man with a brain like a steel-trap, pore over a typewritten copy of that story for a week and give up in disgust.

You can, if you like, tantalize the victim with hints. Tell him he has made a false assumption and let him try and find it. If he's a linguist, point out to him that he couldn't tell that story in any well known European language but English without giving it away—which is true, but it won't do him any good. The dismaying answer, which makes the enigma no enigma at all, is that Mr. Smith's old friend was a woman—and it was by no means unnatural that he should have known her first name. But, no matter how smart you are at cards, crossword puzzles or the crockery business, you always assume that Mr. Smith's old friend was a man—and then you're gone. Maybe that's the Anglo-Saxon mind for you, as well as the English language, in which the gender of "friend" is not clearly indicated.

That is the cream of the collection because it contains nothing whatever but the bare essentials of a hair-trigger trap which gets its man every time. On the principle of contrast, this is the place for a horrible example of what an enigma should not be. There is no lack of candidates for that post. But the best known is also probably the worst, which may be cause and effect. It is over-elaborate, absolutely lacking in honesty and self-respect—but it has spread as far and wide as the legendary travelling salesman. Just to make sure that nobody escaped, Ernest

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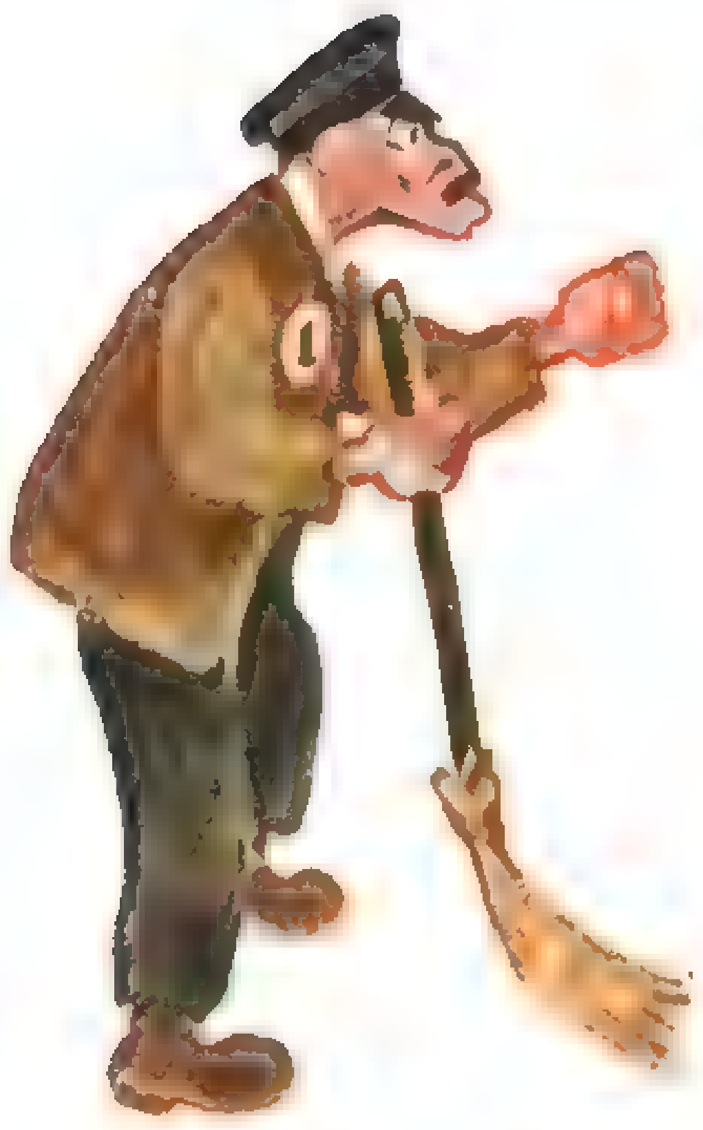


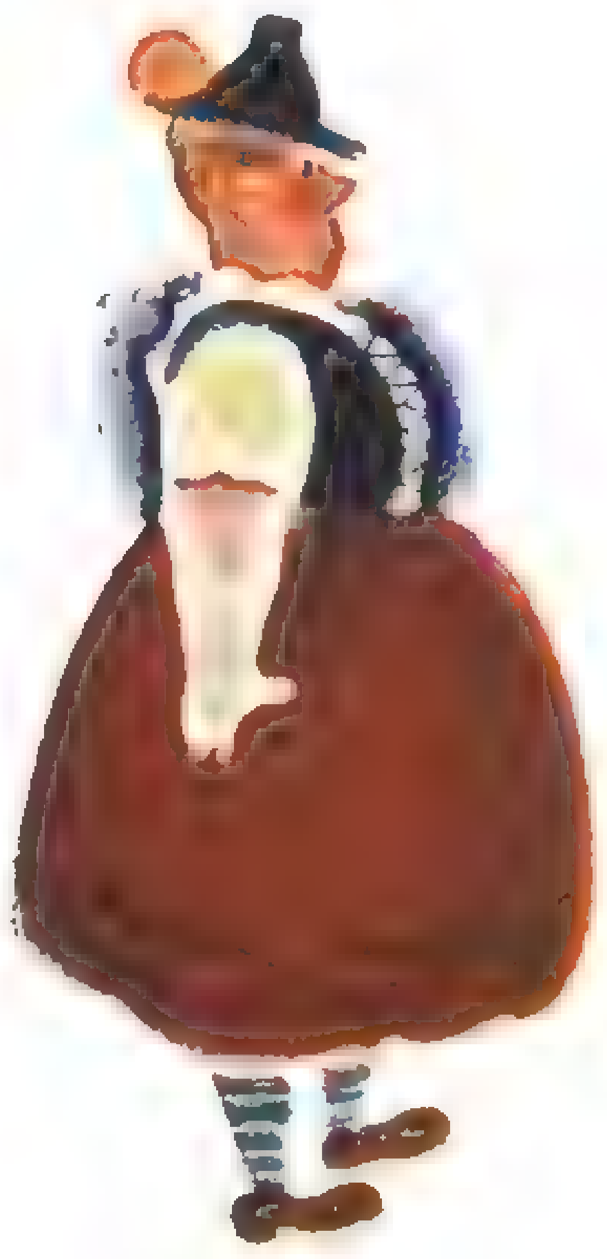
A Viennese Idyll

by ALFRED KREYMBORG

Leise zieht durch mein Gemüt
liebliches Geläute,
and a man with naught to do,
lolling on a yellow chair,
idly sipping sleepy beer,
might as well let droning shades
invade his indefensible
irresponsibility.
Let the girls and boys go by,
let some bird begin a tune,
let a single minor third,
oft repeated,
be the bird,
be the song,
be the only sound on earth;
let there be a blesséd dearth
of lazy green and nothingness;
let there be such stillness here,
all around a glass of beer,
that no chink of sunlight thrills,
that no clinking money spills,
that no moving shadow mars
underneath the chestnut stars,
duly lighted, duly still,
now the wind has had its fill,
underneath the sculptured souls
lofty rows of hedges wear
in their perfect buttonholes.
Tender peasants haunt allees
where the gentler mysteries
woven by the noble woods
keep their noses out of books,
and the little telltale looks,
when the pairs emerge again,
tell us someone else is king,
king of women, queen of men.

MONOTYPES BY JOHN GROTH

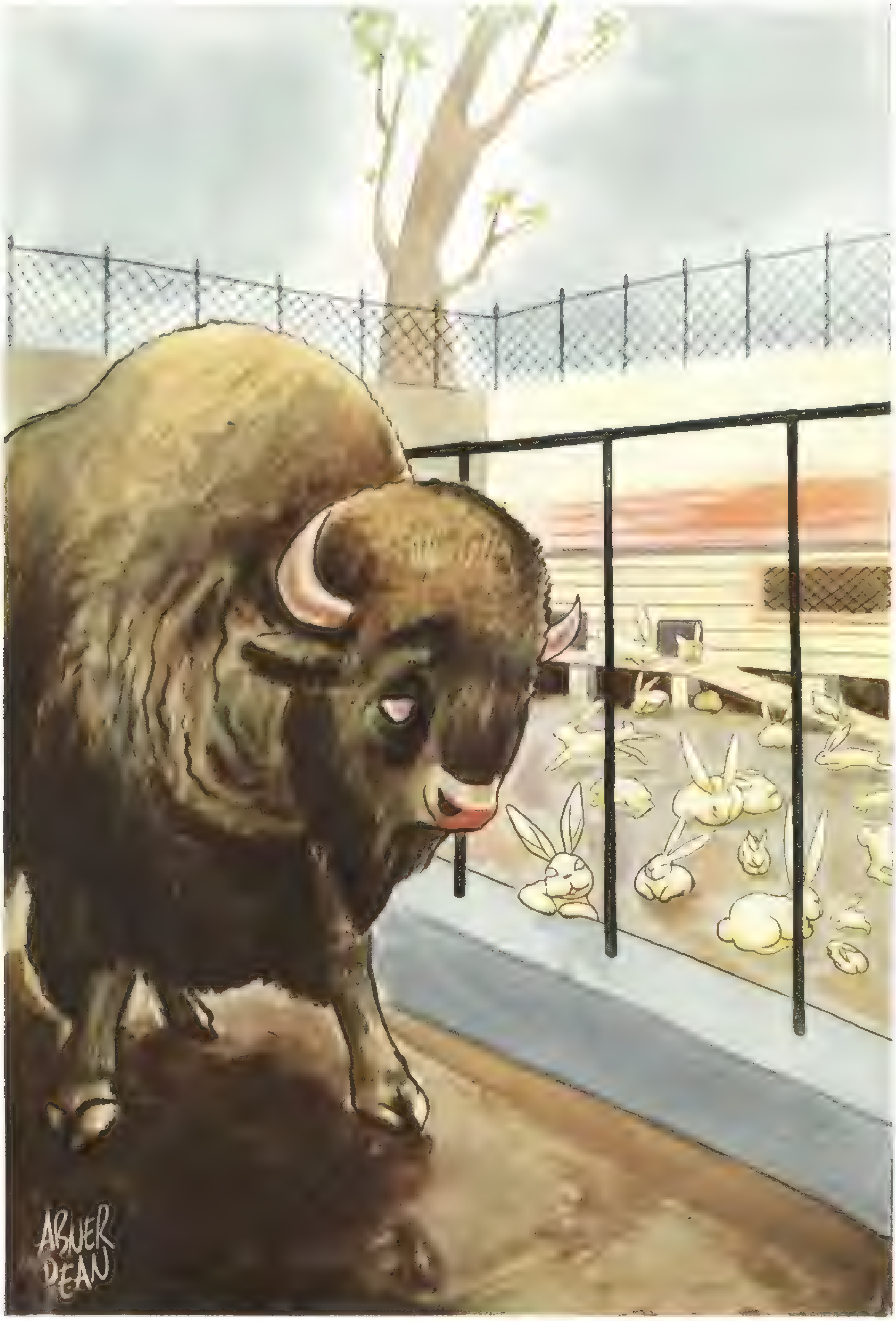
Certain all the world can see,
now they pose self-consciously,
have their pictures snapped in pairs,
pay a shilling for the stairs
and the palace overhead,
pay the slick photographer,
pay the sly geographer
who can catch upon a film
Susan and her nervous swain,
both of whom will smile as hard
on a plastic postal card.
Somewhere in a distant place,
relatives will recognize
Susan by the bashful eyes
that she cast upon her lover
standing nobly under cover
of the palace, where a note
stonily records a deed
brushing lilacs, brushing stones,
brushing palaces and thrones
where Marie Theresa sat,
and Napoleon sat alone.



Why should man, a little man
moan about the past or glance
out beyond the table where
not a breath of cooler air
stirs the palace or the stair
where the ladies used to stroll
and tall princes kissed their hands
and the Hapsburgs smiled on dances
which the old wind also stole,
placing on his careless head
all the crowns of all the dead,
taking in a single stride
the cream and foam of human pride,
waltzing by without a thought
of what he had or hadn't caught
in his fingers' fingerless
grip of naught and nothingness?

People walk the colonnade
in a Sunday masquerade,
walk the gardens mid the Föhn,
find the gardens wunderschön,
drowsily regard the fountains,
try to read the obelisk
and the Latin signatures
which would prove too great a strain
for two in love to stop and read
who have no time for histories
or stories but their own, their own,
much more vital than a stone
or the throne of Bonaparte,
written all along the chart
these two carry, heart to heart,
these two marry, mouth to mouth.

Though the Föhn from somewhere south
cast a universal drouth
on Vienna and the race,
her aristocratic form
has a democratic grace
where the peasant people move,
one in love, two in love,
love in love, all in love,
in a world so wunderschön;
and the world indeed it is
all these poorer people kiss,
trying oh so hard, so hard,
to look immortal on a card. #



"You guys better get busy—first thing you know you'll be extinct!"

Home Is Where the Heart Is

The Odyssey of Elbridge the Goldfish who found no Penelope in the stream of his youth

by WALTER BROOKS

• SATIRE •

Once upon a time there was a middle-aged goldfish named Elbridge. He was a bachelor and he lived near Ridgefield, Conn., in a pool on the estate of Mr. Henry B. Fibbs, president of General Utensils. He lived by himself under the bank on the east side of the pool and had little to do with his neighbors most of whom were foreigners though handsome in a rather flashy way. He was inclined to be stout and he did not like the pool because there was no way of taking regular exercise in it without mingling with its other occupants. It had been much better in his former home which was a stream. There he could come out of his door and head up-stream and swim slowly along practically on his own doorstep all the time and when he felt he had had enough exercise he could go indoors immediately and rest. He often longed to be back in the stream where his neighbors were all native Americans like himself and where dead animals and other interesting things came occasionally floating by but he did not see how he could ever get back there again.

Of course there were compensations. He was sure of a good dinner of chopped angleworms every day with occasional mosquito larvae for dessert and often Mr. Fibbs and his friends came down and sat by the pool and Elbridge would swim close up under the bank and listen to their talk. Usually it was not very interesting conversation being all about new markets and the price of copper but sometimes Mr. Fibbs and his friends would relax and tell stories and Elbridge would be very much entertained. The stories were pretty vulgar but Elbridge was no minnow and had spent too many years among turtles and frogs to be greatly shocked and if the stories were really funny he didn't mind a little dirt. And one evening Mr. Fibbs had emptied a bottle of whiskey into the pool and Elbridge had got a skinful and had jumped out of the water and turned somersaults and chased other goldfish madly for several hours. The next day he had had to apologize to several of his neighbors' wives and he had had no appetite for angleworms for nearly a week but he felt it had been worth it.

Then sometimes when Mr. Fibbs was away the servants came and sat around the pool. Their conversation was more personal and interesting but it was the same in one respect for the stories they told were the same ones he had heard from Mr. Fibbs and his friends. But they argued and quarrelled and made love and occasionally one of the maids would push the butler into the pool and that was great fun for Elbridge. But still he longed to be back in his childhood home.

Now this home was not very far away and Elbridge knew it so he was not such a fool as he sounds for hoping to get back there. For the stream that fed the pool was the one in which he had been born. The woods through which it ran had been bought and pruned and landscaped by Mr. Fibbs and then the pool had been made with a little cascade leading into it and a little waterfall leading out of it. If Elbridge had had any sense he would not have had to live in the pool at all for his home was upstream and outside of Mr. Fibbs' property. But at the time there was a lot of talk up and down the stream of the queer goings-on and Elbridge had swum down to see what it was all about. And he had got caught in the cascade and carried down into the pool. He tried to jump back up but he was no salmon and he couldn't make it. After a few exhausting efforts he sprained a fin and then very sensibly gave it up.

But still he hoped. For one of his neighbors a rather attractive little Japanese creature with whom he sometimes took moonlight swims said she had heard of a race of Eastern fish who could travel on dry land. It was all she said a matter of learning how to breathe. So Elbridge began practicing breathing. He would flip himself up on a stone and lie in the air as long as he could and after a month or so he got so he could stay out of water for fifteen or twenty minutes. He had made up his mind that when he could do it for half an hour he was going to try to flip himself back through the woods to his old home.

Well poor Elbridge he had just about got to feeling that he was ready to try it when the masons came and built an ornamental wall around the pool. It was only a foot high but it might as well have been fifty for now there was no place where he could jump out onto the bank. But even yet he did not give up hope. There aren't many goldfish who have as much spirit as Elbridge did.

Well one evening Mr. Fibbs had gone off to Cleveland to a utensil manufacturers' convention and Elbridge had been listening to the gardener and the cook who were sitting by the pool. The cook was bawling out the gardener for borrowing her chopping bowl to chop up angleworms in for the fish. But the gardener just giggled and by and by he said Aw can it Mary and she put her head on his shoulder and neither of them said anything more. And Elbridge went to sleep.

A little later he woke up. The lovers were gone but someone was sneaking along past the pool. Elbridge heard someone whisper Look out you fool and then a shadow like a big bird came over the water and Elbridge finned it for cover and there was a terrible big splash. A man had fallen right over the wall into the pool.

Well this was just what Elbridge had been waiting for. He had figured that if anyone ever fell into the pool again he was going to swim into their pocket and then later flip himself out and beat it for his childhood home. There was a good deal of mud stirred up by the man's fall but Elbridge swam boldly through it and dived into the first opening he saw.

There was a hubbling and bubbling as the man heaved himself up but Elbridge lay still and it was a good thing he did for he found that he had swum not into the man's pocket at all but down his neck. And he had got inside his shirt and was lying right against his side. Well said Elbridge to himself this is a fine note but maybe he'll take off his clothes to dry and then I can escape. But the man didn't take off his clothes. He swore a little and then he and the other man talked together a little and then they started for the house. For they were burglars and they had sacks with them in which they planned to carry away Mr. Fibbs' valuables and all the *objets d'art* with which the house was tastefully garnished.

Elbridge was pretty scared. But there was nothing to do, so he did it. The men got into the house through a window and began breaking open drawers and stuffing things into the sacks. The man that was with Elbridge found a wall safe in Mr. Fibbs' study and began working at that. And then suddenly the other man said Sssshhh and they both dropped behind furniture. And the butler appeared in the door in a very long nightshirt with a candle in one hand and a shotgun in the other. He listened for a minute and looked around but the men were quiet and he turned to go.

Now Elbridge could not see but he could hear what was going on. He had been

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Is the Jury Ever Right?

Astonishing results of a study of the accuracy of juries, when they come to judging evidence

by WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON

• ARTICLE •

If you, though innocent of crime, were identified positively by a dying man as his murderer, and if the District Attorney swore to hang you unless you confessed, would you dare to let your case go before a jury? Perhaps you would, if you had money to hire the best criminal lawyer in town. And perhaps, even so, you'd be making the last important mistake of your life.

But suppose you had no money to hire jury-bamboozling counsel? Edward McGrath of New York, in such a situation, declined to accept a prison sentence for second-degree murder. A jury promptly sent him to Sing Sing's death house. But Louis De More, in St. Louis, Missouri, entertained a less naive faith in the fact-finding ability of juries. He confessed a murder which he had never committed and cheerfully accepted a life sentence which he had done nothing to deserve. That's one way of snatching your fate from a jury's hands if you have courage and a sufficiently compliant philosophy.

De More's story is an interesting one. At 11 o'clock on a Sunday evening, motorman Fisher, operator of a one-man car, was held up by a thug wearing a blue suit and a gray hat. The hold-up man was chased by patrolman Siko. Suddenly the fugitive turned, took Siko's gun away from him, and brutally pumped five bullets into the officer's body. The murderer escaped. Two hours later a police sergeant picked up De More, who was wearing a blue suit and a gray hat and who had no alibi. Siko, dying at a hospital, identified De More as the man who had shot him. Motorman Fisher also identified De More as the car robber. Through forty-eight hours of continuous questioning by police the victim maintained his innocence. Then the prosecutor promised De More certain hanging if he went before a jury and life imprisonment if he confessed. The defendant confessed, as he afterward stated, for the sole purpose of remaining alive until the real killer was found.

By strange good chance this happened two weeks after De More entered prison. The murdered policeman's revolver was found in the possession of an ex-convict. Motorman Fisher identified the real robber just as positively as he had identified De More. A jury accepted this identification without question, despite Fisher's initial mistake, and convicted the real killer. When De More was granted a pardon he was asked what he intended to do now. "Get out of this state inside 15 minutes," he replied. "And believe me, if I ever have to get to another state west, I'm going *around* Missouri!" De More had the right idea. There are some troubles it is better to go around than to face—among them trial by jury.

The startling fact that a jury is never right has been proved beyond doubt by my work in the psycho-legal laboratory. No jury *can* be right—or anywhere near it—in its total reconstruction of facts. Experimental analysis of a jury's best efforts demonstrates clearly that finding any high percentage of facts accurately under our present legal procedure is psychologically impossible. Of course, reconstructing the facts correctly may not be necessary to effect justice in a given case. Even though facts were completely discarded, flipping a coin would produce a just decision in one case out of two according to the law of chance. But we need not be as cynical as that. Juries, on the average, may find about one-third of the actual facts correctly, while adding only about one-fifth fiction in their total findings.

What's the trouble with juries—why are they such wretchedly poor fact-finders? Because, in the first place, the witnesses who testify before them observe so little of what actually happened and make so many mistakes in reporting it. Psychologists discovered this fact by means of Aussage tests. An incident is performed in the class-room and student witnesses are asked to write down everything they observed. Results vary. But the incompleteness of the reports and the mistakes made are always amazing.

In Kansas University experiments, for instance, the correct statements made by witnesses were much fewer than the incorrect ones. An unarmed person in the incident performed, who made no offensive remarks, was described by three witnesses as carrying a revolver, snapping it several times at another man and yelling, "Stop or I'll shoot!" Another actor who did carry a revolver was little noticed by any of the witnesses. In Northwestern University Aussage tests, where several actors yelled insults at each other angrily, many witnesses testified that "No one spoke," or "I heard nothing." These unbelievable errors in testimony are typical.

I adapted the Aussage tests to duplicate court procedure. In court, a witness may give three different types of testimony. He may tell his own story freely with little prompting. He may answer non-leading questions by friendly counsel, called direct examination. And he may undergo cross-examination where leading, or suggestive questions by opposing counsel are permitted. In my experiments witnesses had to testify in all three ways.

I staged a simple incident before 18 witnesses, most of them lawyers. A young Texan entered the room where I was lecturing and handed me a yellow envelope. Then he drew from his pocket a large, green-handled knife with a six-inch blade. He opened the knife with one hand and scraped at his gloved thumb, facing the audience as he did so. I read a message, meanwhile, which looked like a telegram.

Not one of those 18 witnesses noticed the Texan's knife! Their attention was on the supposed telegram. When asked in direct examination about the knife, they all denied seeing it. During cross-examination they became still more vehement in their denials—they suspected the cross-examiner was trying to trick them into making false statements. Yet the knife had been held in full view for approximately three minutes. In a real case, what chance would the jury have had to learn from those 18 witnesses that this defendant was carrying the murder weapon?

Including the knife, there were 147 points to be observed in this experimental incident. The average witness reported 41 of them, making his testimony only 28% complete. Witnesses on the average supplied 8 false points, an error of 20%. Put yourself on they jury. How would you go about separat-

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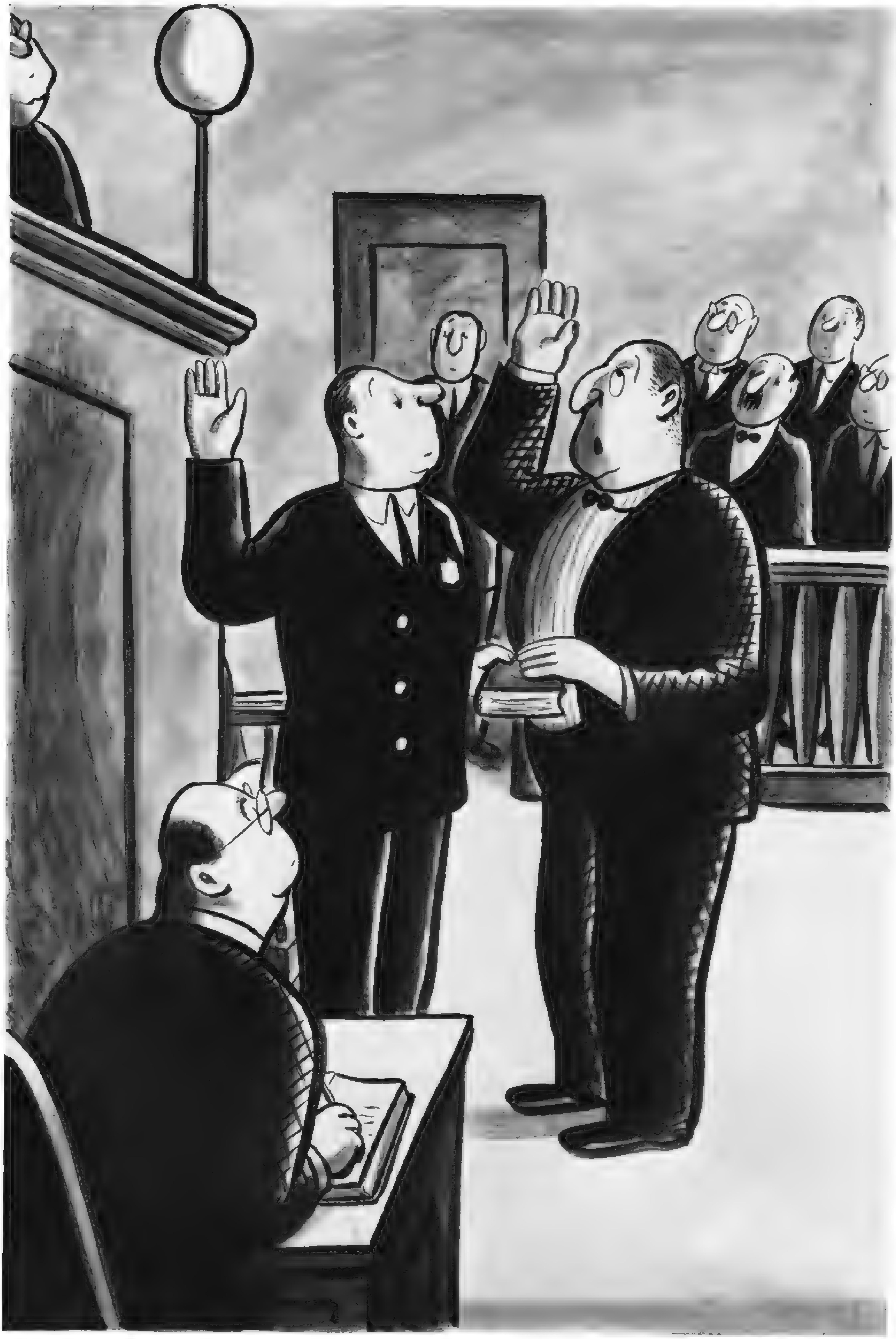


"——so help me God!"

The Murderer

A glimpse of Ahmed's slimy soul naked in the feverish sharp light of a desert moon

by FREDERIC PROKOSCH

• FICTION •

A WARM damp hand caressing my forehead awoke me. "It is morning, sir. Come, come, we must be in Birjand before dusk." The sun was out already, the little valley was warm and clear.

Ahmed stripped and dove into a stagnant salt pool while the old uncle proceeded to fry something sweetly odorous over a fire. Sleepily I watched the thin smoke rising straight into the Persian sky, up and up. And then out of the red pool came Ahmed, lithe as a snake. Laughing and dripping with watery sunlight he ran up to dry himself at the fire. His skin was almost hairless, his buttocks were smooth as satin. He squatted beside the flame and the salt dried in thin white veins across his nipples and over his belly. All the rest of the day the smell of that mineral pool hung on him.

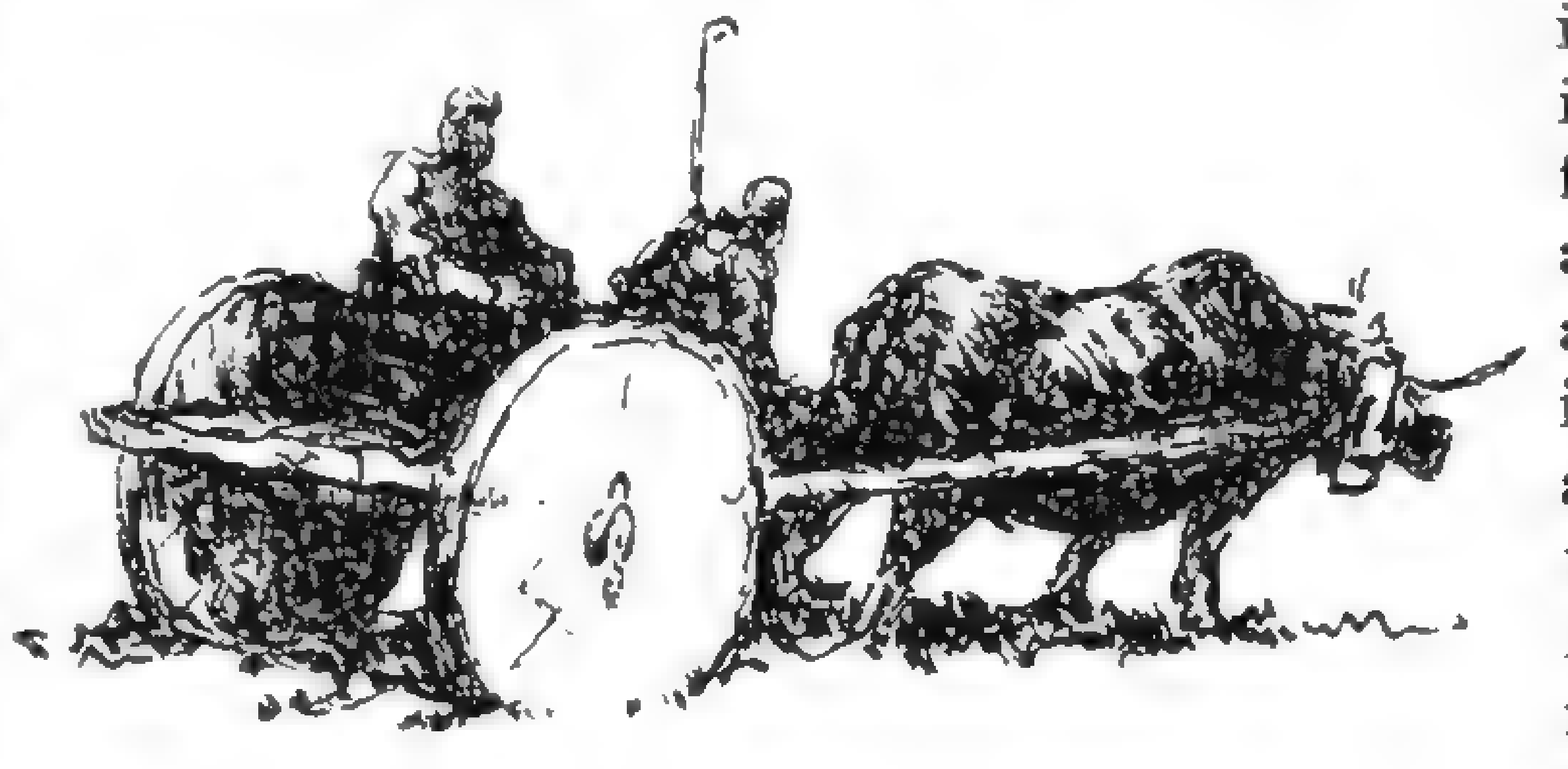
We started off across the empty valley. Once as we stopped we glimpsed behind the brushes a dead man lying among the stalks. There was a long pink scar across the shriveled skin which the dew and the fog had washed clean of blood long ago. His empty hands were curved, looking for something to hold, and the huge questioning eyeballs seemed to be looking for something too, for one more illusion perhaps.

* * *

The next day we met more traffic. Motortrucks with Baluchi drivers bearing rugs and asafetida from India; others overflowing with pilgrims bound for holy Meshed; and one or two mule caravans, slow and wistful as the clouds above them.

We passed the whitened skeleton of a camel and saw some jackals far off across the plain. The sun was blazing hot, terrific; a thick unwholesome atmosphere shimmered in the vales as we descended toward Birjand.

Birjand was a desolate and filthy city. The central street was a deserted river bed, yellow with dust and pockmarked with the bubbling heat. Out of the distance some vultures came wheeling and circled over the hideous buildings until we left. And the people were hideous too. Two old women in green rags were the first ones we saw, and then a blind man, and then a tall sleek man in a Homburg hat who watched us like a weasel as we slowly ploughed through the sand.



"I don't like this place," said I. "Do we have to spend the night here?"

"Yes," said Ahmed. "We always spend the night here. Always. It isn't such a bad city, sir, I can show you one or two places where we can go and . . ."

"Never mind about them," said I finally. "I don't want to hear any more about them." But he'd already told me everything about them of course.

We had hardly entered the city, though, when we realized that something was wrong. The people didn't notice us at all, they looked frightened and shadowy. A peculiar darkness hung over the streets—the inexplicable accompaniment to the sorrowing human spirit that somehow the atmosphere of a place always contrives. Ahmed sensed it right away. He knew what it was without being told. He remained quiet as he drove along the wide central street. Then he said: "Cholera."

And instantly we could see it all. The shapes at the doorsteps were not sleepers, the bundles of clothes in the street were not for sale. A smell of rot everywhere. All of the people tense and dry-eyed; merely frightened; not struck into any sort of activity or to pity or to tears. Like rag dolls one and all, carrying these heavy sacks between them, clotted with inertia.

"Let's get out," I said.

"But sir," said Ahmed, "we must sleep here."

"You're mad. We're not sleeping here, you idiot."

"We always sleep here, my old uncle and I. Always." The old uncle looked straight ahead and ran his claws through his beard.

"We're not sleeping here." And then very angrily I said a few more things, and before long we were driving up the slope that rose from the gray city. A mile away from the city Ahmed stopped. There was nothing I could do. He would go no further. He insisted on sleeping here, and before I could say anything he was already rolled up in his blanket and pretending to be fast asleep. A strange obstinate fellow, and I never really thought that I understood him.

I looked down on the desolate place below. People were washing themselves at the stream, and further down I could see them bathing the dead bodies and then stitching them up in the black sacks. From there they were carrying the dead—on their backs, in bags, on stretchers — into the dusk beyond the hollow river. A crazy little procession; it resembled some odd sort of obstacle race, slowly moving in silhouette along the banks.

I could guess what would happen. They'd bury their dead in the shallow earth nearby. Then they'd unbury them again when the worst was over and wrap them up in black bags with ropes, and they'd carry them on mules to the fetid sacred places far away; Meshed, perhaps, or Kerbela, or Babylon. And others would grow sick and die along their path.

A shabby little woman was bustling among the dead that lay waiting on the slope. She was holding a gray veil in front of her face with one hand—and in the other she was clutching a small bag. I could see her very clearly, for the last ray of sunlight was shining straight upon her. Up and down she crept, a luminous little ghost, stooping now and then over a body, peering, fumbling. Then she scuttled down the path like a ferret and disappeared.

In the city the mollahs and the mushtehids were trying to exorcise the demon by marching round and round the walls. Once they paused to kill a goat and chant a prayer; then the interminable procession continued, and the ceaseless mumbling of words from the Koran. Stray townsmen joined the procession. Hopefully, no doubt. But they were spreading the sickness, and in another day or two many of them would be dead. And no one would know why, no one would understand at all or even try to understand.

I could hear the crickets at my side, and the old man snoring, and Ahmed gasping in his sleep. And far below the mourning over the dead. "Allahu Akbar," the mourners chanted. I could hear the words from where I sat. "Allahu Akbar, Allahu Akbar." Louder and louder, then dying out. Then torchlights in a new place, the chanting from a new direction, from north, south and west. To the east lay the desert and the mountains.

* * *

We were off again at dawn, still southward. We stopped at the tea-houses for food during the next two days. Sometimes they gave us meat, sometimes vegetables. But filthy and odorous, whichever it was. Hourly it grew warmer as we drew nearer to the Gulf, and we sweated in the day even though we froze at night. I could always smell Ahmed beside me: a bad smell if he'd been eating meat, a good clean smell if he'd

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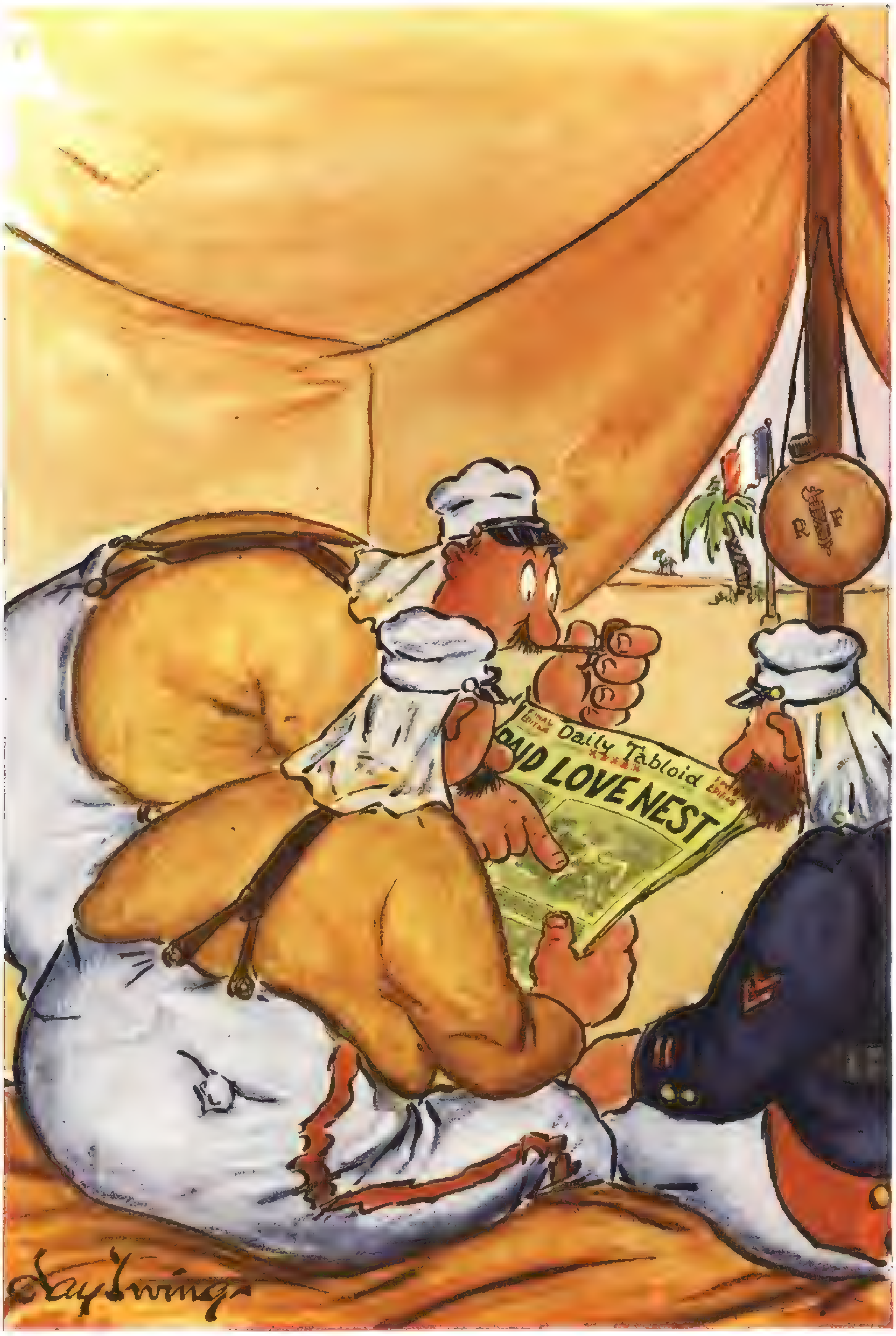
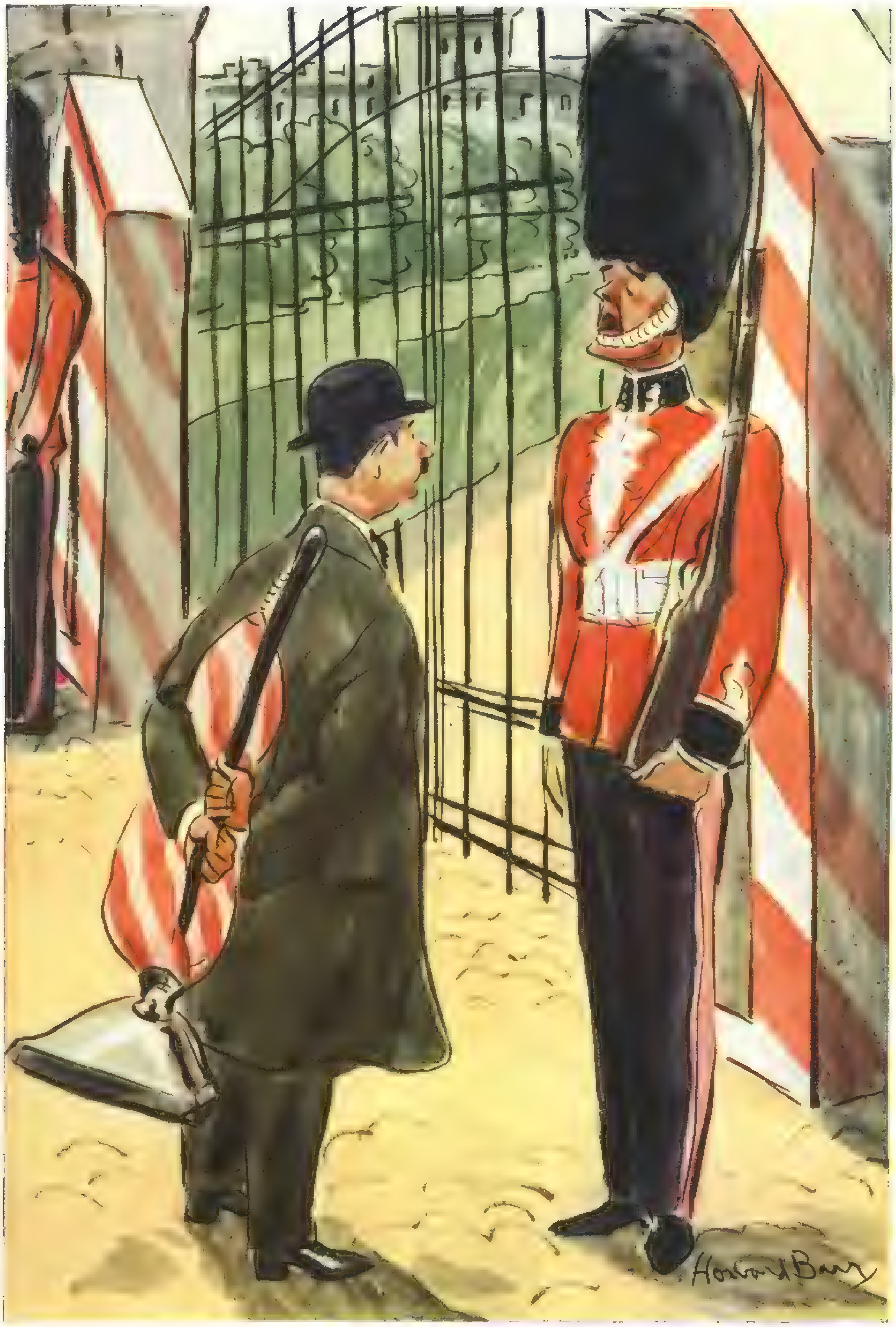

Final Edition
Daily Tabloid
Final Edition
RAID LOVE NEST
R F
Jay Irving

"That's me, in pajamas. I was a little stouter then . . ."


Howard Baer

"What did you wanna see him about?"

High Altitude Athletics

A soft rope, a hard spike and an ice-axe will subdue the sadly neglected American mountains

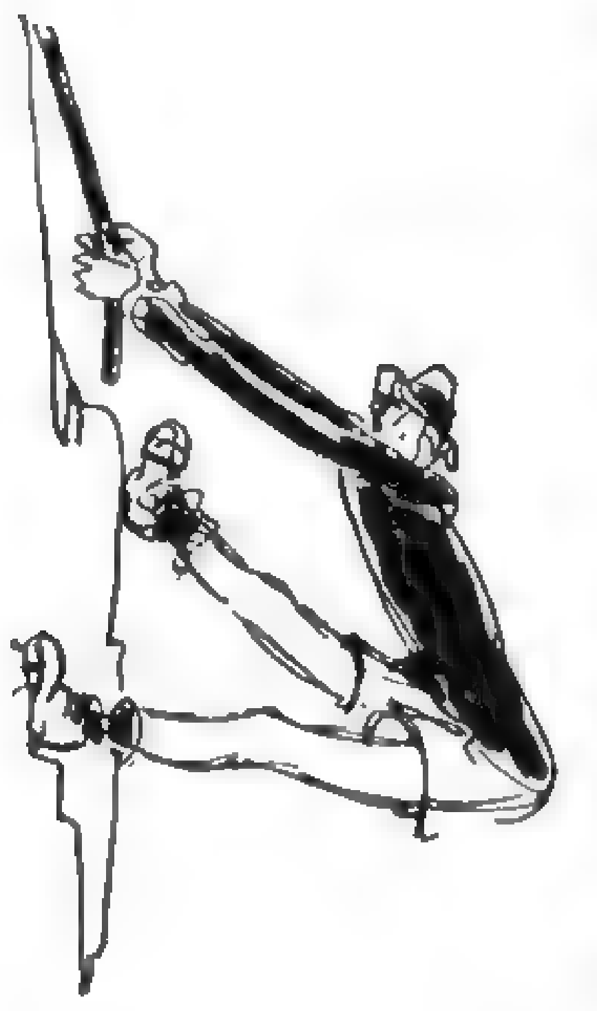
by DAVID LAVENDER

• SPORTS •

No one but a goof climbs mountains. At least that is what I've been told on occasions too numerous to mention.

But I'm not so sure. After you've leaned back on your ice-axe and swooped in a flashing glissade down some tilting snow field; or after you've wriggled up a narrow chimney by bracing your knees on one side and your back on the other with nothing but empty space hanging down beneath your tail; then you begin to feel that there's something to it after all. The solid meat of unrivaled exercise forms one basic ingredient. Word-beggaring scenery furnishes another. Throw in the spice of adventure and you have the makings of a sporting dish fit for any king.

In spite of all this mountain climbing in America is surprisingly neglected.



There is no reason why it should be, for we have right in our own backyard a goodly number of pinnacles which compare favorably to the much-advertised Alps. The most fertile field, naturally, is in the Rockies: more specifically, in Glacier National Park; in Wyoming's incredibly rugged Wind River Range and Grand Tetons; in Colorado's Elk Mountains, convulsed Needles, and magnificent San Juans. Too, there are the back regions of the California Sierras, notably the Palisade section, and the sweeping glaciers of Mt. Ranier and Mt. Hood.

Here we sit, then, next door to several hundred square miles of mountain country jammed to the eyebrows with good climbs. The matter of location settled, the only thing remaining is to pick out a summit and go up it.

This leads us quickly to the crux of the matter. Also to the point at which the cry of "goof" rings out loud and clear. There seems to be something in the mere sight of two or three thousand feet of precipice-punctuated peak which brings on a severe attack of camp fire hugging.

Why this should be so is not quite plain to me. Actually confronted, very few mountains are as difficult as they appear in pictures. In order to scale them successfully there are only a few things you need master.

And right here I'm going to side-step hastily the surprising amount of elaborate technicalities which have been hung on the sport. Not that I decry all this specialized rock engineering, you understand, even though some of it seems to me to border on silliness.

It has enabled the English mountain climbers, who started it, and Bavarians, who have refined it into an almost foolhardy recklessness, to make some unbelievable ascents.

But it is, I maintain, quite meaningless to and unnecessary for the person who sets out to climb for the sheer exhilaration involved. In the final analysis successful mountaineering is all a matter of how *you* may best overcome the difficulties on the route and not how some one else would do it. The fact that a Swiss guide can nonchalantly walk face outward down some ragged slab which you or I belly-hug with a strength born of desperation is immaterial — provided we both get down safely. The whole thing is relative and ultimately depends on the confidence you have in your own ability to step where you look, especially when any misstep will in all probability pitch you skull-forward onto a boulder-field several hundred bone-crushing feet below. Such self-confidence is gained only through practice—and, of course, practice will eventually provide the ground-work upon which any "technique" can be built.

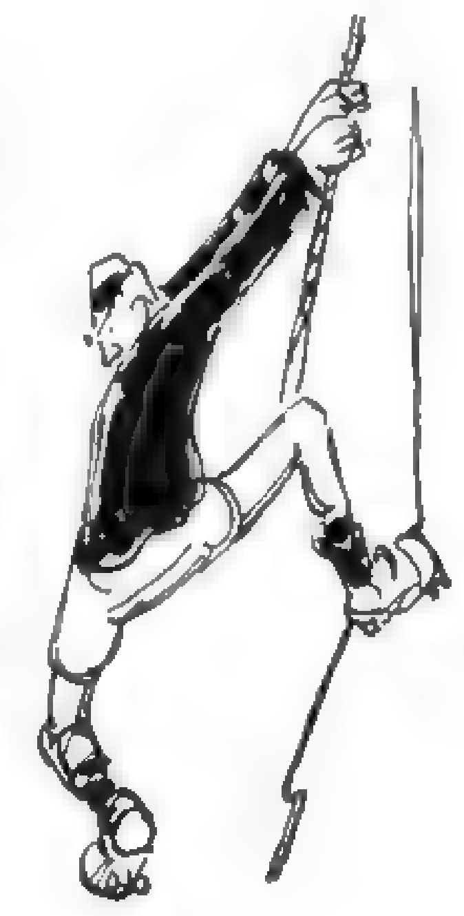
This doesn't mean it is safe to rush furiously to the onslaught with neither preparation nor equipment. True, many of America's loftiest mountains are easy pickings and require not much more than stout shoes and stout wind for an ascent. But that's not climbing; it's uphill hiking. Sooner or later you begin to crave a little excitement mixed up with your exercise. You spot some knife-nosed pinnacle and head for it. It may not be as high as Pike's Peak, but it can't help being a darn sight more abrupt.

And here is where the implements of the mountain climber's calling come in mighty handy.

We'll assume you've already obtained a staunch pair of comfortable shoes (not knee boots, which cramp leg action) and that their extra thickness of sole bristles with Swiss mountaineering hobs and edging nails. At first sight they look as though packing them around would wear out a circus strong man, but before you're safely back in camp you'll be plenty thankful for all this solid leather and hardware which rests between you and the ground. The splintered acres of sharp, flinty rock that girdle every peak will tear ordinary shoes and ordinary hobs to mince meat. Except for occasional tough going on a smooth cliff, tennis or other rubber-soled shoes are worse than useless. They'll shred into nothing before you are well started. All such abuse to your pedal extremities is to be studiously avoided. A mountaineer's feet are, at all times, his main asset

Of mechanical aids, the most valuable is the rope. It serves a variety of purposes, all designed to help the climber keep from breaking his neck. And—as you value the skin on your shoulder and in your crotch—get a soft one! A hard twist rope will cause more agony than ever did Penitentes' hair shirt.

Many cordage companies make climbing rope of manila or linen hemp, extremely soft and yet with a tensile strength of more than 1000 pounds. There is some difference of opinion as to the most desirable length. To my mind 90 feet is sufficient for all practical purposes, and if you get one much longer it becomes excruciatingly heavy to carry.



It is generally advisable to rope up as soon as the going becomes difficult. When tying yourself in, use a butterfly or bowline knot—never a slip knot. Only one person moves on the rope at a time. The others, before or behind him, keep the rope taut but not too tight to allow ample freedom of motion. Here is where the process known as belaying comes into play. The duty of the stationary members, obviously, is to check any incipient fall. Equally apparent is the necessity of a solid standing place and a firm hold on the rope. You get this sometimes by looping it over a convenient rock; or, rocks failing, over your shoulders or knees—any way so that your arms won't have to take the whole shock of a falling body; for, unless you have the physique of a Londos you'll never in the world be able to hold a hurtling hundred and seventy-five pounds of man with your unbraced hands.

Naturally, if your grip isn't good and your balance isn't solid, you'll be jerked from your perch, and in turn you'll jerk the next fellow from his. Whereupon the rope suddenly switches from a life belt to a suicide pact. Falls are rare, but they do happen sometimes. Inasmuch as you can never be certain when your comrade may

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Token of Esteem

A man who has worked in one place twenty-five years finds out what he was working for

by HARLAN WARE

• FICTION •

Charles Minnon came up out of the second basement, along the greasy passageway between the help's kitchen and the storeroom, and went out of the hotel into the balmy air of a late spring evening. It was seven o'clock and he took a deep breath; for this was freedom. Out on the street at seven o'clock! He hadn't been on the street at seven o'clock in the evening more than a dozen times or so in twenty-five years.

As a matter of fact, he hadn't been out where ordinary people could see him between the hours of eleven a.m. and midnight in more years than he cared to remember. He had worked for Mr. Ashcraft, senior, and now for Mr. Kenneth Ashcraft, all these years—a quarter of a century would have gone by this coming Tuesday since he came there as a bus boy, so hungry at the time that he wanted to work near food.

And now this had happened: he had left early on the night of an important banquet because he could wait no longer to tell his family that he was going to receive a token of esteem.

He thought he'd take a bus. Naturally he hadn't taken a bus in years. One does not wait for buses at midnight, and at ten in the morning he was in too much of a hurry. But tonight he got aboard a Fifth Avenue bus and looked hungrily out at the shops and buildings—so many of them were new since the last time he rode on a bus.

He was home. He climbed the stairs. Outside his own door he could hear the deep voice of his son. He felt embarrassed. His hands were unsteady with the key. He opened the door.

There they were.

There they were, the three of them. Mabel, and his son, and Harriette.

"Well—Dad."

His son was embarrassed, too. Shook hands with him. Then Harriette came up and kissed him, he went over to Mabel and she kissed him, and they all sat down.

"You're home early," said Mabel.

"I thought I would," he explained. "There was an important banquet but I let the boys handle it. I thought, here it is the first night you—you—children are home, and why should I stay there and slave—"

"Now he is getting some sense," Mabel said.

Then Harriette came over to the chair and sat down on the arm and touched his ear. It was like having some strange young girl sitting on the arm of his chair. He could feel his face get red.

He thought maybe this was a good time to tell them.

"It isn't so bad when you know all you do is appreciated. If it wasn't appreciated it would be too hard—too many hours, too much smell of food. But I've got some news to tell you now that just about makes it all right with me."

"A raise?" said Mabel.

"Not exactly a raise, though I could probably get a raise if I asked for it."

"You ask for it," said Mabel.

"They gonna give you a stick pin or something?" asked his son, his lips sneering.

Funny what words can do to a man, words and the expression on another person's face. All of a sudden Minnon felt the loneliest man in the world; his body grew damp; maybe he was going to have a brain hemorrhage, like the chef had; for when his son said that about the stick pin, something happened inside of Minnon that seemed to cut him off from those three in the room, and from the hotel, so that he was completely alone for a minute, unable to reach anybody, or make anybody understand anything, or get any help from anybody. It was like a man running and running until his heart burst inside him, and there wasn't any race to begin with; or like a man daring dangers of some kind for no reason; or like a man named Minnon who had given up twenty-five years of his life, in a trade, and had got nothing for it but a five-room apartment and three strangers who lived with him.

Because it would be hard to say that they were going to give him a banquet and a watch now, with his son sitting there grinning that way.

"What is it they are going to do for you?" asked Mabel, her voice hard.

He had to tell them now; there was no way out. He tried to make it sound fine and splendid.

"Why," he said, "Mr. Ashcraft himself and I've heard even his father is going to try and be there (and this was a lie, because he hadn't heard any such thing)—they are going to give me a nice banquet on Tuesday and a token of esteem."

His son laughed harshly. "A banquet! I suppose they think you will enjoy a banquet. That'll be quite a novelty for you—they'll probably give you some of that salad you made up."

"What's the token of esteem?" asked Mabel.

"A gold watch."

He had never heard anything sound so small and trivial and unimportant as that gold watch, just then. He couldn't say it so it would sound as big to him as it had when he first heard of it; there wasn't any way to bring the words out and make it sound like a gold watch; what he said sounded like some kind of a trinket from a novelty store.

Harriette spoke up then.

"They would," she said bitterly. "That's just what they would do, isn't it, mother?—give him a gold watch when gold watches aren't even in! Gold watches haven't been in for as much as ten or twenty years. Why, gold watches went out with those high wheeled bicycles. You'd think if they were going to give you a watch at all they could at least give you a platinum watch, which is in, instead of a gold one, which is absolutely out, isn't that right, Mother?"

Minnon tried to defend it. "Oh, it isn't as bad as that. You see a lot of gold watches around. Mr. Ashcraft carries one, himself Mr. Ashcraft, senior."

"But not Kenneth, I'll bet you. Kenneth is too smart and up-to-date and all that . . ."

There was no point arguing it out any longer. Any kind of a watch, gold or platinum, was hardly enough to trade for twenty-five years of a man's life, and he might as well face it. Twenty-five years of a man's life—that was one-third, or maybe almost half; and a man's life is all he's got that he knows about which is worth having—for sure. And then he began to think other thoughts that were strange in his head.

He began to think the kind of thoughts that Orloff, the "bolsheviki" chef, must have been thinking up to the time he had the brain hemorrhage. He tried to stop them and think of something else but he couldn't. By the time they really got hold of him so that nothing else would come into his mind, Mabel was asleep beside him, with her back to him. He could reach out and touch Mabel with his fingers, and yet he couldn't either. It seemed startling and immoral to be sleeping beside her. Tonight sleeping beside Mabel was sleeping with a strange woman he hadn't met before.

Everything Mabel said about that hotel had hatred in it. This had been going on for years, and it had taken him all this time, until tonight, to notice it.

And his son: "Maybe they'll give you a stick pin." Sitting there with a disdainful grin on his face, so that you felt as if you'd burst your heart in a race that nobody ran but you . . . and gold watches weren't even in! Those were crushing things to think of. You work twenty-five years of your life as no man works outside of a big hotel—and they give you your own salad, at a banquet, and a gold watch that isn't even in!

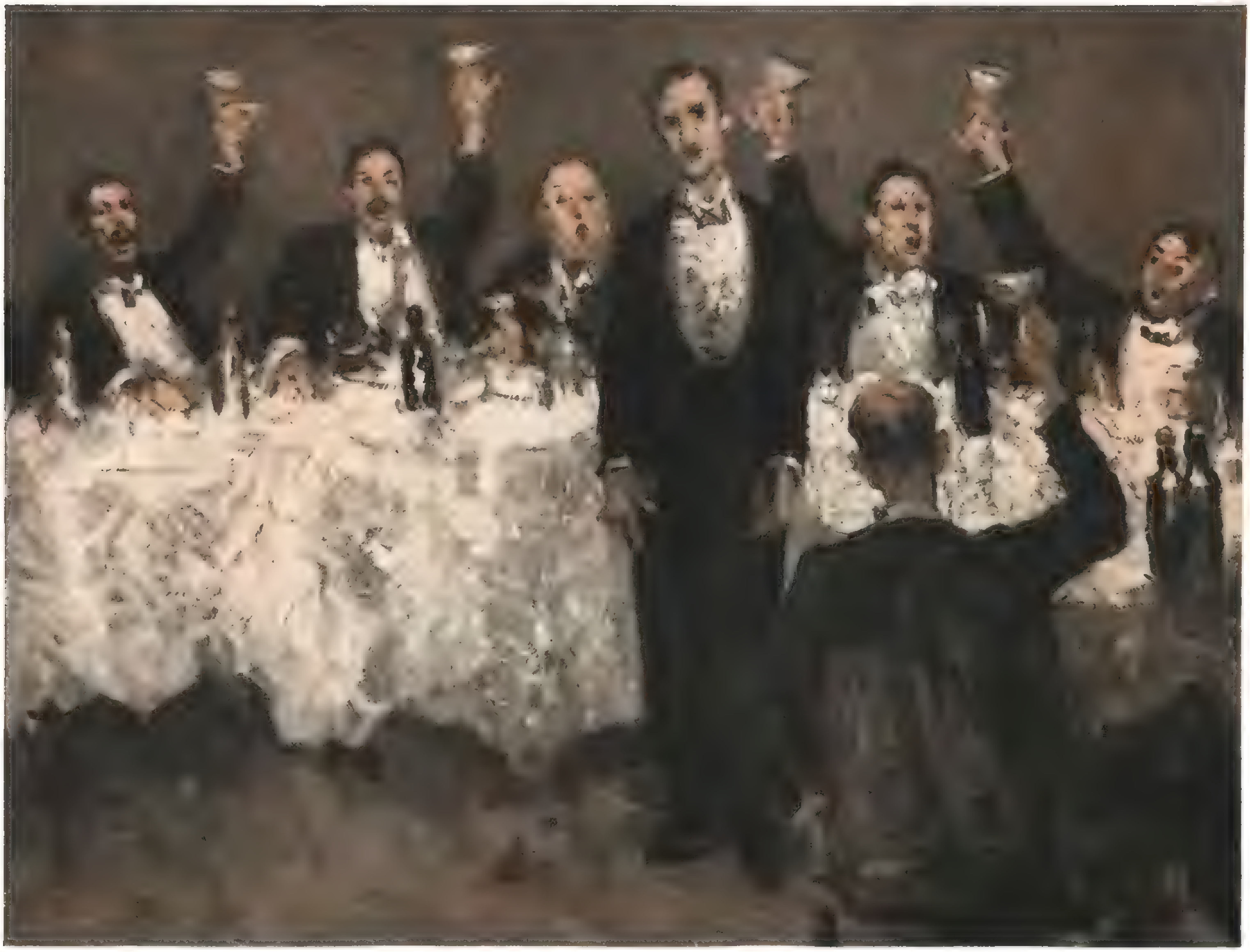
He reached out and touched Mabel's shoulder. She turned sleepily, moving her face toward him.

"U-m-m-m?"

"You know what Orloff said one time I should do when they gave me that watch?"

"Oh, Orloff!"

"No, you'll like this, Mabel. Listen. This



OIL PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

is funny. Except that a dead man said it. Orloff said I should take that watch in my hand and throw it against the mirror in the ballroom and crack it in a thousand pieces and tell them they could take their hotel . . ."

His voice sounded like someone else's voice, almost like Orloff's, talking there in the dark to that strange woman who was really Mabel, and it gave him the oddest, wild feeling when she said, sitting up:

"If you did a thing like that you'd lose your job!"

That wild feeling was burning inside his chest and in his mind, too, when he woke up in the morning. Some other times when he had got angry at night he could remember going to sleep still angry, only to wake up in the morning and feel easy again, as if it weren't worth fighting about. But this morning was different. It was still there.

His family had finished breakfast, of course, and he was relieved about that. He didn't know what he could possibly talk to them about during breakfast. It was all he could do to get out the few sentences that were necessary before he went out the door. He wouldn't be home tonight until late, as usual. If it were too late he would stay at the hotel—and they needn't expect him until Friday. It was the Waste Material Dealer's banquet, and though they didn't sound like it, they were very important men. Four dollars a plate. He went out remembering the scornful look on his son's face; four dollars a plate didn't impress him. He was not interested in how much a plate anybody paid for a banquet . . .

He met Mr. Ashcraft as he went into the hotel.

"Charles," said Mr. Ashcraft, pleasantly, inclining his head.

"Wait a minute," said Charles. "Pardon me, but wait a minute Mr. Ashcraft."

"Yes?"

"You called me about that chef the other day."

"Yes?"

"Did anybody tell you Orloff didn't quit?"

"What's that?"

"Orloff—he died!"

"Yes—too bad. How's the new man?"

"He's all right."

"By the way, did Orloff have any family?"

"Just a wife. He never had time to have any family."

Mr. Ashcraft thought that was a joke. He laughed, patted Charles on the shoulder, and they separated.

For a little while Charles was calm. Mr. Ashcraft was famous for having a wonderful sense of humor, and Charles had made him laugh; but after a while he thought that it really wasn't such a funny thing when a man had worked too long every day to have time to raise a family.

"I'll throw your God damned watch against the wall!"

Charles heard himself saying these words out loud. It frightened him. It was Orloff saying them over his shoulder. It was Orloff's big fists clenched at his sides.

After a minute of standing there the fear left him and he had only his anger, and then his anger left him and he had only that loneliness. Then he saw a bus boy named Joe. Joe was a Polish bus boy with a nice clean face, and he thought things were important. He thought it was important not to break dishes. He thought it was important to be promoted to be a waiter. He thought if he could some day get to be the headwaiter in the main banquet room that he would not want anything else. He would want to be the headwaiter in the main banquet room for as much as a year, maybe, or two years, and then he wouldn't care what happened. He had never told Minnon that, but anyone could tell by the way Joe took orders.

Standing there with the anger gone out of him and feeling only the loneliness, Minnon watched Joe work—and saw himself when he was Joe's age, working with careful hands in this same kitchen. And so he called out:

"Joe, I want to see you in my office."

Joe stood beside the desk like a soldier waiting for an order, and you could tell by the way he was poised that, no matter what it was, he would do it.

"You are a bright boy, Joe, a very bright boy. Why don't you leave here and get a job in a store, or in a shop or somewhere."

Joe looked stunned. "But I do my work, Mr. Minnon—don't I do my work?"

"It isn't that. Don't you suppose you would like some other work better; some place where you can go farther? If you stay here the highest you can go is this office."

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Mermaids of the Barrier Reefs

Illuminating the overlooked fact that mermaids have a powerful motherly instinct

by MAJOR PAUL BROWN

• ARTICLE •

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Well, pals, it's this way—we strung along with Major Brown on the inhuman aspects of war in the banana republics, and we went for his seemingly superhuman exploits in conquering fear at forty feet below the waves, and we didn't even blink at his fish story about the great white sharks that were forty-five to sixty feet long, and it was o. k. with us when he made it look like a minor miracle that anybody should ever hit anything with a rifle shot, but now that he's seeing mermaids—all right, take it away Major, but this time, brother, you're strictly on your own!*

PETE and I ran into each other—literally—when we collided rounding a corner on the verandah of the Army and Navy Club in Manila. I had not seen him since an unforgettable binge in Panama, when he had awakened in the morning dressed in the rather gaudy evening gown of some three hundred pound damsel and couldn't remember where he had acquired it.

A reunion was palpably indicated and by tenderly nursing long cold glasses filled with a yellow, septic looking beverage that magnificently managed, what with pineapple juice and rum, to completely belie its bilious appearance, we managed to clear up the high spots of the recent past quite satisfactorily.

The immediate future was equally simple. Pete, it developed, was about to shove off in command of an inter-island gunboat on a chart checking expedition along the Great Barrier Reefs off the northeast coast of Australia, and when he learned that I had just returned from a long inspection trip through the Philippine archipelago and had three months' leave coming, he insisted that I go with him. As I could think of nothing more attractive, I gladly agreed.

After rolling and pitching through 1300 miles of turbulent China Sea we investigated in turn the world famous stingarees of the Hotel Raffles in Singapore, the unique nocturnal alligator hunting in Java and the amiability of the charming little brown women of Bali and found them all up to anticipations; but once the ship had anchored after rounding Cape York, the bustling and efficient activity of actual marine charting claimed all my friend's attention and I found myself rather at loose ends.

It was fascinating work. I enthusiastically volunteered to help Pete but he would have none of it. "Hell, man," he insisted, "you're on leave! Enjoy yourself."

He was so obviously sincere that it was impossible for me to even intimate that I was bored doing nothing, that merely being at sea was no novelty, or that any form of activity would relieve the tedium of uneventful tropical days and sticky, sleepless nights. Pete's idea of enjoyment was profound and uninterrupted slumber in a deck chair and he no doubt felt that mine was, or should be, the same.

My problem was solved one evening when I found a lot of fishing tackle stowed under a transom in my room. The following morning I took the small motor gig, which I could handle alone, and started trolling over the nearby reefs. As the days passed I caught more grotesque piscatorial specimens of that particular section of the South Seas than I knew existed.

The fish struck at anything. More than once, in six or eight hours, I caught enough to feed every member of the ship's crew of more than a hundred men. Twice I raised a broadbill swordfish, but my light tackle couldn't hold it either time.

Being so unfailingly successful, I soon tired of fishing. For a while I wandered up and down the exposed reefs peering through a water glass, to abandon that for indolent hours stretched drowsily in a deck chair. For diversion I would scan the reefs through the telescopic sights of one of the three inch rifles mounted on the forward main deck.

I don't know that I really expected to see anything, but one afternoon I got the shock of my life. Pete was on the bridge, and I hailed him to come down.

"Hey you, Skipper, c'mere!"

He stuck his tousled and sun-bleached head inquiringly around the corner of the chart room.

"C'mere."

He came. I looked at him grinningly.

"Didn't you tell me that you had never been here before?" I demanded, accusingly.

"Right."

"Well, I suspect you have been. Why keep it a secret?"

He looked at me almost pityingly.

"I warned you about sleeping in the sun," he said.

"Maybe I am a little dizzy," I admitted, "but I've just seen a mermaid!"

"Did you say 'maybe'?" Pete inquired, gently.

"I not only saw one, but she was a local gal—a nice, light brown all over."

"All over, eh?" rejoined Pete, obviously humoring a nut. "Then she couldn't have been wearing a Paris gown?"

"Not even a Panama City wrapper, Pete. She was quite naked."

"Maybe I should take you back to Manila," he mused, speculatively. "You haven't seen anything else, have you—like pink elephants or sky blue whales?" I calmly ignored his facetiousness.

"And," I continued, "she was nursing a baby!" That shocked him exactly as I thought it would.

"So that's the reason you thought I had been here before!" he roared. I grinned accusingly.

"Well, after all . . . "

"Nuts to you, hombre! Did you really see anything?"

"Sure. A mermaid," I insisted, returning my eye to the 'scope and swinging the gun toward the section of the reef where I had seen the thing. Presently I picked it up again—a large, dusky creature, its arms folded across its breast while it plainly and unquestionably nursed an infant.

"Look for yourself," I invited, and Pete did.

"Hell's bells! A dugong!"

"A what?" I asked.

"Dugong, chump! Manatee. Sort of sea cow." He whirled away from the gun, calling for the bo'sun to lower his barge. As the small boat hit the water Pete excitedly

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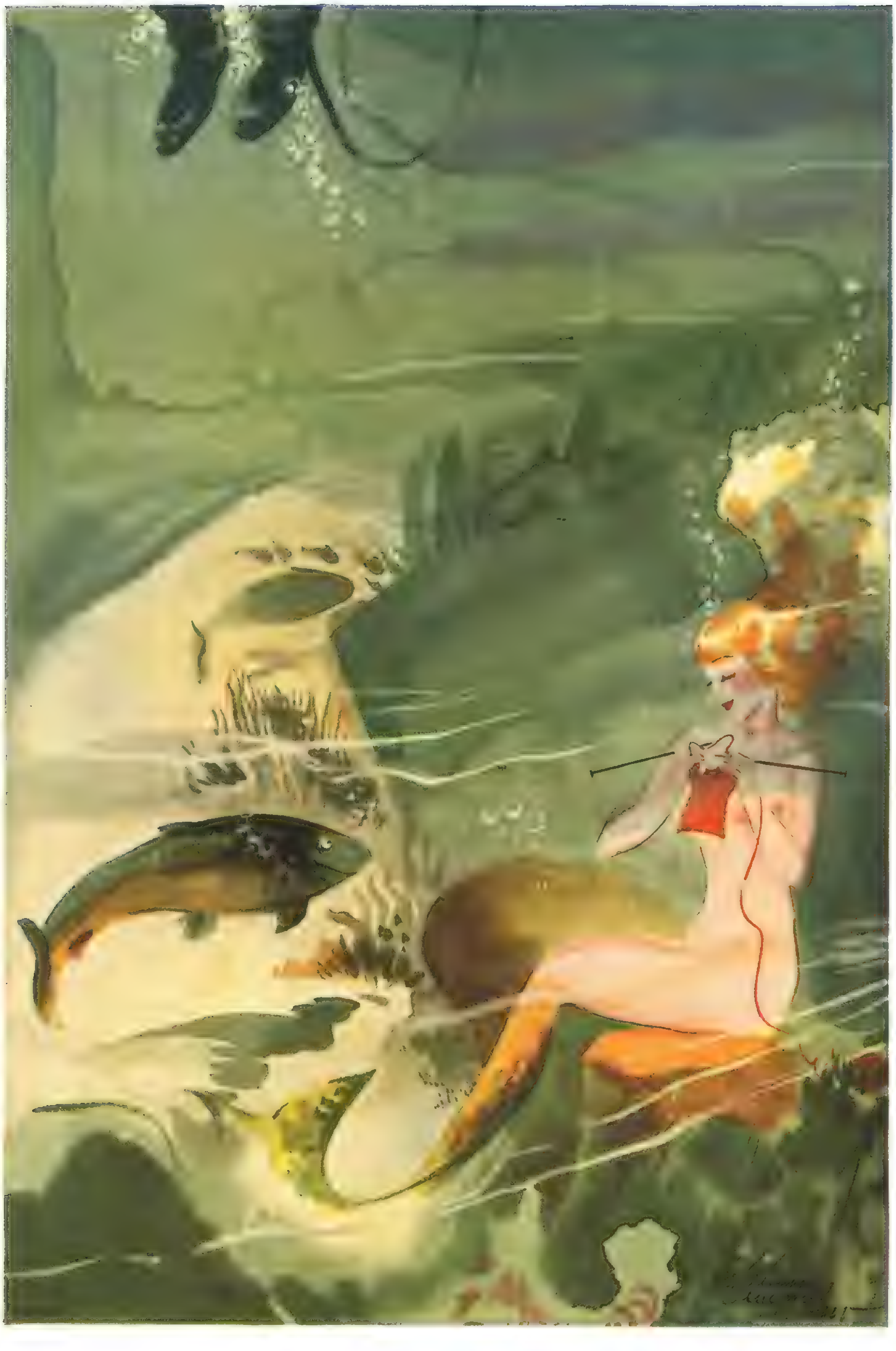

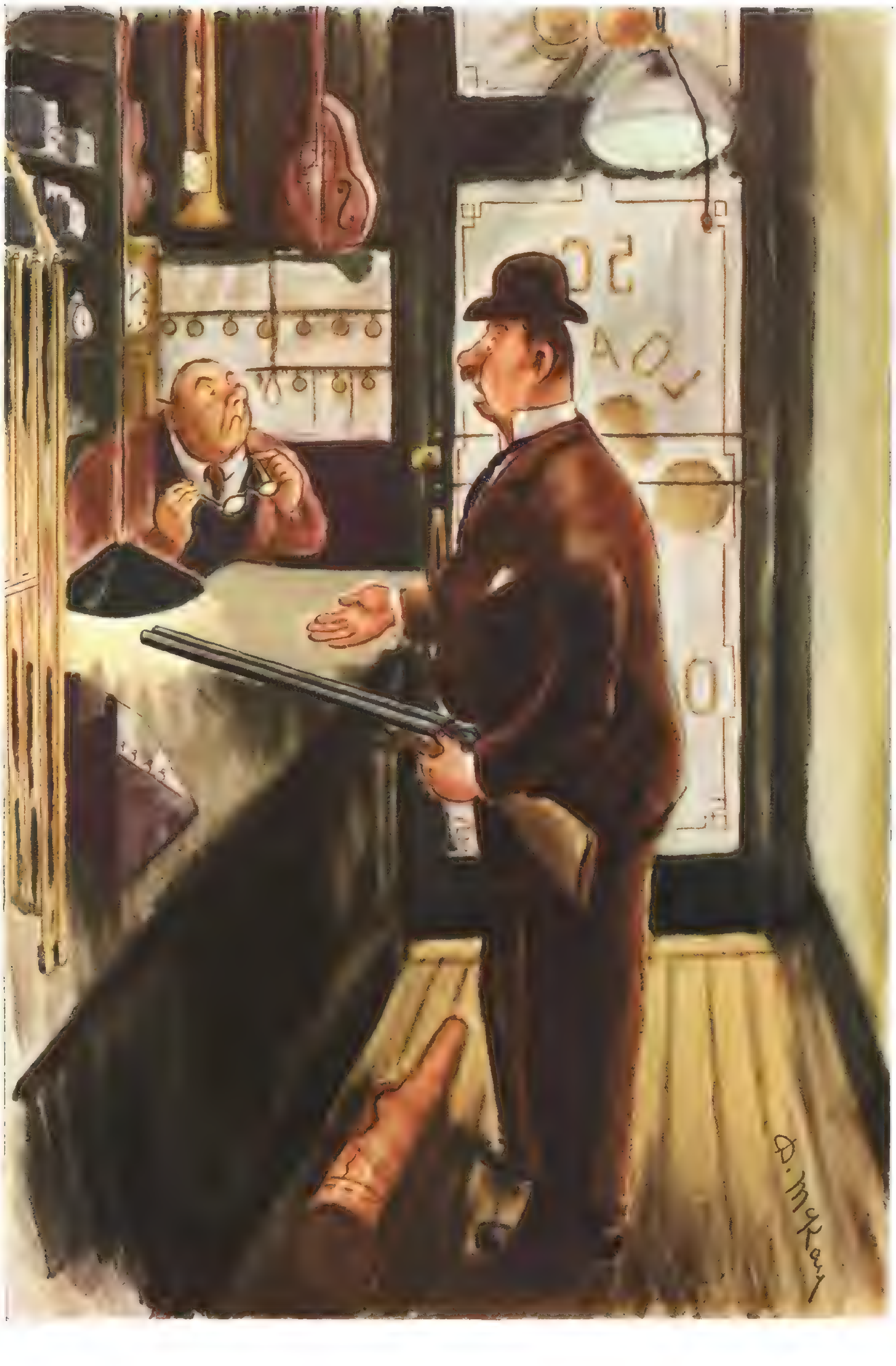

"I don't need it any more—all my daughters are married"

When a Woodsman Cooks

What to do with a frying pan, a campfire, and the staples you have toted on your back

by GEO. E. GRIFFITH

SPORTS

THE pack train has wound down the trail into the little mountain meadow and a camp site has been selected along the gravelly bank of the clear forest stream. The horses have been unsaddled, hobbled and are grazing in the lush grass. Vagrant breezes creep up through the pines from the eastern Oregon desert. To the west, the snow-capped spires of Mount Jefferson, Three-Fingered Jack and other landmarks of the Cascade Range are tinged with the rays of the setting sun. With a lusty appetite bred of a day in the open, the woodsman cooks.

With most men of the out of doors, the success or failure of a meal revolves around the coffee. The fragrance of steaming coffee cooked over an open wood fire brings a zest for food that the blasé city dweller can never know.

When it comes to making coffee, opinions differ as much as they do over women, politics or horses. I prefer the cold water method. First as to the coffee pot. Enamel ware ranks first, tin second and aluminum a poor third. The outside of the pot may be as black as you please, but the inside must be clean of stale coffee to make the best brew. Economize on anything else, if you must, but carry a good grade of coffee. You can't make the best coffee from the cheaper grades.

Your woodsman doesn't use accurate measures. He knows his pot, his coffee, and the strength he desires. A fist full of coffee, so much water, and the thing is done. Some want coffee that will "float a potato." Others want it milder. Until you learn the strength you like, and the capacity of the pot, I would suggest three heaping tablespoons of coffee to five cups of water. Put the coffee in first, and pour the water over it.

Put the pot on the hottest part of the fire, and bring it to a vigorous boil. Let it boil up, *but not over*. If it boils over you lose the essential flavor oils. Pull off and let it settle. Then put back on and repeat the process. After the second boil up, put it over moderate heat and let it simmer. This may sound like a lot of trouble, but it's worth it in the coffee results.

You should drink your coffee black, but if you must have cream (of course, it will be canned milk on a pack trip), put the cream in first, and pour the hot coffee over it. Also, if you warm your cups the flavor will be improved.

Bread is an essential, and you can't run to the bakery. Some woodsmen carry hardtack, or rye crisp. But for a real treat, try dough-gods. Here's how:

Take your sack of flour from the *alforjas*, set it upright, and roll the sack back until level with the flour. Now make a hollow in the center of the flour with your fist. Into this put a teaspoon of baking powder and a little salt. Pour water into this hollow or water mixed with a little canned milk, as you prefer. Mix this with the surrounding flour until you have a medium stiff ball of dough. You can lift this out, and the remaining flour will be left clear for the next batch.

Flatten this ball out to a round disk that will just fit into your frying pan, greased with bacon fat. Make a small hole in the middle of the disk. Place the pan over the fire until the dough rises and sets. Then tilt it up facing the fire until it browns and is done. Lift it out, and you have bread that the true epicure should travel miles to enjoy. But one warning:—Always tear your dough-god bread, never cut it; it just isn't done in the best woodsmen's circles.

With bread and coffee, ordinarily the meal will be built around either fried ham, bacon, or a mess of trout if you have been lucky and have had time to whip the stream before supper. Trout should be split lengthwise, dusted lightly with flour or cornmeal, and fried quickly to a crisp in hot bacon fat. A strip of bacon for each fish provides the fat, and adds to the enjoyment. Potatoes will round out the meal. They may either be sliced and fried, or boiled with the jackets on. If you have left over boiled potatoes, chop them up with an empty baking powder can, mix in some chopped onion, and hash brown them in the frying pan.

Hash is pretty much in disrepute among restaurant patrons for obvious reasons. A German friend of mine used to call it *Gottlich essen* because, he said, "Gott only knows vat's in id." However, when on a pack trip with Ranger Armstrong of the Mount Hood National Forest a few years ago, he cooked a hash one night that was a real gustatory treat. Simple, too. Brown some minced ham in bacon fat. Add chopped up cold boiled potatoes and a little onion; then a small can of corned beef, cut fine. Finally—and here's the secret—just before it's done, dump in a can of vegetable soup without diluting. This adds the necessary vegetables, and a really distinctive flavor. But don't indulge in this dish just before you have a hard trail climb ahead of you. You'll eat so much that the trail will seem doubly hard.

If you have been so fortunate as to bag a grouse or a pheasant, make camp early enough to do justice to the bird. Cut it up, add some small chunks of ham, cover with water, add a little salt, and boil until tender. This probably will take from an hour to an hour and a half, depending upon size and age. Add a small clove of garlic if your taste runs that way. I like it. About twenty minutes before the dish is done, add a can of mushrooms. When nearly done, thicken slightly with flour or cornstarch. Season liberally with celery salt and a little pepper. Add a pony of sherry wine (if you have any left); or sherry flavoring will do.

Now for your dumplings. Yes, I said dumplings, and here's a trick every camper will want to know. Take prepared flapjack flour, make a stiff dough with water, or water and a little canned milk. An egg adds flavor, but you probably won't have an egg. Drop the mixture by the spoonful into your boiling stew. Just as easy as that—and the best dumplings you ever ate. Set the pot in the middle of the chow log with a big spoon in it and call on your gourmets. Man, oh man! You'll have their eternal gratitude.

Here is another "fowl dish," fit for kings, that I first enjoyed with my friend "Ole" Fuller, old time woodsman, logger, fire fighter and forester. Take a wild duck, cut in pieces, and place in a pot with small cubes of dry salt pork. Cover with water and boil until the meat is ready to slip from the bones. About half an hour before it is done, add a cup of wild rice. Stir occasionally to prevent sticking. The rice will thicken sufficiently, and nothing more is necessary except a good outdoor appetite and a capacity to do justice to the dish. "Ole" says

Continued in center of page 120

I'm Not Blaming You, Margery

There are some men you can't do anything with even if you try, but Margery tried and tried

by EDWARD DOHERTY

• SATIRE •

The woman whose high collar and Russian toque framed her in Persian lamb said, in a voice heavy with brass and oil, all she'd have was a chocolate ice cream roll with pecan sauce. No coffee.

"I'm jittery, Estelle," she confided to her companion who was brooding over the menu. "No more coffee for me. I keep thinking about how I wasted two years of my life on Harry. I keep thinking. Sometimes I think I'll go crazy from thinking so much."

Estelle cancelled her first choice, butterscotch pie, in favor of the Special Frozen Pineapple Delight, before she said, "But what about Harry? You're still married. What about him? You just going to leave him in Hollywood until Aimee MacPherson rescues him, or what?"

"I couldn't stand it any longer, 'Stelle, so I took the Chief home thinking I could think better here. You can't think in Hollywood. It's the sun or something. But now I know I'm going to divorce Harry."

Estelle eyed the band of lipstick on her cigarette before she said slowly, "There's worse than Harry. Plenty worse."

"That's what you think. Well, listen to me. I took a big chance when I married him thinking I could make something of him but I was wrong. Not that he doesn't want me back. He's smart that way. He knows who butters his bread for him all right."

She pinched experimentally at the diamond clips under the dark regular scallops of hair.

"I'm not blaming *you*, Margery."

"Blaming me? Me?" Margery spread her long fingers, adorned with tiny daggers of fire-engine red, into fans. "Don't make me laugh. What was Harry when I married him? Nothing. He said he was a song writer. I was the only one who believed him. He never wrote a hit until after we were married. If it hadn't of been for me you never would hear *When I Think of You I Get Blue, Baby* over every radio hook-up in the land. We were living in a lousy bungalow court, and, so help me, I never had a new dress. So I told him if he didn't come across with a hit I'd walk out—just to egg him on, see?—and he wrote that."

Estelle picked up a spoon to cope with her sculptured dessert and said sulkily, "I'm not blaming you, Margery. All I said is there's worse than Harry."

"That's right, 'Stelle. Stick up for the men. You always have. But of course I don't expect you to know anything until you get married. I didn't know when I was well off, either. I gave up my dancing—and I nearly had a part in a Jake Greenebaum production—just for Harry."

"You don't get me, Margery. All I said was. . . ."

"Sure, all you said was maybe I'm lucky to stick with Harry. Maybe I would be if he hadn't mugged things. It was like this. Nobody ever heard of Harry until Bing Crosby put his song across one night. Piermont Pictures wired to New York to get the fellah who wrote it—it was that *You Can Tell in a Glance I'm in a Trance*—you remember it. That was Harry. See? They didn't know Harry was living acrost the street from them. So I heard about them wanting Harry so I called them up saying I was his secretary and that Harry was in Palm Springs visiting some old polo friends of his. That jacked the ante up, them not knowing he'd been in Hollywood since the movies could holler."

She laughed reminiscently.

"They closed with Harry for five hundred."

"Five hundred! That's nearly a hundred and fifty a week," Estelle said admiringly.

"Five hundred a week," Margery corrected her calmly.

"A week?"

"You heard me."

There was a little silence, while with an absorbed far-away look they ate spoonfuls of ice cream.

"Just for writing songs?" Estelle finally asked, lighting a cigarette. "That's wonderful, just for writing songs I mean."

"That's not so wonderful but it was a start," Margery admitted. "He'd have gone on from there if he'd have listened to me. Everything he wrote for that first show was a honey. Especially the repeal song, *Down the Old Hatch*. That was my idea even if he never gave me credit for it. We were celebrating with a bottle of Napoleon brandy one night and I said, 'Well, down the old hatch, Harry' and the next day the song was written."

Margery went off into some astral void. She closed her eyes and finally muttered, "God! What a sap I've been for that man!"

Estelle asked, "Did you ever see Constance Bennett and all her clothes?"

Margery wearily waved Constance Bennett aside.

"Sure. I suppose you think I went around getting autographs or something? I didn't have a minute. Of course I could have gone around with Connie and all of them if I wanted to, but I had to keep after Harry. No push to him, that's what was the matter. He'd still be drawing that measly $500 if it hadn't of been for me. I told him what writers like Kalmar and Ruby got, and you know what he said to me? He said 'So what?' That's Harry. Always satisfied. But I was on the job. When Piermont told him to write the stuff for *Playtime*, I told them Harry didn't need Hollywood and he was going back to Broadway where they appreciated talent. That scared them. So he got $750."

"Seven hundred and fifty!" Estelle breathed.

"That wasn't the point," Margery said witheringly. "It isn't the money. It's screen credit. That was what Harry needed, screen credit. I told him not to sign no contracts unless they promised to let him direct the musical numbers. He kicked at first but I kept after him until he landed it all right."

She nodded her head decisively three times.

"I didn't see Harry's name on *Playtime*," Estelle ventured.

"Nobody else did. It was his fault. God knows I slaved. I went over to Piermont every day and worked my head off helping Harry. I found out they'd given Harry's best numbers to that old has-been Louise Santrey. Imagine, Santrey! She's forty easy. So

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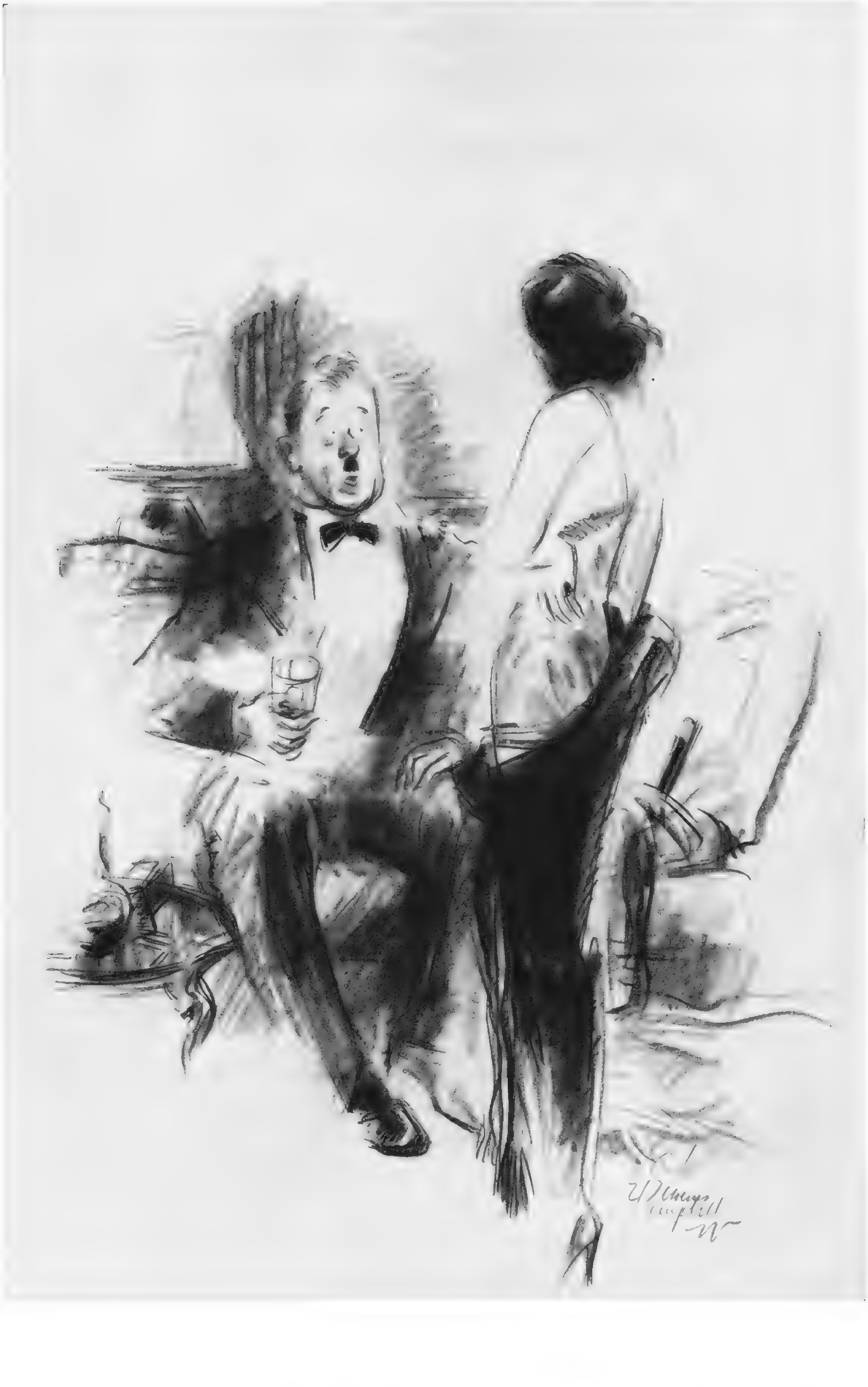


"You're giving up a family—but I'm giving up twenty-eight fifty—every week!"

Never Soap the Beer Glass

The tang of a monastery's well water or the taste of a subway spring notably flavors a brew

by LAWTON MACKALL

• ARTICLE •

LAGER is modern. The original beer was ale—old as Egypt. And potent, as we learn from papyri of 1300 B. C. which tell not only of brewing but also of a propensity on the part of the subjects of the Pharaohs for getting themselves squiffed with suds. After all, the mummification by which we know them best was for purposes of interment, not entertainment; a fellah was entitled to something else—preferably livelier—first.

The Greeks and Romans missed out on it through wine-snobbery. Beer was "barbarian." Tacitus reported it as being the staple tipple of the Germani. Pliny went on record with: "The natives who inhabit the west of Europe have a liquid with which they intoxicate themselves, made from grain and water. The manner of making this liquid is somewhat different in Gaul, Spain and other countries, and it is called different names, but its nature and properties are everywhere the same. The people in Spain in particular brew this liquid so well that it will keep good a long time. So exquisite is the cunning of mankind in gratifying their vicious appetites that they have thus invented a method to make water itself produce intoxication."

One name for it, *cerevisia* (a compliment to Ceres, the well-known grain goddess) has come down in thirst parlance as *cerveza* (Spanish) and *cerveja* (Portuguese), with the result that today in Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro, waiters are clamored to in tones that sound like Old Gaul trouble. As for Rome, you know what happened when the foam-fed bunch from the north dropped in on the togaed lah-de-dahs who had high-hatted their brew. At any rate the scuttling was thorough. All I need mention is that now in the Eternal City you can buy a glass of *birra* at four places in every block.

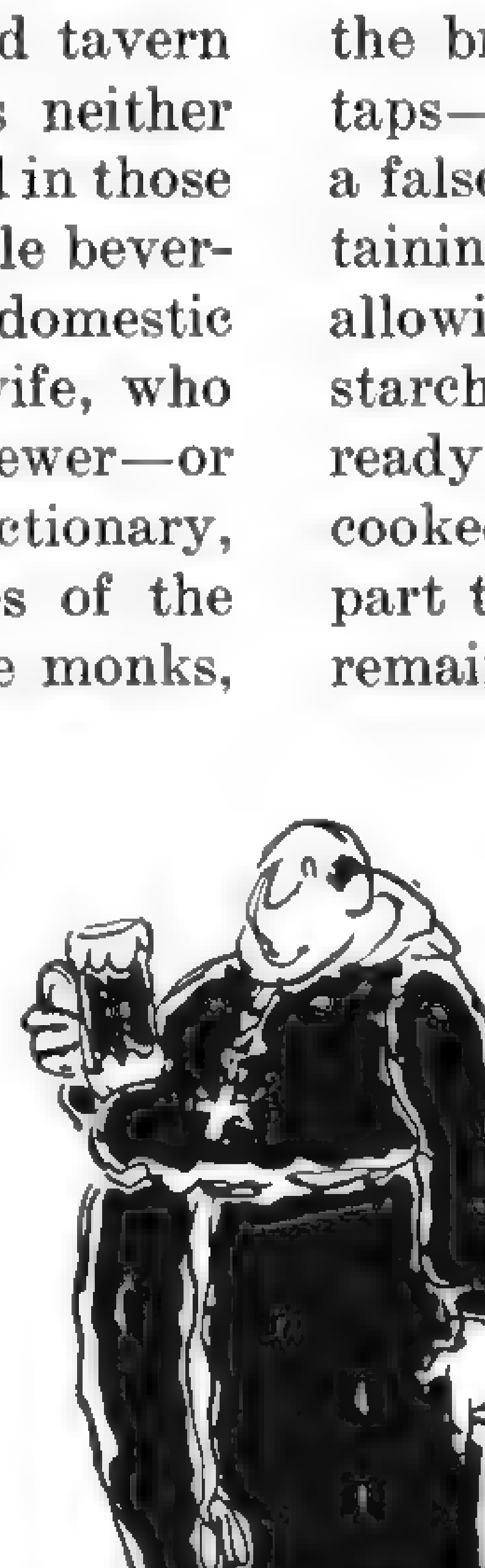
(Meanwhile, just on the side, the Japanese have been brewing saké, out of rice, and drinking it warm. The Chinese have been making and lushing something similar, under the name of *samshu*. The Russians have been kvassing. And the Abyssinians since time immemorial have turned out a beer not unfittingly named *bousa*.)

Among the inhabitants of Britain ale-drinking has been continuous since Druid days. Caesar found them busy at it—a brew of barley and wheat—and with arrival of the two-fisted, seemingly bottomless Saxons, the ale-feast as main feature of social life became quite a packaging contest, ritualistically conducted. The lady of the house buttled the flowing bowl unto her lord, even were she a queen. Attended by a train of maidens she would ceremoniously bear it first to the high settle where sat His Nibs, in the center of things, then to the ale-benches round about the walls, while the gleeman sang hero-songs in tones of earnest hope that she would eventually come his way. Ale etiquette would continue as long as anybody was right side up.

It wasn't a complete beer, for there were no hops in it, and wouldn't be till introduced from Flanders in the 16th century. Yet the English managed somehow, brightening the Dark Ages as best they could. There were "church-ales" (livelier versions of the modern strawberry festival) to raise funds for the church, "clerk-ales" for the benefit of the parish clerk, and wedding whoopees known as "bride-ales," from which we get the word *bridal*. In front of every tavern stood an ale-stake bearing a garland or bush in token of what the ale-wife served within. Nor did those he-tankarders known jocosely as "ale-knights" have any monopoly of carousing—not if Chaucer bears true witness to the exploits of womanhood; and John Skelton, hot-doggerelist of modes and manners in the reign of Henry VIII, in *The Tunnynge* (cask celebration) *of Elynoure Rummynge* depicts a hen party which today would certainly have ended in the hoosegow.

Ale-making, though, was more than a mere matter of tavern activity and tavern supply; for, remember, there was neither tea, coffee, nor chocolate in England in those days, and ale being virtually the sole beverage, its concoction was a branch of domestic science practiced by every housewife, who prided herself on being a good brewer—or rather, to speak according to my dictionary, *brewster*. But gradually the ladies of the Middle Ages were outshone by the monks, whose loving care with yeast and barley resulted in famed ales, prized even on the Continent.

The most enviable of these pious breweries was an abbey founded in the thirteenth century at Burton-on-Trent, approximately in the center of England. It owed its success to the peculiarities of the local well-water. Modern chemical analysis has divulged that this water, which is notably hard, contains a considerable quantity of gypsum and other calcium and magnesium salts. For the making of "mild and bitter" it's a natural, and nothing has ever been found to equal it. Consequently Burton-on-Trent is still England's supreme brewing center, home of Allsop's Ale and of the even more world-wide Bass & Co. The latter concern, on the job since 1777, now has 750 acres of layout.



They show you around in a private train. First, the malthouses. Here, upon vast floors punctuated with columns in the manner of the mosque of Cordova, steeped barley is spread out, re-moistened, put through a course of sprouts, turned with ploughing sticks by specially-shod maltsters, and finally taken to a kiln for curing. This routine accomplishes two things: it breaks down the barley's starch-cells and builds up a chemical whatsit, called diastase, which in the mash-tuns will convert the starch into sugar.

Next, the brewery. (*One* of them.) Business starts with the grinding of the malted barley by means of metal rollers which, instead of crudely crushing its guts out, treat it politely. In the oak mash-tun the grain gets its Burton water, served hot; mechanical forks and shovels thrash around in it, while an overgrown lawn-sprinkler sparges. Proportions, temperature, and length of time vary according to type of ale. When the brewmaster gives the signal to set the taps—meaning, "Take it away, Graham!"—a false bottom functions like a colander, retaining the spent grain (cattle's delight) and allowing the clear wort, charged with ex-starch that is now sugar, to be drawn off, ready for the kettle. In the latter it is cooked with an admixture of hops which impart the "top o' the bouquet" before being remaindered out as was done with the grain.

The fermenting house functions on the principle that beer, if given a lift, will travel down pipes as readily as it travels down the human gullet. That is to say, the wort (kettle-juice) begins its course in the refrigeration department on the top floor, is pitched with yeast just below, and then descends to fermenting vats large enough for water polo but much too sudsy. This surface fluff is so bountiful and so active that, after three days of

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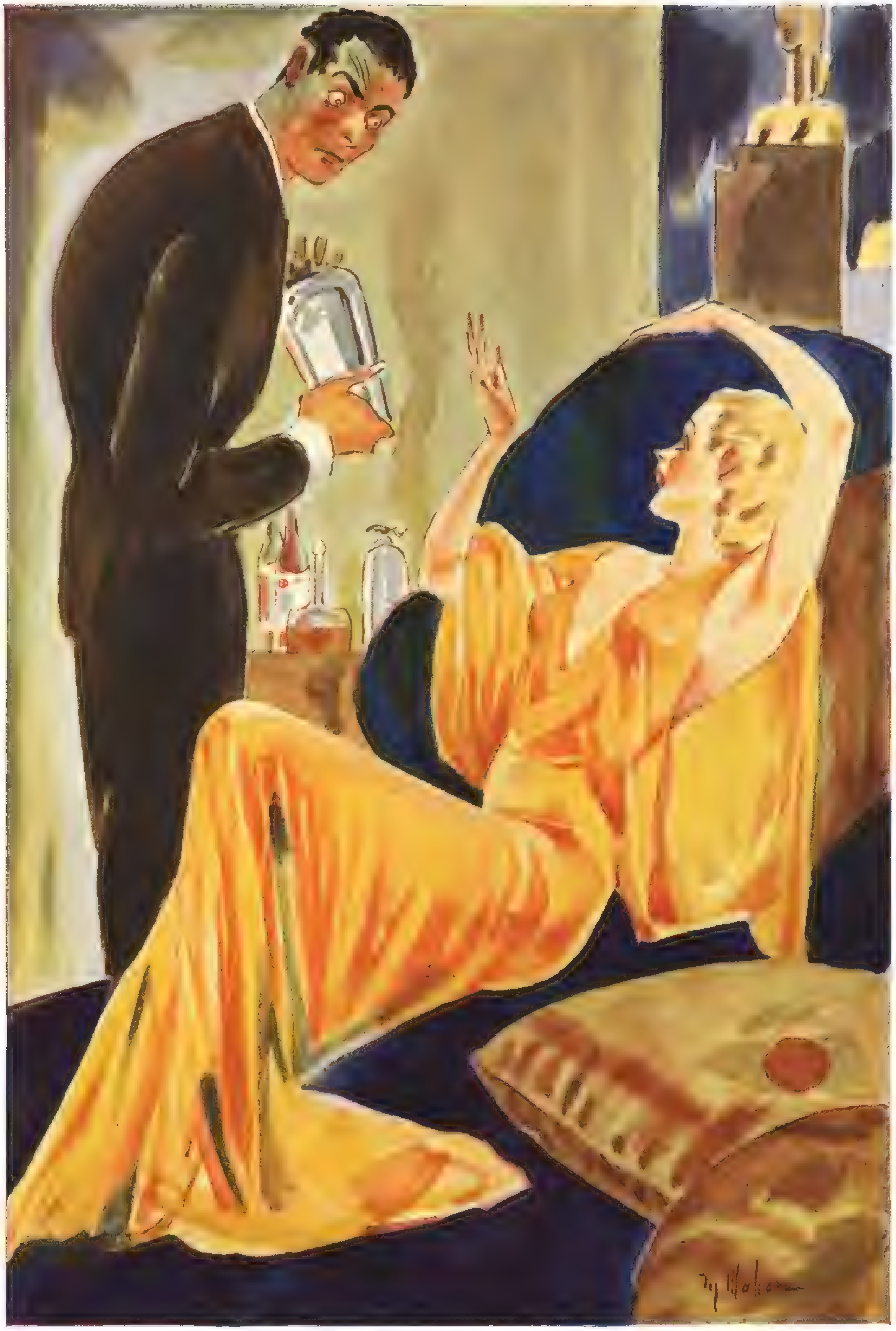
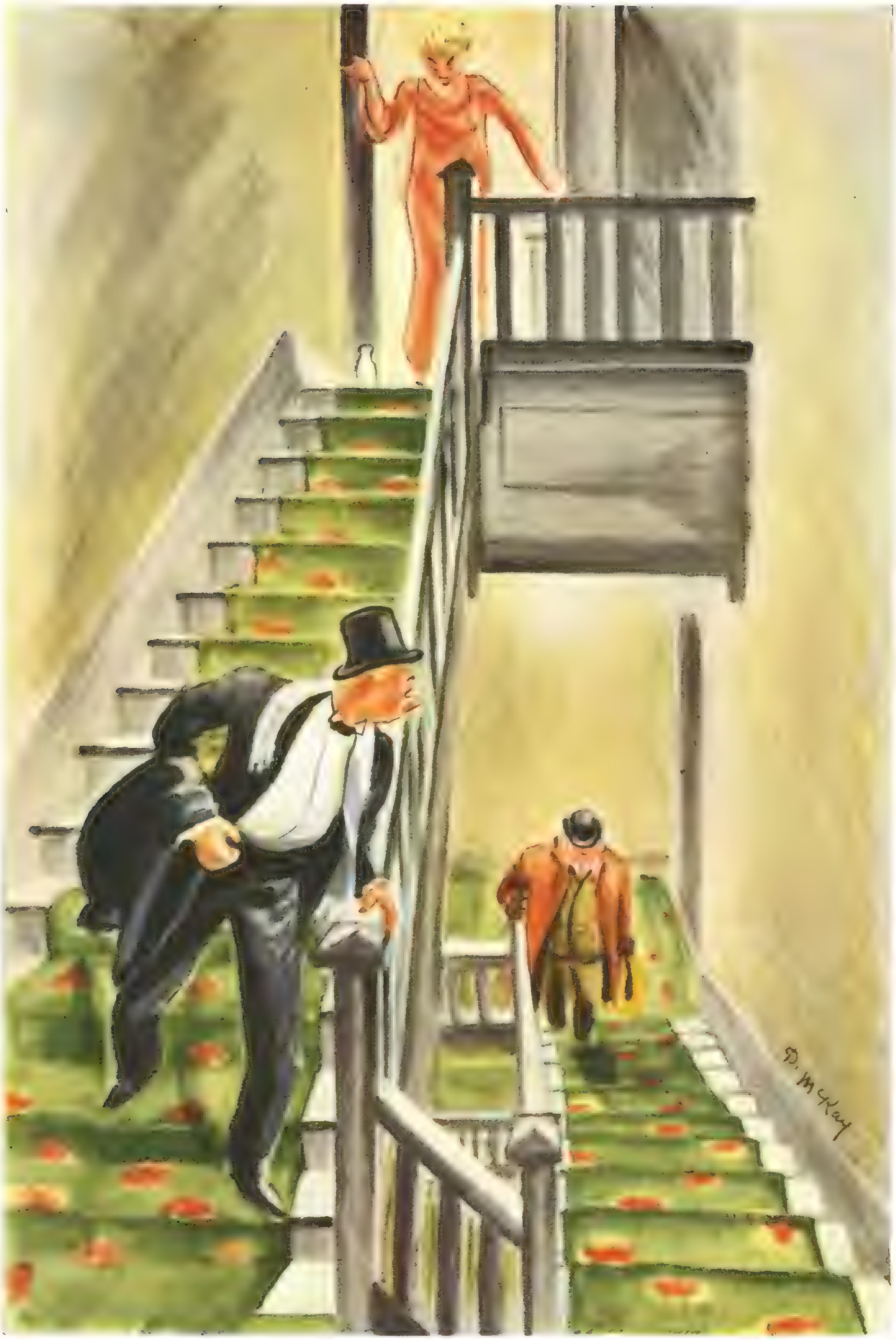


"Do you mind if I slip into something more comfortable?"



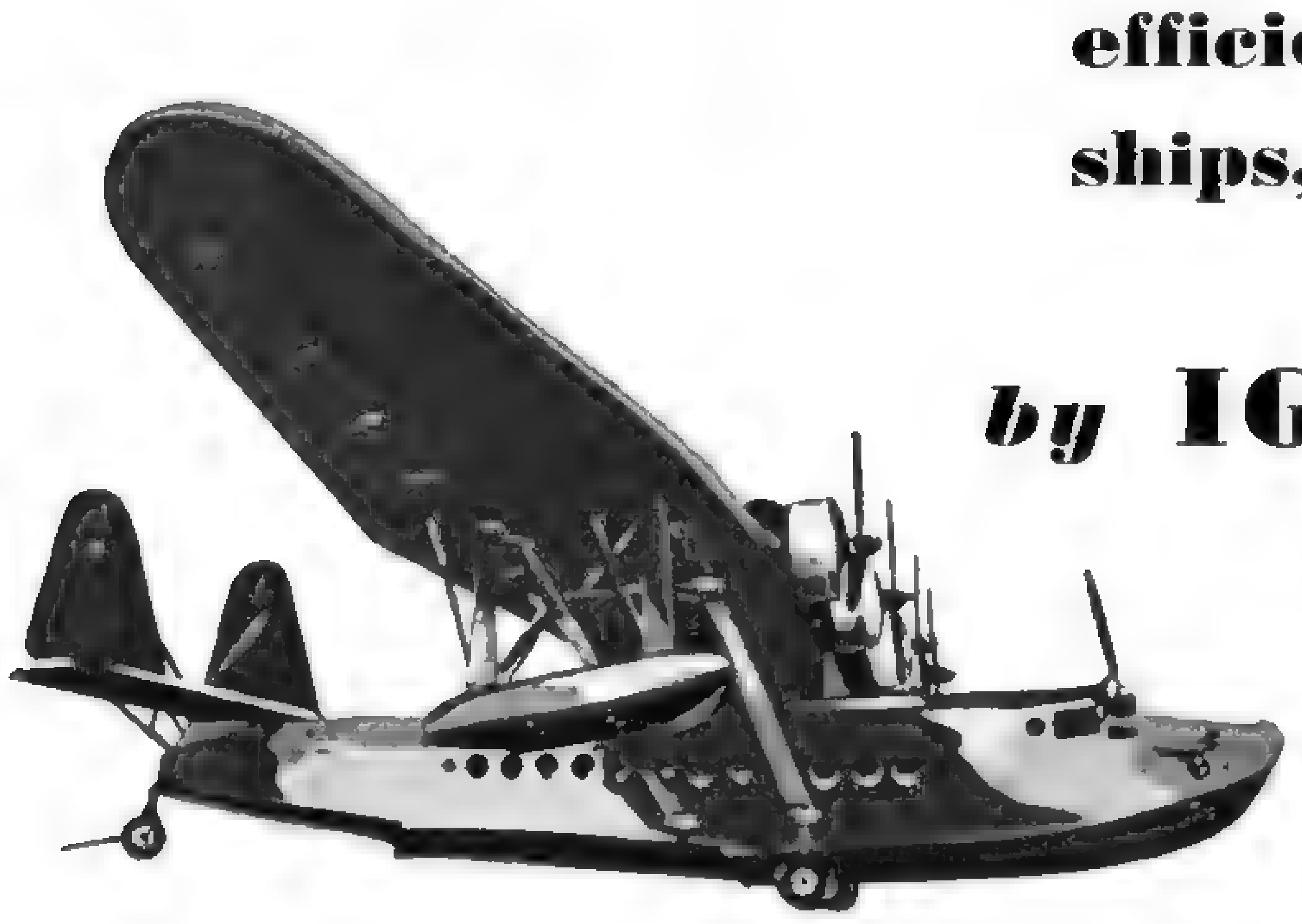
"G'bye!—Happy Landing!"

Wings Over the Seas

The engineer's program for the efficient expansion of Clipper ships, as told to Donald Wilhelm

by IGOR I. SIKORSKY

• ARTICLE •



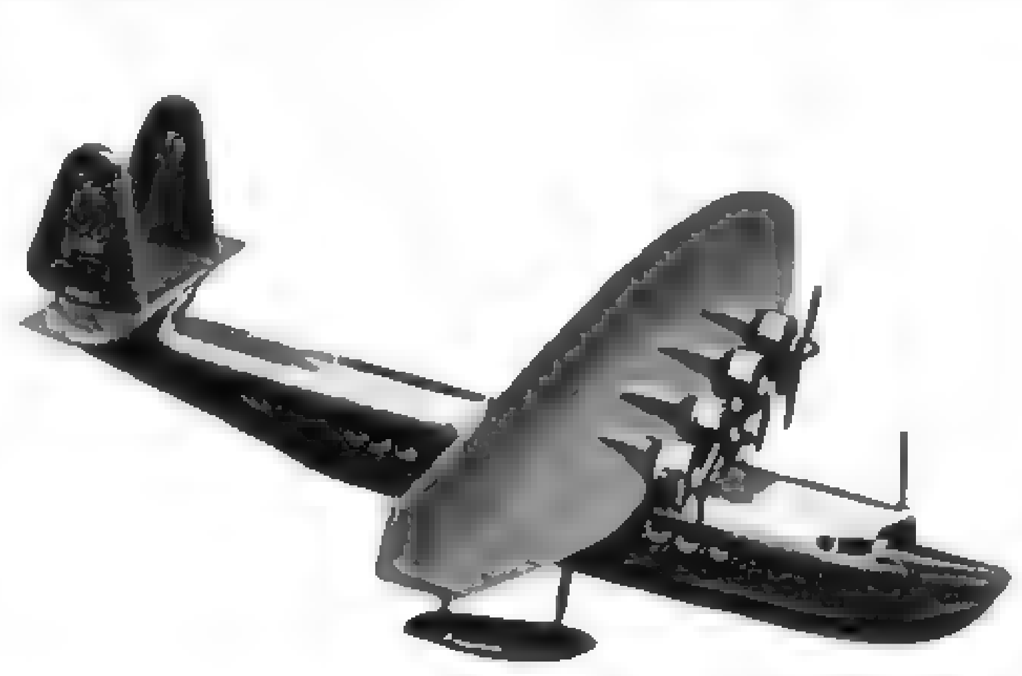
As this is written, the Brazilian Clipper is in regular Pan American service, while the first of her sister-ships—Clipper Ship No. 5—was for a time used as an experimental, exploratory and training ship until, in April of this year, with a crew of six, with no untoward incident whatever, she flew from Alameda, California, to Honolulu in the record time of less than eighteen hours, and back again.

Such big flying boats, already suggestive of palatial yachts except that they are many times faster, have thus demonstrated that they are superior to small planes in numberless ways and are commercially practicable for trans-Atlantic and trans-Pacific flight on regular schedules. They are practicable—and inevitable—for basic engineering reasons which, if explained simply, appear to be of interest to nearly everyone.

Perhaps, therefore, I may explain, as simply as I can, the main engineering factors involved.

The question of fuel consumption, to begin with, is easily understandable and as easily disposed of. The fuel consumption per horsepower of a plane is substantially the same in large planes and small. At present it is in the neighborhood of one-half a pound of gasoline for each horsepower hour.

More to the point is the aerodynamic efficiency of the big plane as compared with the small one—i. e., their respective ability to maintain as high cruising speed as possible with as little power and fuel in relation to weight.



It is known that in flight a very large percentage of the power required—about three-fourths—is required to overcome air friction, or resistance, around the various parts of the plane, including its body, or fuselage, or, in the flying boat, its hull. This air resistance, as every school boy knows, increases in the square of the speed. That is why the Brazilian Clipper, for example, attains a top speed of only 191 miles an hour with her motors functioning at full capacity while maintaining a cruising speed with her motors functioning at only about half of their full capacity of 150 miles an hour. However, and this is quite important, the Clippers have sufficiently demonstrated that this air resistance increases substantially less than was supposed when the size of a scientifically streamlined ship is progressively increased. In other words, when *the total weight of the ship is increased eight times, say, the power necessary to drive it at a given speed increases only from three to four times. Therefore, the bigger the ship, if well designed, the more efficient!*

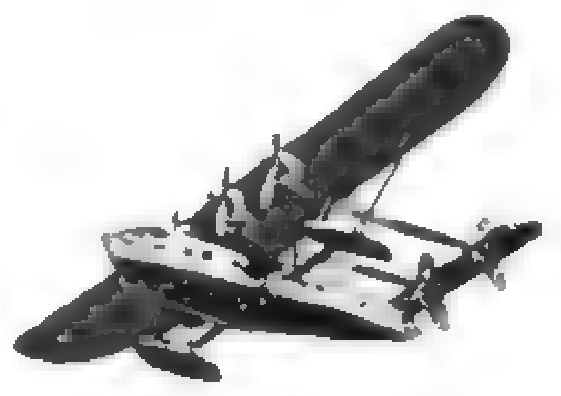
Another basic advantage in favor of the big ship over the small is due to the fact that with the progress of long-range passenger flying it is more than ever necessary, whether the plane be big or small, to carry a large amount of radio and other equipment, including instruments and the like, with the certainty, I feel sure, of equipment for blind landing as well as blind flying in the near future. Nowhere in any mechanical unit yet devised, not excepting the control rooms of a modern ocean liner or battleship, is there included in so small a space as the cockpit of one of these big flying boats so many helpful aids to the human senses. It used to be said that an airplane pilot represented not only the nervous system but the five senses of the going plane. Today, though, the pilots of these big ocean-going planes have an impressive array of instruments, developed by many ingenious minds, representing a kind of sixth sense.

For example, they have an instrument called an artificial horizon, which shows the actual position of the ship with reference to the horizon, even when the pilots cannot see the real horizon. Of course they have the sextant, to determine their position with reference to latitude and longitude, with the added advantage over the mariner that when needful they can fly above the clouds to take their bearings on the sun or stars, and so can determine where they are within ten or fifteen square miles. They also have a magnetic and a gyroscopic compass and the automatic pilot, an instrument with horizontal, lateral and longitudinal gyroscopes to keep the ship in all ways on an even keel, which the pilot can over-control, use to guide the ship automatically, cut out or use for guidance in holding to his appointed course. In addition, there is an electrical synchronizing device which automatically holds the different motors to an even speed; the drift indicator, to measure the surface speed over water, and provision in the cockpit by which instantly, by the turn of two fingers, a pilot can drench any motor or many another part of the ship, all-metal though it is, with fire-extinguisher. And, of course, there are invaluable radio aids, including an improved radio direction finder. This, as used with shortwave code radio, by which Pan American pilots are at all times in continuous communication with at least two ground stations, is absolutely dependable, no matter the weather.

Such equipment is essential to safe, long-range airplane operation. But here the point is that this desirable equipment is of substantially the same weight in large planes and small and in the big ship, of course, represents a much smaller percentage of the total load.

And there are yet other tell-tale advantages in the big ship. For example:

In long-range, and particularly in oceanic flying, a fairly large crew is desirable. Thus Pan American is now training crews of six or seven men, all of whom can serve interchangeably as pilots, navigators, radio men and mechanics (by which word, mechanics, this company means graduate engineers) to be supplemented as necessary by a chef and stewards.



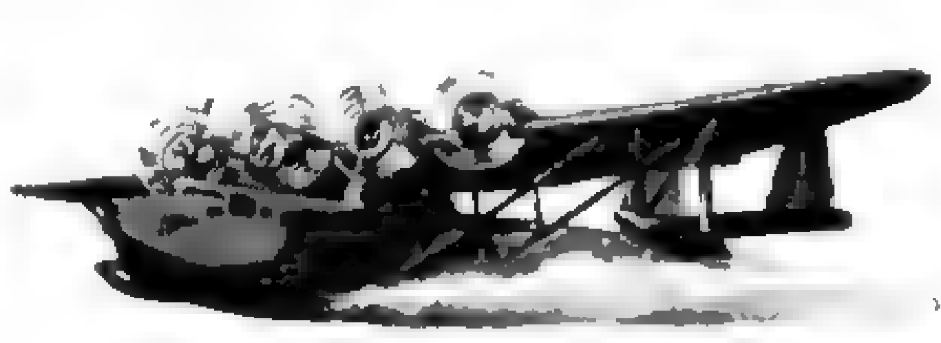
Again, large flying boats have much better water characteristics than small for the many reasons that a large vessel, such as a steamer, has better water characteristics than a small one, such as a launch.

Actually the idea of forced landings seldom enters the mind of a designer in the case of planes equipped with four or more good motors.

I recall particularly one run in which *The American Clipper* flew the Caribbean with one motor cut out shortly after the start, and the passengers scarcely sensed the difference. Indeed another might have been cut out and the ship would still have stayed in the air.

Again, the sturdy hull of an all-metal flying boat, bulkheaded and stronger by far than the hull of many a boat that has safely sailed round the world, is a factor of much moral importance to passengers and crew. In fact, the common sense of this safety factor alone to my mind would indicate the use of flying boats for the long-range oceanic travel.

In the nature of things, too, oceanic travel is between ports, since nature has provided many har-



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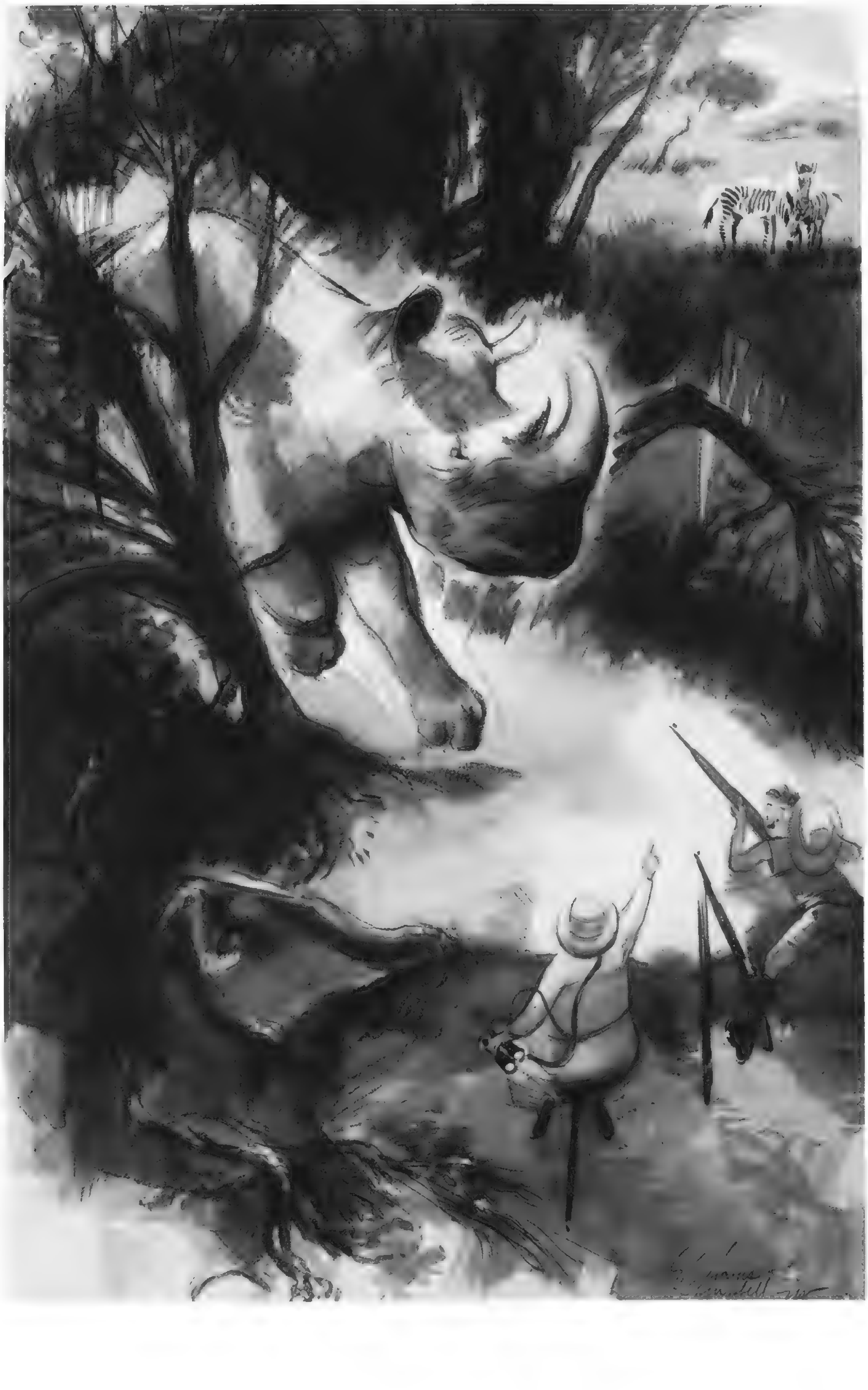


"The Zebra head would look much better over the mantel, dear"

Pim and Pooh

The jungle playground of a puppy and a baby ape was the cemetery of their grown love

by FERDINAND CZERNIN

• SEMI-FICTION •

MY POLICE dogs were getting to be famous in the country round about us. People from all directions were again announcing their desire for one of Diana's puppies. I could have sold fifty of them at least for five pounds apiece. I was quite proud of myself as a breeder of police dogs.

But when her litter was brought forth—Diana was by nature ardent—not a single police dog was in it. There were just little bundles of wool of all colors and sizes. It naturally followed that nobody wanted one.

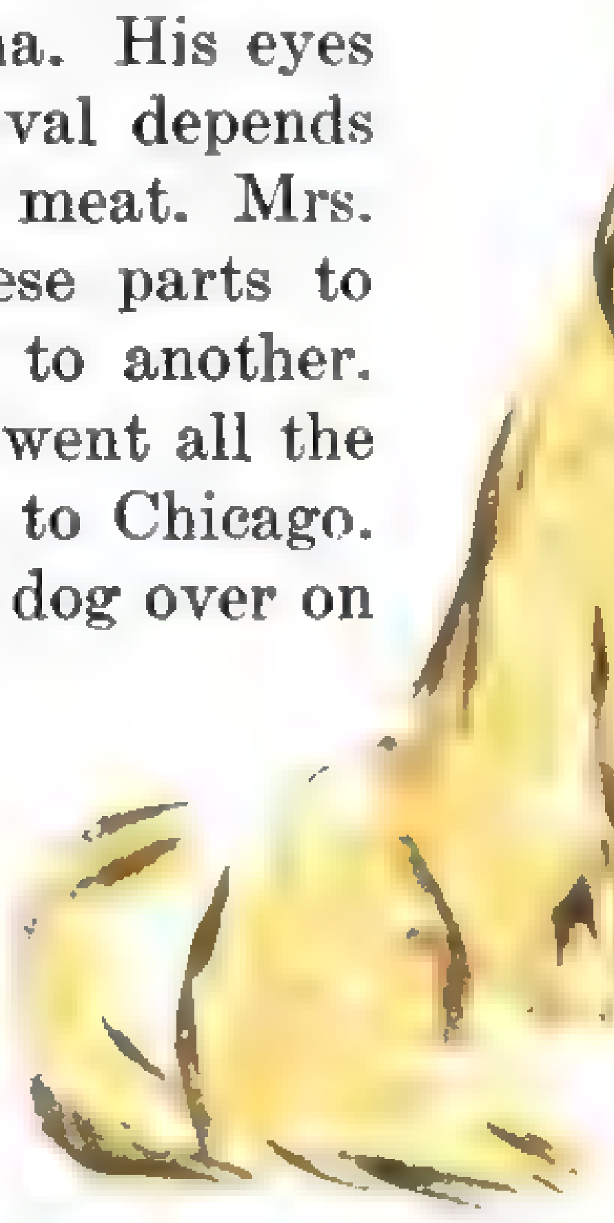
I did succeed in placing five. One was taken by the butcher in Arusha. His eyes are bleary now and his approval depends upon whether you smell of raw meat. Mrs. Gansenheim who came to these parts to shoot elephants took a fancy to another. He had a brilliant career, and went all the way across the ocean with her to Chicago. A third is still acting as watch dog over on the farm of old Miss Parkins, who is so nervous and terribly afraid of the blacks. Hamisi disposed of another, and a fifth went into the civil service. He has been drafted to carry the surveyor's tripod for his theodolite from farm to farm.

The sixth I couldn't find a home for. I offered him to all my friends, but they always seemed to be ready with some excuse. The few that were persuaded to look at him soon turned away again. "Pooh" they said, at least giving him a name.

Heaven knows he was no beauty. Pale yellow is hardly ever a good color for a dog, and it isn't everyone that cares for a curly tail. But these points wouldn't have mattered so much if it hadn't been for the floppy Dachshund ears, the crinkled brow and the crooked legs. From the size of his paws when he was a puppy we knew he would get to be as big as a St. Bernard. All things considered, the name of Pooh did seem to suit him perfectly.

It was just at this time when I was robbing Diana of one child after another that Tom came for a visit. Tom being a lover of animals, I made up my mind to give him Pooh. But nothing came of it, because he himself arrived with a baby black ape that he had bought somewhere over in Kenya from a native. The man had had the little thing tied with a string. In a fit of temper Tom had untied him, paid five shillings for him and since then had been keeping him inside his jacket. He had a lot more laundry, always having to change his shirt, but still he had stuck by the infant. He didn't want to shut him up, and if he gave him the run of his farm, he would be sure to meet one of the herds of black apes wandering in that part of the country. And you know how wild things behave in the presence of tame young ones.

When he found that we didn't have any apes around my farm, Tom wanted to turn his ward over to me. His purpose may have been confirmed just then by the reaching out of a hairy little hand from inside his jacket towards his bowl of coffee. But when I refused firmly, not wanting to put our friendship to any unnecessary strain, he seemed to give up the idea.

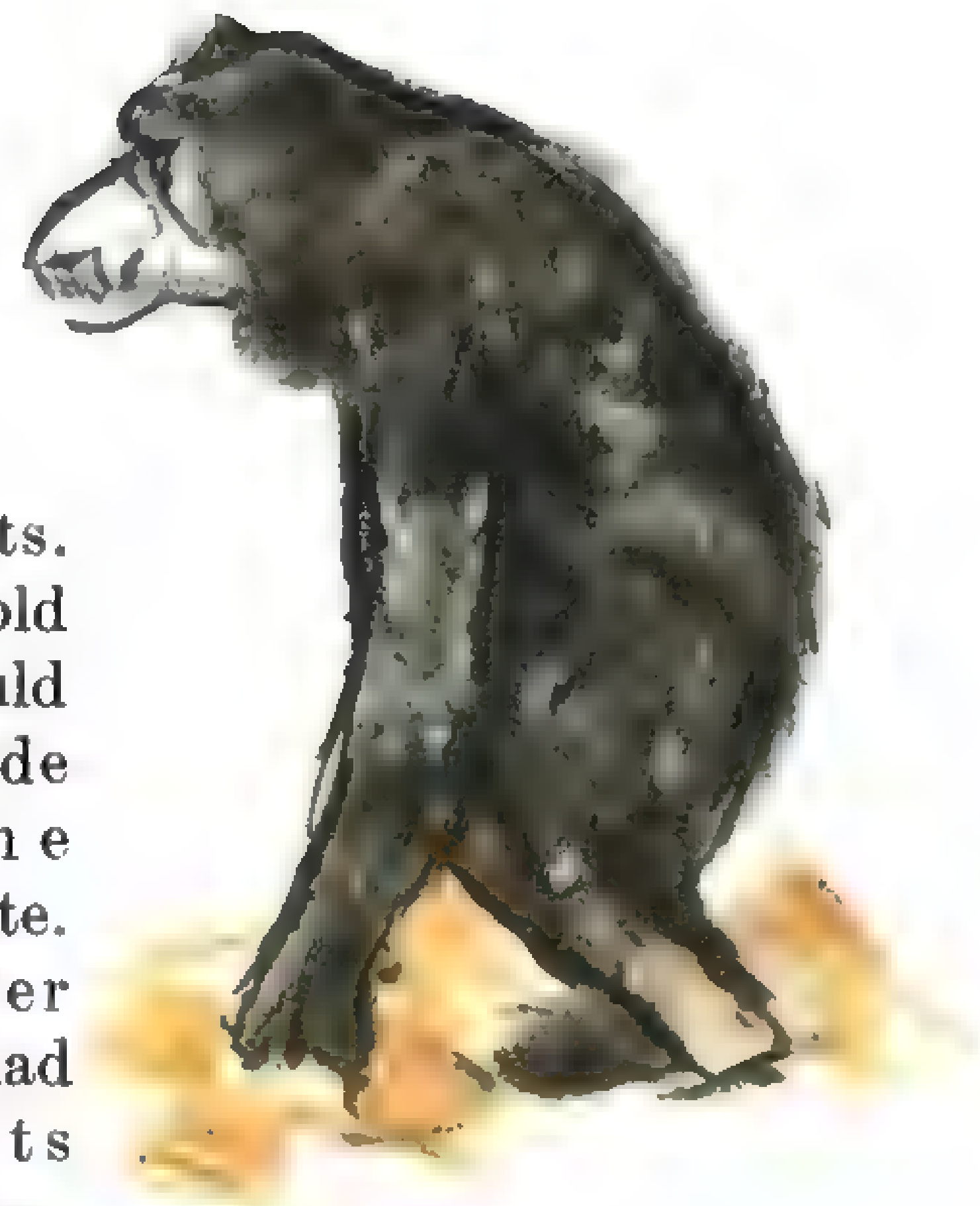


However, when he left the next day, he "forgot" to take the little thing with him. Hours later I found the baby tied to a bedpost in Tom's room. His leash was long enough for him to have got the soap from the washstand, and by the time I came into the room he was in a pretty bad way, only just able to lift his little white eyelids. It was a lengthy cure with castor oil that kept him alive.

During his illness of course we got to know each other so much better that afterwards I didn't have the heart to do away with him. So I decided to leave it all to fate. I just planted him out in the sunshine in front of the house and came back into my room. If he ran away he would run away. If he stayed, well then for Heaven's sake he would stay.

When I looked out again to see how things were going, he and Pooh were tearing through the brown grass together. Near by, Diana lay basking, apparently undisturbed by her son's new friendship. So I too resigned myself, and the little ape was taken in as a member of my household. I called him Pim after an old aunt of mine. It seemed quite natural.

Pim's habits improved a lot through his friendship with Pooh. He no longer cared for stuffy shirts. When he was cold or tired he would cuddle up beside Diana. She adopted him quite. Most likely her body was very glad to be rid of its overheavy burden.



All during the day Pim was free—free to romp through the rooms, into the garden and back again, to smash the flower bowls, and to bite off the buds of the Marechal Niel that I was so proud of. But along towards sundown I used to put him in a cage. I couldn't very well let him run the dangers of our night. But he didn't like his prison. In the beginning we had a struggle every evening to get him to slink behind his bars. For a while we were able to lure him with bananas. But as he grew older he didn't seem to be so greedy, or else his character was stronger, for he would take to a tree top, just to sit and make fun of us. There would be a good long chase which he really enjoyed immensely, before we could corner him and make him surrender. Often the night would set in before we got him. Then out would come the torch light and lanterns. Mfupi, like the half monkey that he was himself, would clamber up a tree to get him. Then there would be piercing shrieks and last desperate attempts at flight. But in reality Pim and Mfupi both got a lot of fun out of it.

At last quite by chance I found the simple way to catch him. Pooh was actually being chastized for some one of his numerous crimes, when in the midst of it Pim came headlong. Clamoring, screeching, he threw himself against me and clutched my arm as hard as he could. He didn't stop his protest till Pooh was out of reach. Then suddenly he let go of me, to gallop after him.

From that time on there were no more

Continued on page 134

A Mild Sensation

Just imagine a dry purple odor with square greenish spots and overtones in the key of G flat

by JEROME BARRY

• SATIRE •

When Mrs. Tarrant moved into Vienna Towers—that great city-blockful of high Babylonian walls and far-dwindling underground passages—what delighted her most about her new apartment was not the wide casement windows that looked down on the gardens, nor the dinette that didn't suit her until she put the desk in there and turned it into a nice little study. No; what filled her with ease of soul was the absence of mouldering wood.

"It's such a joy," she said to Mr. Tarrant, "after what we put up with in that old house on West Twelfth Street."

The place in West Twelfth Street had been an old private house, turned into a number of small apartments by a Swedish woman who was using the profits of her venture to send her son to a military school up the Hudson. The Tarrants stayed there during their first summer in the city. Mr. Tarrant had suffered most because he used to have to battle with their landlady.

"I know how it is," Mrs. Anderson would say reproachfully, "but the house was so old when I got it. I've scrubbed everything out good. It's clean."

"I know it's clean," Mr. Tarrant had to admit, "but there's always that odor of rotting wood. Especially in the bathroom, where the water-pipes run behind that high wainscot and keep everything damp—"

"But if I rip out the woodwork it costs me a lot of money. I have my boy to think of."

Mr. Tarrant felt sheepish, as if he had been caught trying to snatch the bread of knowledge from young Anderson's lean jaws. He would return to his wife, and she would link her fingers in a controlled frenzy.

"Son or no son, why don't you make her *do* something?"

"She says—er—maybe we could burn a little incense."

"Incense! Good heavens, then any visitors *know* you're just covering something up! Edward, you've simply got to do something about this. I have to smother myself with bath powder before I feel clean after bathing in there. It's like a coffin."

Yes, Mr. Tarrant was glad that his wife took such delight now in the stall shower and the smooth tiles and the gleaming fixtures of the bathroom at Vienna Towers. He had peace on that score for all of a week.

Then he came home to be greeted with: "Edward, I've smelt it again!"

"The dark green one?"

Although psychologists speak of the difficulty of describing smells, Mrs. Tarrant is uninfluenced by their opinion. Without the least hesitation she is likely to identify an odor as "feverish" or "short and sort of thick."

The dark green smell was one that had crept into the linen closet a day or two before and then mysteriously crept out again.

"No," Mrs. Tarrant said tragically. "Not that dark green one. That's gone. It's the bathroom. It smells of mouldy woodwork, just like West Twelfth Street."

"But this bathroom has no woodwork to—"

"I don't care. It's exactly the same, only very faint. But if you don't *do* something, it'll get worse."

"Perhaps if we wait, it'll go away, like the dark green one."

Three days later Mrs. Tarrant was sure that it hadn't gone away. It had been slightly but unmistakably present after every shower she had taken.

"I can't notice it," Mr. Tarrant insisted. "Hanged if I can. And I noticed it well enough down in Twelfth Street."

"Your nose isn't as keen as mine, Edward. You know you can't identify odors as I can."

"Not by color and shape," her husband mumbled rebelliously.

"Do have the man come up. Right now! I swear I'll go mad if we have to live through all that again."

A call on the house telephone brought a workman with a metal kit.

"I can't smell nothing," the man said. "It always happens after your shower? I'll put some stuff down the shower drain to clean out the pipe."

When the man had gone, Mrs. Tarrant was jubilant.

"It's such a relief to be in a place like this," she said. "Modern. They keep everything just so and give you proper service. I'm sure that if we'd needed to have the tile walls torn down to get at it, they'd have done it in a moment."

She sang in her shower. After the shower she suddenly stopped singing. She came out and stared at Mr. Tarrant.

"It's there still. It's very—very greyed over, sort of, and obscure. But it's there!"

"Oh, well—"

"Edward, *do* something!"

Mr. Tarrant sighed and had the man up again. The man wiped his hands dubiously.

"What d'ya want me to do?"

"That's *your* problem," Mrs. Tarrant told him. "I don't care what you do, even if it involves ripping out every tile to get at that woodwork."

"Lady, there ain't any wood there. It's steel frame and metal lath."

"But there must—there must—what are we going to do, then?"

"Couldn't you leave the window open for a while—"

"And burn incense, I suppose! Edward, do we have to endure that whole miserable business over again? Is that what we moved into a place like this for? Insist on seeing this man's superior. Have the superintendent himself up here. Have the manager—"

She made an indignant, inclusive gesture. It swept the tin of bath powder off the shelf. A little white cloud rose as she stooped and retrieved the rolling tin. She straightened up, and a questing expression changed slowly to one of amused triumph.

"I think it's clever of me to have thought it out in a flash," she said. "The whole thing was association."

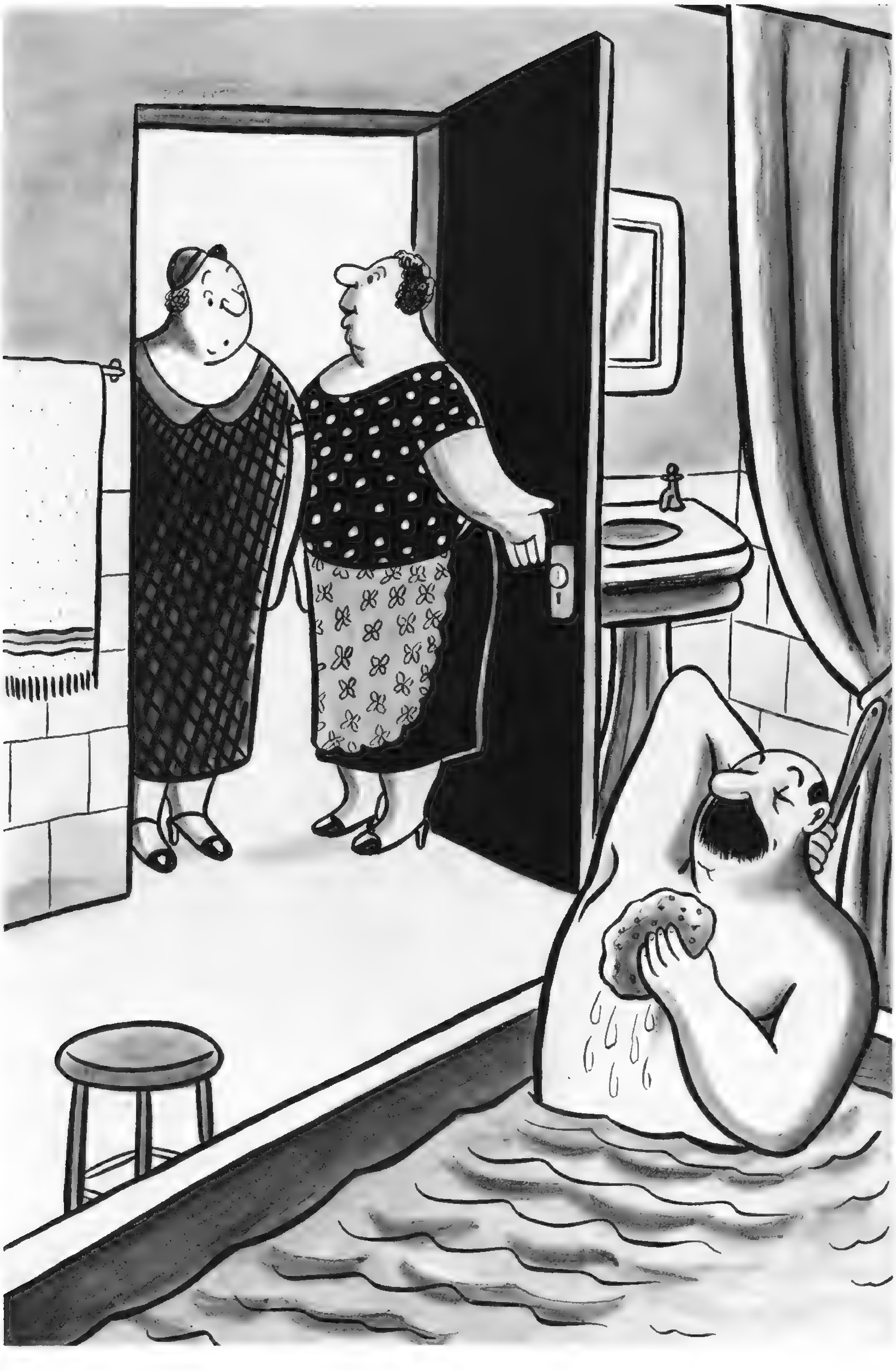
"Association?" Mr. Tarrant repeated.

"Yes. I got a good whiff of the powder just now and it suddenly came to me. It's the powder I had to use so much at Twelfth Street. I began to use it here again only the other day. Don't you see?—the fragrance simply called up all the old unpleasant images that were associated with it—the memory of that terrible woodwork. That was all it was—the memory of it! Nothing more than suggestion. Isn't that funny?"

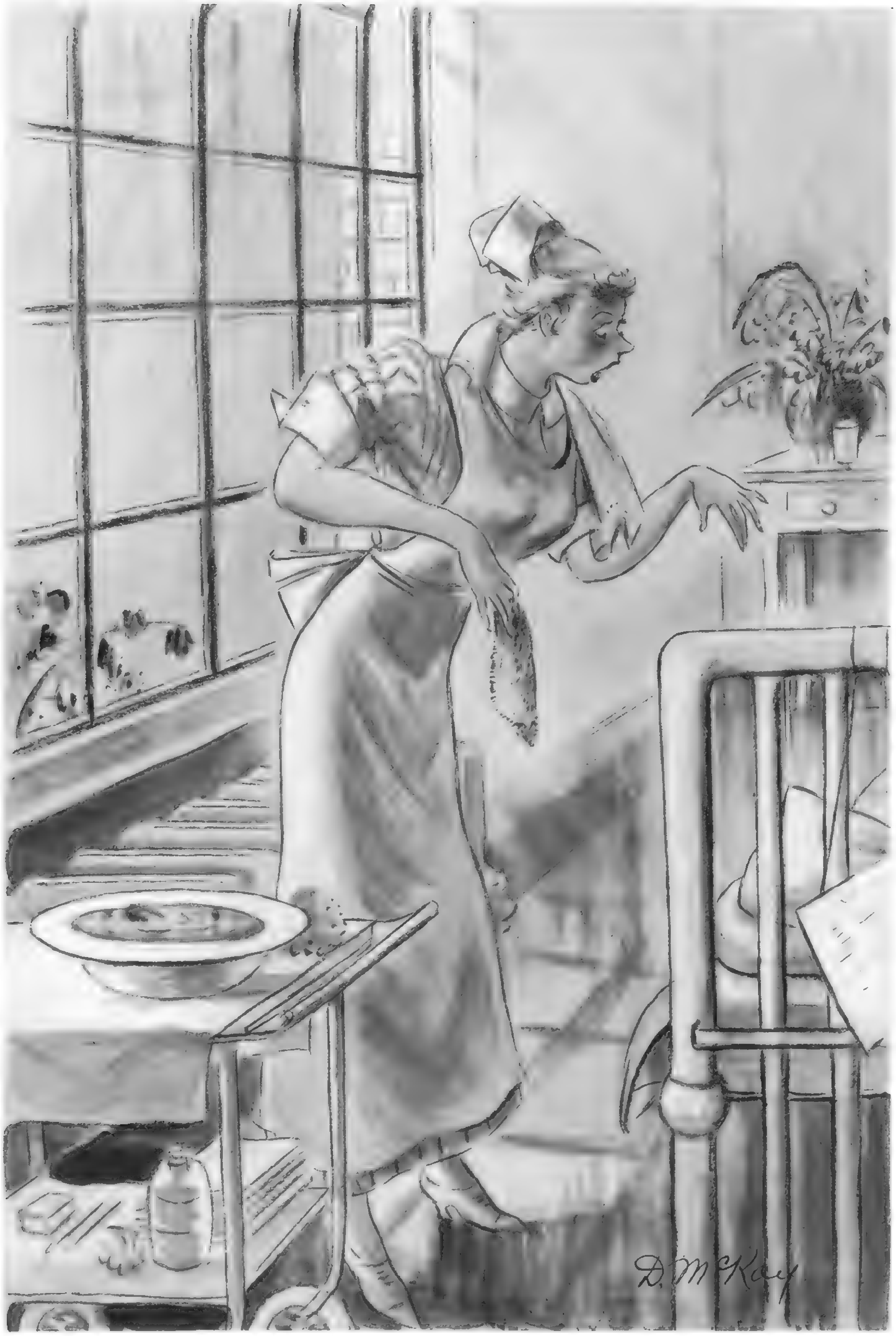
"Yes, it's funny," Mr. Tarrant said.

"I should have known, of course, because here the smell was sort of pinkish-sweet all through, really. Down in Twelfth Street the odor we didn't like was kind of wet and crumbly underneath everything else." She smiled at the man, who looked a little dazed. "I have a very keen discrimination for odors," she added modestly.

Mr. Tarrant gave a quick little tug at the man's overalls and got him out into the hall. He slid a dark green bill out of his pocketbook. The man, he was pleased to notice, didn't put it to his nose to see if it had a dark green, oblong smell. The man looked satisfied, as if the mere feel of it on his palm was sufficient. There was something comforting in that. #



" . . . and this, of course, is the bathroom"



"After all, Mr. Whinny, you might try thinking about your business affairs, or something!"

The Lonely Inn

A weird tale of the silence that was kept for a long long time in a queer English pub

by THOMAS BURKE

▪ FICTION ▪

THE tall man on the lawn outside the cottage gave the cottage a long look and nodded at it. “Seems to be a perfect week-end cottage. Just big enough for us and easy to run. Ought to have some good week-ends here.”

The man with him agreed. “Yes. Hasn’t got everything but almost everything. Good view from the lawn. Stream over there. Woods on the left. Even the house-agent must have strained his Arabian vocabulary in listing it.”

“Yes. Village quite interesting, too. People seem a bit surly, though.”

“You must give country people time. We’ve only been here two hours, remember. Maybe the soil’s got something to do with it. Certain soils make cheerful people; others make taciturn people, or hot-tempered people.”

Their wives appeared at the cottage door. “Why don’t you boys go and explore a bit? There’s nothing to do in here. The maid’s left everything. We’ve only got to heat the soup. Dinner’ll be eightish.”

The tall man said “Right.” And then to the other—“What about it, Mac? Shall we stroll and see if we can find the local?”

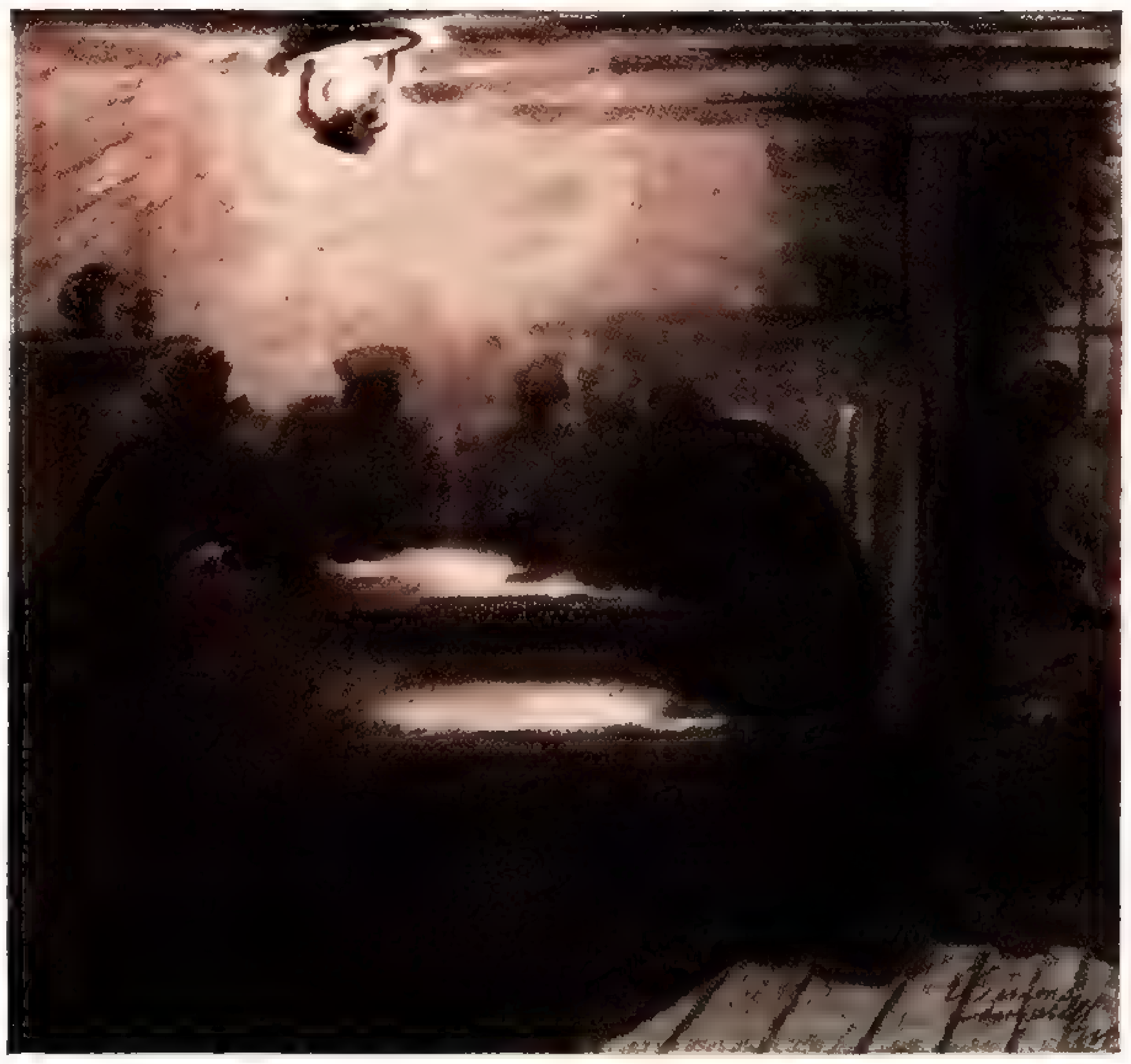
Mac nodded and they went through the gate into the lane. To the right lay the village, a mile away. They had seen it an hour ago. They turned to the left. The lane here was little more than a grass-track. By its width it appeared to have been at one time a road, but now its surface was rough grass corrugated with wheel-tracks. The grass in the ditches on either side was of somewhat stronger hue.

It was a winding lane, and at no point did it disclose more than a hundred yards of itself. The hedges stood high, and afforded no view of the surrounding country. “Almost like a shrubbery,” the tall man said. “Wonder where it leads to eventually, and whether we’ve got to come back the same way.” They followed its bends for some minutes, and then the tall man said “Ha!” explosively. And then: “The oasis. I see a sign. Let’s hope it isn’t a desert mirage. But I’m sure I saw a sign, just over the hedge-top.” At the next turn he gave his friend a facetious pat. “There we are! Thought I wasn’t mistaken. As we’re in Derbyshire they ought to have some of the real Derbyshire ale. Step out, my lad.”

The inn’s exterior was somewhat weather-beaten; almost uninviting; but it was an inn. It had known no paint for some years, and its door and windows had a bedraggled aspect. The door and its stone front bore brown and black patches. It showed a faded sign of “The White Cockade.”

The two men paused. The tall and talkative man said “H’m. Hardly one of the picture-postcard inns.

But that’s no fair test. All its good points may be inside. I’ve found several like that. Anyway, it’s the only one, so. . . .”



They went in. They found the inside no compensation of the outside. They entered a dim and silent tap-room. It contained the usual fixtures of a wayside public-house—old wooden benches, old wooden trestle-tables, an old and wide fireplace with the ashes of the last fire of winter, and an old and strong smell. Nothing in the place was grey in color; yet it offered a general feeling of greyness. The landlord, standing listlessly behind the stained bar, was a man of heavy features and sunless eyes. The very type of man who ought not to keep an inn. His physical appearance accounted for, if it did not explain, the air of lost-heart and letting-things-go which hung over everything. One light, a shaded lamp, lit a small pool about the bar. The rest of the room was a muslin of shadow which gave common objects an uncommon shape.

They ordered their drink, and the landlord served them without “Good Evening” or other word. The beer was good. They drank, and looked about them. It was then, when their eyes, fresh from the bright evening, had become adjusted to the half-light, that they noted a slight stir among the shadow. Looking more closely, they saw that the room, which they thought was empty, held company. Some half-dozen dim figures sat along the benches and on chairs. No two sat together. They sat at intervals, each self-enclosed.

They were men of ordinary appearance, in soiled or ragged clothes of miscellaneous quality and style; but their silence and their attitude made them extraordinary.

The horrific figures evoked by the lobster nightmare or the unchaining drug cannot so freeze the human mind as the sight of the ordinary creature in the extraordinary attitude or state. De Quincey’s picture of the fat man of Keswick sitting alone on his lawn in shirt-sleeves on a bitter March midnight brings more of the authentic recoil than any of his laudanum visions.

And so these dumb and solitary figures affected the two visitors more than any scene of ugliness or violence. Something in their peculiar arrangement suggested that they were sitting like that with some reason. It was as though they had placed themselves like actors on a stage, awaiting the rise of the curtain. The silence of the place, whose silence was underlined by the intermittent drip-drip of the beer-tap, also had an effect, and when the talkative visitor wanted to say something he found himself muttering.

He touched his friend. “Queer place, Mac.” The other nodded. “Must be a side-entrance somewhere, I guess.”

“Why?”

“Well, I didn’t see anybody come in, but a minute ago I’d have said there were four people in the far corner.”

“So there were.”

“Well, there’s six now. And there were two just behind us.”

“Yes.”

“There’s three now.”

Mac looked about him, and found that his friend was right. He found too that the company, without moving, was exchanging signals. He saw a head nod, and then another head respond to it. He caught his friend’s eye, and together they watched the invisible message pass visibly along the room in nods. It was as though a row of Victorian mantel-piece images had been set in motion. All these people, it seemed, knew each other; yet sat apart holding no communication beyond nods.

He brought his earthenware mug sharply to the counter. He expected it to make in that silence a startling report, and had made the motion deliberately in the hope

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Two Great Women

Intimations of the Mae West of tomorrow rise on seeing the Shirley Temple of today

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

In the past year I have expended on the business of avoiding the pictures of Shirley Temple enough energy to drive a transatlantic liner from one place to another, and I hope that no one thinks this statement is a prelude to a rhapsody on the cuteness and charm of that amazing young woman. She has these qualities, and her directors are working them for all they are worth, so that if you want to see one of the few interesting actresses of the present screen, and really would like to relish the similarity between Shirley Temple and Mae West, you had better see her in her current, and perhaps her next two pictures. After that, if things go on as they are, Miss Temple will be as completely spoiled as most other movie actresses, let alone children. It is as an actress that Shirley Temple is primarily interesting, and as a close second, she is interesting because of something rude and rowdy in her characteristic expression. All the rest is child prodigy, and is in no way more attractive than the child prodigy has always been.

As a man of considerable character, with stern prejudices, I did not deliberately go to see *The Little Colonel.* I went to see another picture, and there was a preview. Nothing interesting happened for a long time, during which competent actors in stock parts went through their dull situations and were, in short, making the usual kind of movie. Then the door opened and Shirley Temple came through with precisely that air of command, the certainty that thereafter you would never look at another woman again, which you find in every movement of Mae West across the screen. This power of concentrating and focusing your attention is not the absolute sign of a great actress, but it is one of the things which make greatness more visible. A hundred actresses in musical shows or the plays of Ibsen or spectacular movies have had the entire population of the stage drawn up to prepare an entrance, and then have failed completely to dominate their stage; so it cannot be the situation alone, and it must be some personal capacity, that makes Miss Temple so spectacular.

This illusion of dominance lasts only a moment; it is dissipated as soon as Miss Temple talks, for her voice naturally lacks power. And then instantly her other quality comes to save her. The plot at the moment involves the appointment of the little girl as honorary colonel of the regiment, and when Miss Temple receives the scroll, she looks at it and says: "I can't read this: the writing is too small. Besides, I can't read anyway." And then she laughs. But instead of an apologetic giggle or an ingratiating and cute ripple, her laughter is positively boisterous, a sort of hoot at the pomposity of the entire grown-up world. When you think back, you find that this same contempt for most of the things we consider important is precisely what Mae West is always expressing by a look of the eye, or more significant bodily gestures. The thing that made Miss West so refreshing was her calm, almost unconscious brushing away of the literary and psychological bunk about sex which the movies had unfortunately accepted. The medium in which Miss Temple works does not so far grant her the same opportunities in the same subjects, but quite apart from the character she is portraying, you feel the hard core of a personality which will not be bunked in any of the major moments.

If you know your movies, you will not have to be told that these moments are rare, and that Miss Temple is not often allowed to play the part of a child, but is continually being compelled to play the part of a child actress, which is something totally different. There is a little picaninny in the same picture who perfectly illustrates the difference. Out of his mouth in the entire course of the picture issue only a few grunts; over his face a variety of emotions trace their significance. But as he is not a great star, he is allowed steadily to play a child, whereas Miss Temple is generally playing a child pretending to be something else. What she needs most of all is a firing squad at daybreak and her directors against a stone wall. I do not know what capacity she has for communicating childish terror, or, in fact, any of the other emotions, but whatever she has, has been spoiled, because she has to play-act all the time. Toward the end of the picture she sees her father in the power of the villain, and runs through a dark wood to fetch help. Anyone with the faintest intelligence about human beings at a play would know that what you want at that moment is a concentration of sympathy; but in Hollywood you have to have your laughs, so that as the child staggers and stumbles through the wood, comic, exaggerated bird and animal noises are heard, and Miss Temple, instead of dashing forward in an agony of fear, has to stop and pretend to be frightened.

But she can act. There are in the picture two dancing numbers. In the first, the great master of them all, Bill Robinson, dances up and down a flight of stairs in flawless rhythm, creating a kind of breathless beauty. And presently he takes Miss Temple by the hand, and she dances with him in a display of quite remarkable virtuosity. This is entertaining, but it is not acting. In the second dance episode, Robinson is teaching her steps, and Miss Temple observes him. Every actor and every director will tell you that this is one of the hardest things to do—to stand and look at someone else—and Miss Temple does it to perfection. Because your eyes have been so long directed to her, she has to make you see what she is seeing, never distracting your attention from Robinson's dance. Mr. Stark Young has advised most of our American actresses to go to school to Mae West; I suggest that some of them, a goodly number, can learn something of their art from Miss Temple.

I do not know at what stage of development she now is, nor whether the spoiling process has just begun or is already far advanced. I feel moderately certain that she is good, as I said, for two more pictures, and I am thoroughly convinced, not only by herself, but by her audiences, that the celebrated dimpling and cuteness have very little to do with her real power, because at her good moments something like a growl of satisfaction arises from the men in the audience. Women may gasp at her charms, because it is traditional to care for the sweetness of all children, but I take it that men have plenty of that in their homes, and their roar of approval is not for what is sweet, but for what is mocking and hearty and contemptuous.

It will be a proper visitation on the movies if all the tough characters will turn out to be children, animals, and minor comedians. We are not going to be allowed to have anything of the sort in the principal men and women. Advance notices are that in Mae West's new picture she is a marrying fool and, by way of variety, has difficulty in getting her man. I do not think that even such emergencies are too arduous for Miss West. She will somehow surmount the difficulties. But when you observe what happened after *The Thin Man,* you see what the timidity of producers is capable

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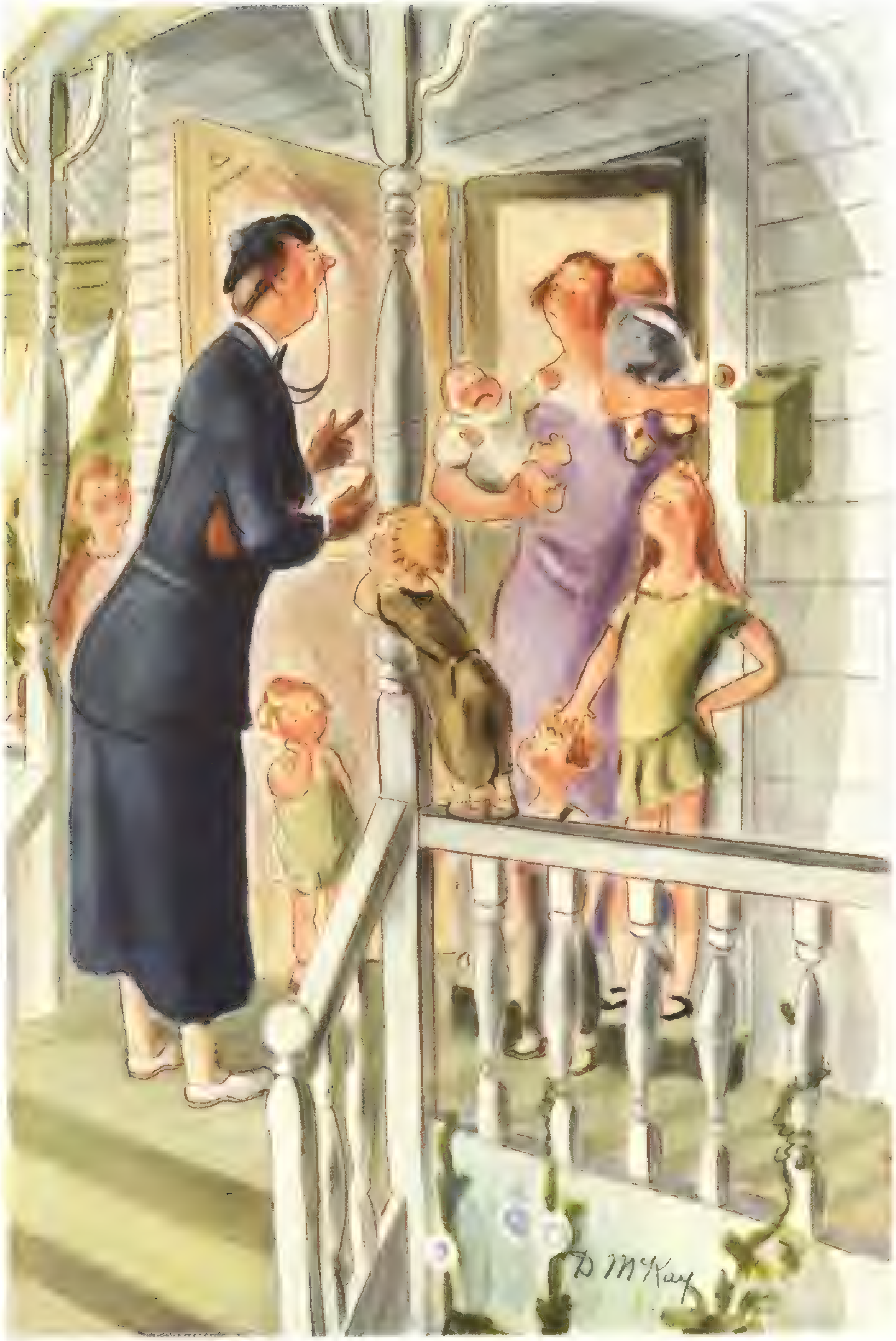
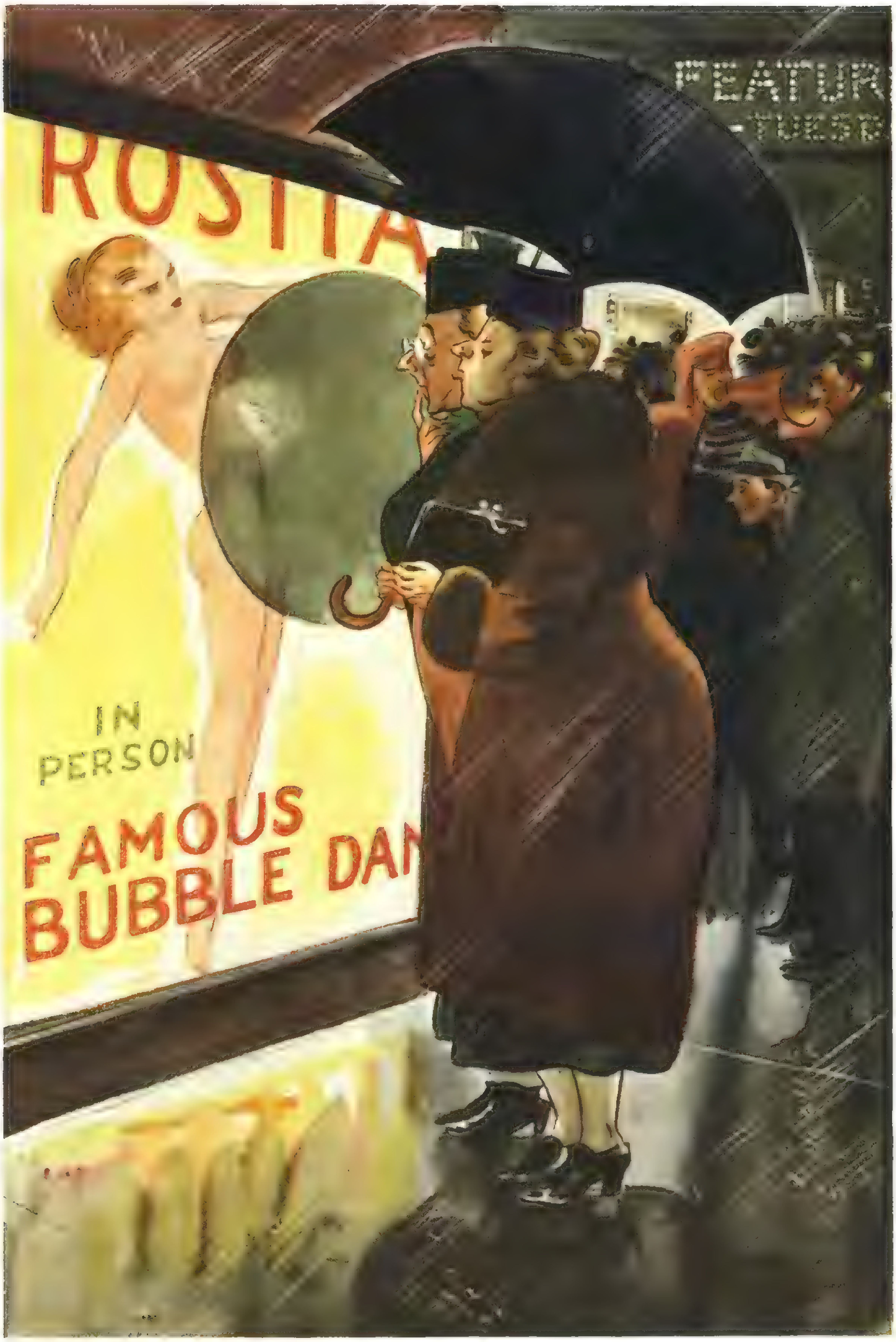


"Will you join our 'Adopt A Child' Movement?"


ROSITA
IN PERSON
FAMOUS BUBBLE DAN
FEATUR
TUESD

"I'd ruther starve!"

Renaissance: For Men Only

Knife throwing may not be an exact science but then neither is sword swallowing

by MAX WILKINSON

• SPORTS •

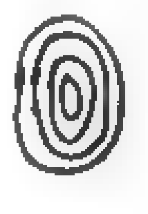
If you're tired of ping-pong and all these games like Conversation and Adjective and Battleship, and you're looking around for something to do with yourself that has a bit of finish and distinction, it's a break for you that we've taken it upon ourselves to do a bit of research in the gentle art of knife throwing. For knife throwing has the finish and the distinction; it's like nothing you've ever done before; and if all the signs are not wrong it is a game you'll *have* to have come deep summer if you expect to keep your name on the best house-party lists.

Knife throwing is not dead. If it appeared to wane with the last frontier the condition, apparently, was only temporary. Our investigations have taken us into the more Lucullian sporting goods bazaars of New York City, and without exception the answer has been the same: "Throwing knives? But surely, sir—and moving briskly they are, too!" The conclusion is obvious. We, as a people, are getting back to our origins, God bless 'em, and the game our grandads played for life and limb is the game we'll play tomorrow for sport.

So—knife throwing being herewith disinterred we'll just tell you that to become fairly proficient at it you don't have to be a side-show freak or a crooked deputy sheriff secretly in the pay of the rustlers. As a matter of fact the most expert man we know at the game is a divinity student with the face of a Correggio angel. A milder chap you never saw—nor a more deadly one with a nine-inch, seven-ounce throwing knife at fifteen feet!

But of course you don't have the emancipated friends we do, and what you know of knife throwing is confined chiefly to the lies you've been told about your great-uncle John who went off to fight the cunning Redskin (we don't want to break you up, old man, but your uncle John, as a matter of fact, was run over by a horse-car in Frisco when fuddled with rum) and a rather hazy memory of a tobacco colored gent called The Senor who ringed a little lady with living steel at the county fair in your fifth or sixth year. These things have their place in the romantic middens of your subconscious and it is not our mission on earth to ply the aseptic shovel.

What we want to do is put you up in the forefront of the social swim. We want to get you out of that defeatist attitude, and restore you in the mind of that chubby little tike whose growing contempt for your war record in the Humperdink Centre Hi ROTC has reached the point when soon it will be him or you, and none of that stuff about the best man winning. In a word, we want to give you a few pointers about the grand old pastime of knife throwing, which is on the way back, and wish you just loads of luck. Be the first man in your set to show at the regular Saturday night club dance with four or five of your favorite shivs and watch their faces when you get down to work. Do.



The first consideration then of the man, woman or child who has hereupon dedicated himself to mastering the art of knife throwing is the knife. You all know the old Hindu saying about the mahout being no better than his ankus.* Translated for our purpose this means that you'll never be much better at knife throwing than your knife. You wouldn't expect to make a two-inch pattern with ten shots at a hundred yards shooting a jerry-built Mauser. No more can you expect to skewer the Ace of Spades four times out of five at twenty feet with a badly balanced knife. How to possess yourself of a blade you can depend upon to make you look no worse than you really are isn't nearly as difficult as you think.

If your wife is not around go out into the kitchen and hunt up that thing you optimistically referred to at the beginning of the holiday season as the carving knife. If you can't find it don't let it get you down. It was introduced in the first place only as an example of the sort of thing you *don't* want to try to throw. It hasn't got the weight or the balance, the blade is too flimsy, and that synthetic deer foot which your sweating palm knew only too well on Christmas Day when the festive bird turned out to be a thinly disguised steel trap would probably fly off and hit you in the eye the first crack out of the box. Forget the kitchen cutlery for once and all. You're a specialist now, and you want a specialist's tool.

There are, on the market, several different styles of throwing knives. Generally speaking they differ only in size and weight. Some have guards, some not. It doesn't matter. All have in common that most important property of the throwing knife, which is balance. Your local sporting goods dealer can probably supply you out of stock. If not, and you can't wait long enough for a mail order to be filled, don't take it out on the family. Somewhere around the place you've more than likely got one of these big flat files, and if figures don't bore you and the family smith is a man who can follow directions we'll have you in there pitching before sundown.

Take your file—or piece of strap steel or old tire iron—to the village metal worker; have it cut down to about ten inches in length, pointed, and one or both sides edged, depending on your kidney, and you'll have a knife capable of some pretty cute work. Finished it should weigh around nine ounces and balance about four and one-half inches measuring from the hilt. A handle is not necessary, but if you are that particular and a wrapping of ordinary bicycle tape won't suffice you can add to the overhead by having a couple holes drilled and a pair of hardwood or metal strips riveted on.

Assuming now that you have a knife that is reasonably well balanced—and if you haven't we don't care to hear any more about it—go out into your backyard, well out of the sight of your neighbors, and cut loose at the first tree that crosses your path. It won't hurt the tree for the simple reason that you won't come anywhere near it, and you will have gotten something out of your system that would have to have been dealt with sooner or later anyway. If you find your knife again count yourself a very lucky fellow indeed; and you can now say, from experience, that careless, undisciplined knife throwing is a waste of good time and energy. If you are at all reflective you will at this point begin to wonder how the experts went about getting that way. All right.

Broadly speaking there are two schools of knife throwers. On the one hand you have the lads who palm the blade, point forward, and toss it, without revolving, with an underhand motion. While this method has the very considerable virtue of being exceedingly accurate for short distances, because of the negligible force you can generate we'll just dismiss it as un-American and better suited to the women and children.

The other and more virile school holds by gripping the point of the blade between the thumb and forefingers and cutting loose overhand. This is the method most favored by side-show jongleurs, and with it the maximum of efficiency at the greatest distance—which is between fifteen and twenty-five feet—is obtainable. The force with which you can drive a knife into a target using this throw is limited only by your strength and

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Editor's Note: There is no such old Hindu saying.

The Talking Encyclopedia

When a prof's wife starts to find out the facts of life there's no limit to research

by DR. ERIC CLARKSON

ARTICLE

One type of person whom I regard as superfluous to human society is the know-it-all. In women, this trait is even more irritating than in men. For while men, in pursuance of their occupations, may gather a great deal of odd information, women's knowledge is usually unorganized, perverse and useless.

Picture my alarm, then, when I noticed that my own wife was developing into a know-it-all! She had got into the habit of opening my reference books at random, and, at the slightest pretext, would bounce forth with a set of obscure and utterly useless facts. She would produce these items with the fluttery feminine smile of triumph seen on the face of a cat, when it lays a mouse at its master's feet.

There was not an item of conversation, not a casual word, but would start her off. From morning to night, she was a continuous fountain of inert facts. On awakening, I couldn't so much as reach for my false teeth in the glass at the bedside without hearing her twitter, "Did you know, darling, that George Washington had false teeth which weighed five pounds?"

It was on the day she made this remark that I determined, once and for all, to squelch her before her know-it-all habit became uncontrollable. "False teeth are nothing new to civilization," I came back snappily. "They are mentioned in the writings of Martialis, as early as the first century. See his Epigrams, xii23."

With that, I dropped to the floor to perform my usual matutinal exercise, which consists in raising and lowering the body with the palms flat on the floor. I had just counted the tenth push-up when I heard her preliminary giggle, then she chirped, "Did you know, darling, that the amount of energy consumed in ten push-ups is contained in one-fiftieth of a teaspoonful of sugar?" She punctuated her remark by cracking a lump of sugar between her teeth, a nasty Russian habit she had recently acquired. Pursuing me into the bathroom, she stared at me as though she had never before seen a man wash his face. "Did you know, darling," she cooed, "that the French have recently succeeded in making soap out of grasshoppers?"

"Shaving," I sputtered through the lather, "began in France when Louis XIII came to the throne young and beardless. The nobles immediately sought to rid themselves of their beards in his honor."

"Uh-huh," the woman said. "And the Normans forced the Anglo-Saxons to shave. Did you know that, darling?"

"The first man to shave daily was Scipio Africanus!" I retorted, keeping a firm hold on my temper, so as not to give her the pleasure of seeing me cut myself with the razor. But the creature had seated herself on the edge of the bathtub, and was calmly brushing out her long wavy hair, with that snaky hissing sound that can be so irritating to one's morning nerves. "Strange," she innocently observed, "that science has been unable to discover why curly hair is curly."

"The life of a single hair on the human head is from six to ten years," I stated. But there was no holding her. As I was getting into my trousers she sang out, "Well, darling, I see you still wear the breeches in this house. Did you know, darling, that among the ancient Greeks wearing the breeches was a mark of slavery?"

"The buttons on the back of a man's coat are a relic of the days when such buttons were used to suspend his sword belt," I informed her.

"There!" She flicked at the lapels of my coat. "My darling is spick and span."

"Spick and span," I kept at her, determined to overwhelm her know-it-all attitude once and for all, "is a term that originated when cloth was stretched on spikes and spanners." I looked at my watch.

"Did you know, darling," my spouse's dulcet tones broke in, "that the hand of your watch travels a little over half a mile a year. If the watch doesn't stop?"

"Spiders stopped the courthouse clock in a town in Indiana by weaving their webs in its works," I reminded her.

To my utter discomfiture, she was ready for that one. "Spiders aren't so smart," she said. "They don't even know enough to mend their webs when they're broken, but start out and build entirely new ones."

As a counter-annoyance, I crackled the morning newspaper at the breakfast table.

"Well, darling, who's striking today?" she chirped.

"Strikes are nothing new," I asserted. "The temple flute players in ancient Rome struck when they were denied the privilege of dining in the shrine of Jove."

"Did they win?" she inquired. Now there is an example of the misdirection of the feminine mind. The important thing about that incident was the fact that the flute-players struck. What did it matter who won!

"Yes," I cried. "They won!"

"Darling," she murmured, "one fifth of the hospital beds in the United States are occupied by insane patients suffering from dementia praecox alone."

"I know it!" I thundered. "And it costs the United States one million dollars a day to take care of them!"

I thought this would hold her for the day, but she came right out to the car with me and informed me that I could drive her to the bank. My wife does all the withdrawing.

"Eight million cars on the streets of this country today are worth less than $25 apiece," she observed, slamming the door, which hasn't shut properly for the past few years.

"Knee action wheels are nothing new. They were first used on the Eisenbach car in 1898," I told her. "Furthermore, there's no sense in these streamlined high speed cars for general use such as commuting to and from the city. The scientific truth is that the faster the cars go, the slower the traffic goes. Now take a crowded road like this. The capacity of the highway at 55 miles an hour is 2700 cars per hour; at 34.5 miles an hour the capacity of the road is 2900 cars an hour. So you see, 34.5 is the most efficient pace for society."

By this time I was beginning to succeed in breaking down her know-it-all attitude. I could tell by the nervous tapping of her foot against the floor-board. Just then we slowed down for an intersection. A silver-gray car cut sharply into the lane directly in front of me.

"The bastard!" my wife screamed. "Don't let him get away with it!"

Now, as I had her on the run, so to speak, I thought I might as well cure her of another obnoxious habit: swearing. I don't like to hear women use foul language. "My dear," I said, "if you want to swear at the man why not call him some name that fits his crime, such as usurper of the highway. Bastard is not really a term of opprobrium. During the Renaissance, in fact, it was considered something of an honor to be a bastard, as the union of hot blood was thought to produce offspring of strong character. As you know, many great personages of history have been bastards. For instance, Leonardo da Vinci was the illegitimate son of a lawyer and a peasant girl. Erasmus was the son of a priest and his housekeeper. The name of the priest was Gerard the Facetious."

"Is that so!" my wife cried. "Men aren't the only important illegitimates! Mary Godwin Shelley, the author of Frankenstein, was

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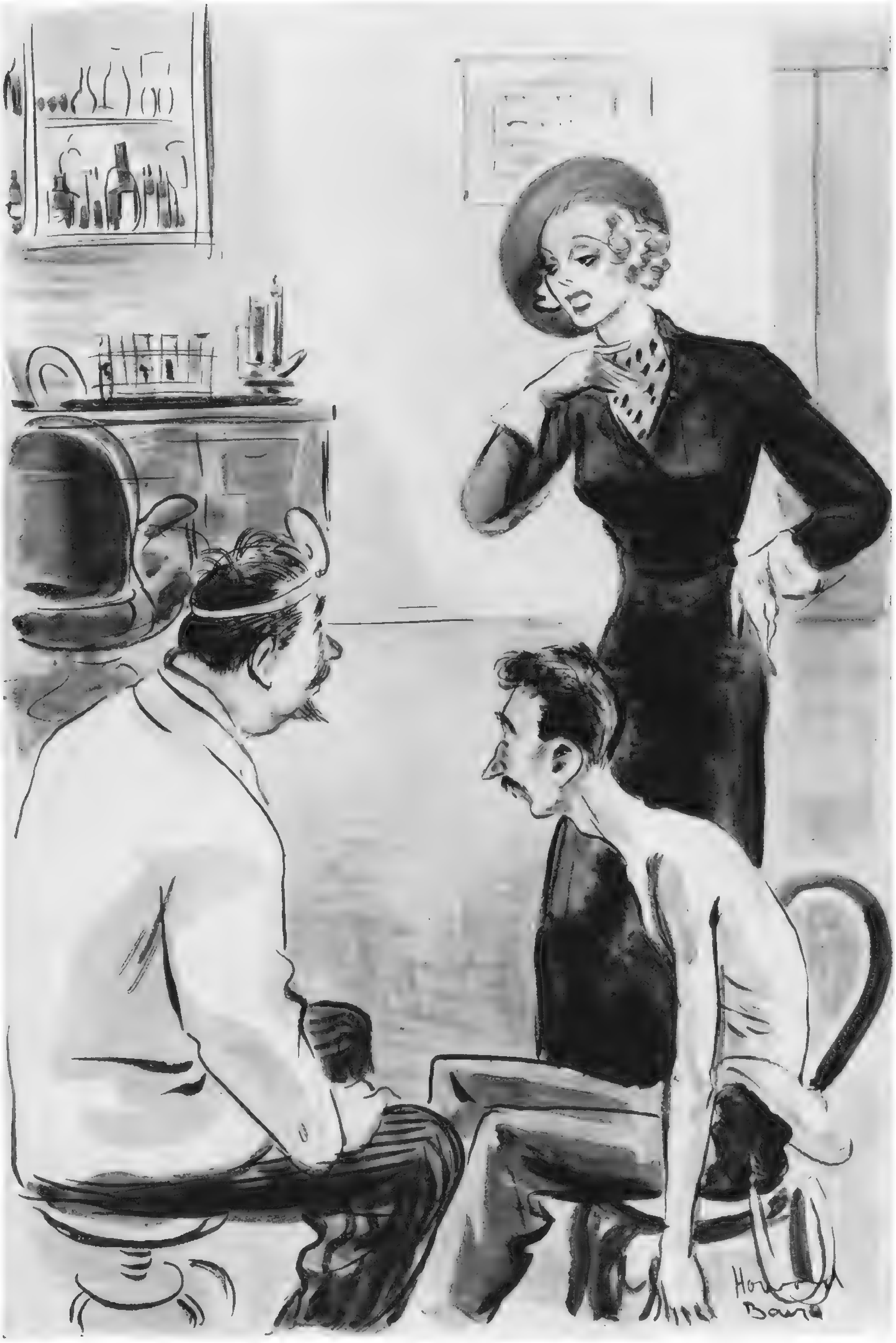

“Maybe if I went away for awhile—?”

Is the Jury Ever Right?

Continued from page 62

ing the 8 mistakes each witness made from the 41 correct statements? If two or more witnesses made the same mistake you'd be pretty likely to accept it as truth. Of course, you wouldn't have to wonder continually whether the witnesses were lying, as some of them undoubtedly would be in court. But still your fact-finding job would prove impossibly difficult—two-thirds of the real facts would remain a mystery because none of the witnesses observed them.

Free narration, which is kept down to a minimum in court, is by far the most reliable form of testimony. Direct examination is slightly more complete than free narration, but also contains more errors. Cross-examination while furnishing the most entertainment for the jury, is practically worthless as an aid to fact-finding. But juries, instead of discounting the tricks of cross-examining lawyers, are likely to remember the answers thus obtained as high spots in an otherwise dull and boresome proceeding.

"Isn't it true," asked cross-examining counsel in a hotly contested divorce case, "that you were found unclothed in the co-respondent's apartment, by your husband and his detectives, and that the co-respondent was found there also in a similar condition? Answer yes or no."

"Yes," stammered the blameless wife, whose husband had told her that he had rented the apartment for her, "no! That is to say—I wasn't there, ah—*he* wasn't there."

The jury snickered. Cross-examining counsel had practically won his case with that one question. The real facts were that divorce evidence had been framed. The co-respondent had come into the apartment without the woman's knowledge, while she was taking a bath, and had removed his clothes in another room. If she had answered "yes" to the cross-examination question, the jury would have understood her answer as an admission that she and the co-respondent had disrobed together in an apartment she knew to be his. If she had answered "no" her answer would have seemed like a defiant lie, since she had already admitted going to the apartment which she really thought was her own, and undressing there to take a bath.

The jury found the girl guilty of misconduct with the co-respondent and awarded her husband a divorce. It was the "professional" co-respondent who later suffered an attack of conscience and gave the show away.

Most members of the legal profession will admit that human testimony is fallible. But they support the jury system on the theory that mistakes made by one witness will be corrected by another. The jury's finding of fact is supposed, for this reason, to be more accurate and more complete than the testimony of any one witness.

But it isn't. I had the testimony of 30 witnesses—24 of them lawyers—considered and passed upon by 6 juries, 3 juries of men and 3 of women. The jury findings were then compared with the reliability of the witnesses' testimony. Four of the six juries proved less complete and less accurate in their findings than the average witness whose testimony they had considered. Two of the juries were more efficient than the average witness, though less reliable than the best witnesses. The average jury was just about as dependable in its findings as the average witness was in his testimony. A large number of witnesses to the same incident do not boost the jury's batting average—it still remains about one-third complete and one-fifth wrong regardless of the number of witnesses called.

And if such be the rating of six highly educated and intelligent juries, with all witnesses also above the general level of intelligence and telling the truth to the best of their beliefs and abilities, what will be the rating of an ordinary jury listening to average witnesses in court? What do *you* think—can such a jury ever be right enough in its total reconstruction of facts to support a just and logical verdict?

In my jury experiments psychological observers were planted in the jury-room to find out how errors in fact-finding were made. They discovered that jurors of both sexes gave much greater weight to the testimony of witnesses who were very positive in their statements than to those who were hesitant and cautious. The jurors should have followed precisely the opposite rule. Analysis of testimony actually shows that witnesses who think carefully before answering questions and in general exercise the greatest caution, give by far the most accurate and complete evidence.

In one instance, jurors ignored 11 reasonably cautious witnesses and believed a single witness who threw both caution and reason to the winds. The reasonable eleven described the Texan as wearing ordinary clothes.

These witnesses were not very certain, nor were they in agreement as to the exact colors of his suit, overcoat and hat, but no extraordinary colors were mentioned. Came, then, the dawn of fantasy. The twelfth witness swore positively that the young man had worn one high shoe and one low one; that one shoe was black and the other tan; that his necktie was bright scarlet, tied in a flowing bow, with a red coat to match. This witness' manner was self-assertive as Napoleon's.

He had believed utterly what he was saying—having been kidded into it by friends who knew he was hypersuggestible—and he resisted all attacks upon his reliability, fighting back aggressively at his cross-examiner like Dr. Condon in the Hauptmann case.

As a result of his certainty, both juries, male and female, found facts in accordance with this fantastic testimony! They believed the freak witness, my observers reported, because they thought nobody would make up such a wild tale—he must have seen the crazy clothes he told about or he would never have thought of describing them. Then, too, he was so sure of himself, so confident, and he made such a fool of the cross-examiner!

But if juries are prone to accept without question anything a confidence-inspiring witness says, they are just as likely to reject in total the story of a witness whom they regard as untrustworthy, no matter how strong the evidence supporting his story may be. A special jury of eleven, sophisticated New York business men recently awarded the charming Mrs. Wilma E. Gould a verdict of $25,000 against her brother-in-law and his detectives for framing divorce evidence against her and so damaging her character. This despite the fact that a well-known call-house *madame* testified that the pretty plaintiff was one of her girls up to the very night before her marriage. Bruce Reynolds, foreman of the jury, explained their verdict by saying, "Had it been any other man with whom she went to the so-called love-nest, we might not have felt as we did." In brief, the jury discarded all defense evidence because they distrusted "Prince Mike Romanoff," the amusing scapegrace whose story the evidence tended to corroborate. Psychologically, the very fact that Mrs. Gould believed this convincing imposter to be a prince was evidence that she went with him voluntarily. As one of her former girl-friends explained to those unheeding jurors, "Some men might have had to use drugs on Wilma—but not a Prince!"

Another pet juristic theory which the jury-test experiments exploded was the traditional notion that seeing a witness on the stand and hearing him testify helps the jury greatly in finding the real facts. Hearing oral testimony is more entertaining but less fact-producing than is the reading of typewritten testimony taken outside the jury's presence.

The findings of juries who never saw the witnesses proved superior both in completeness and accuracy to the findings of juries who heard testimony in the usual way. Jurors are not trained psychologists—why should we expect them to avoid personal prejudice for or against witnesses who appear before them under artificial conditions? Their judgment is far more reliable when based upon logical analysis of typed statements.

But suppose, after all, you had to risk your life at the hands of twelve good men or true women. Suppose the law put you on a spot and left it up to a jury to find the facts which would send you to your home or your hereafter? Many quite innocent people have faced this situation. Would you prefer to be tried by men or by women? No, the answer does not depend upon your sex—unless you happen to be an especially alluring female. The answer depends upon whether the true facts will convict or acquit you. If you want the best fact-finders, pick a jury of women.

Female juries excel male juries, on the average, both in completeness of findings and in accuracy of report. Women are more painstaking than men, and far more patient in working out detailed facts. My women jurors went over their notes again and again, searching for details which had escaped them. Two of the three female juries prepared exhaustive charts, comparing the testimony of all witnesses on every point in issue. No male jury did this. Men become quickly impatient with details. They want to get through with the job and get it over with.

Each man has his own ideas of "how it must have been," and is more interested in defending his own acumen than in sifting out the evidence objectively. Women jurors are frequently stubborn-minded, but usually

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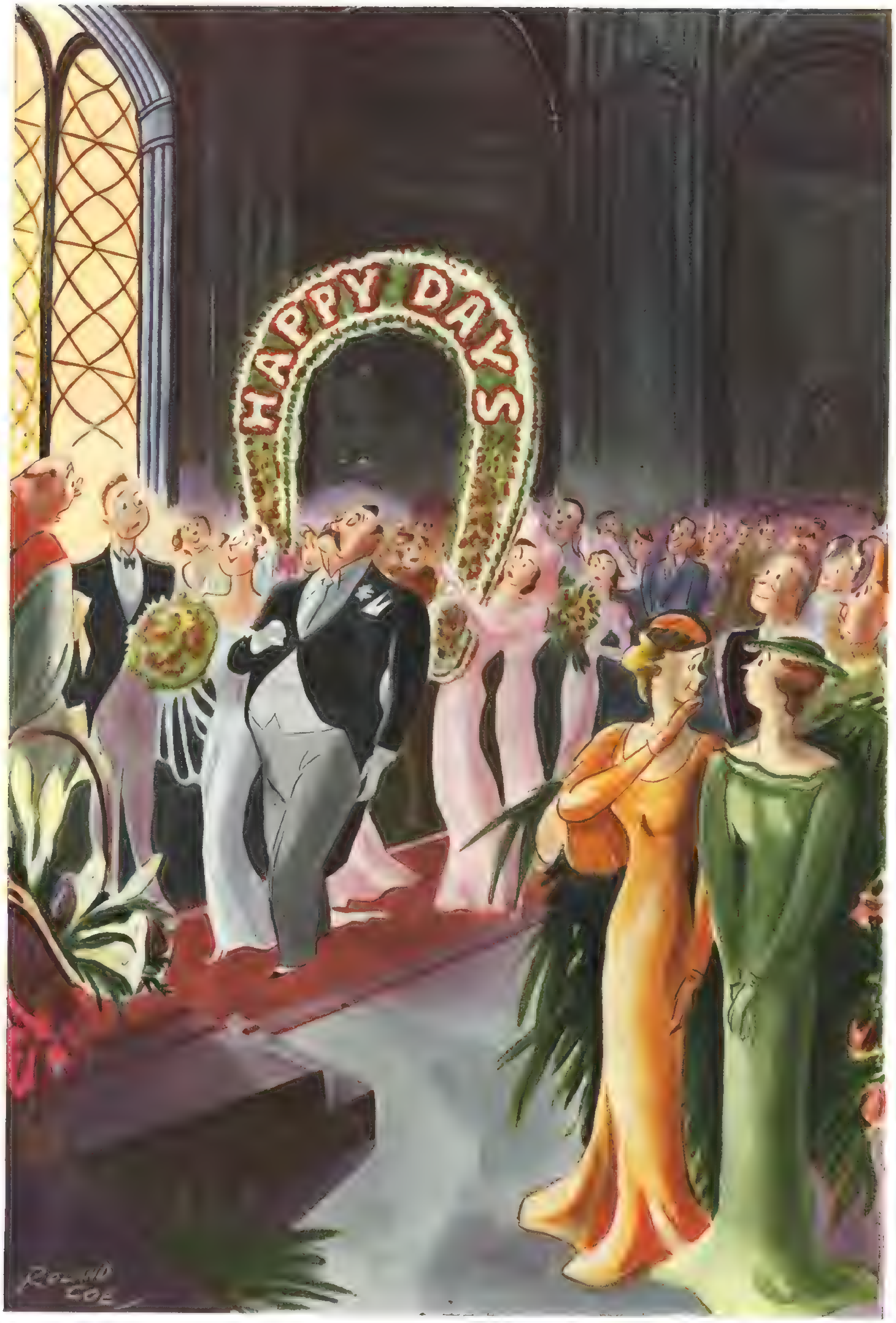
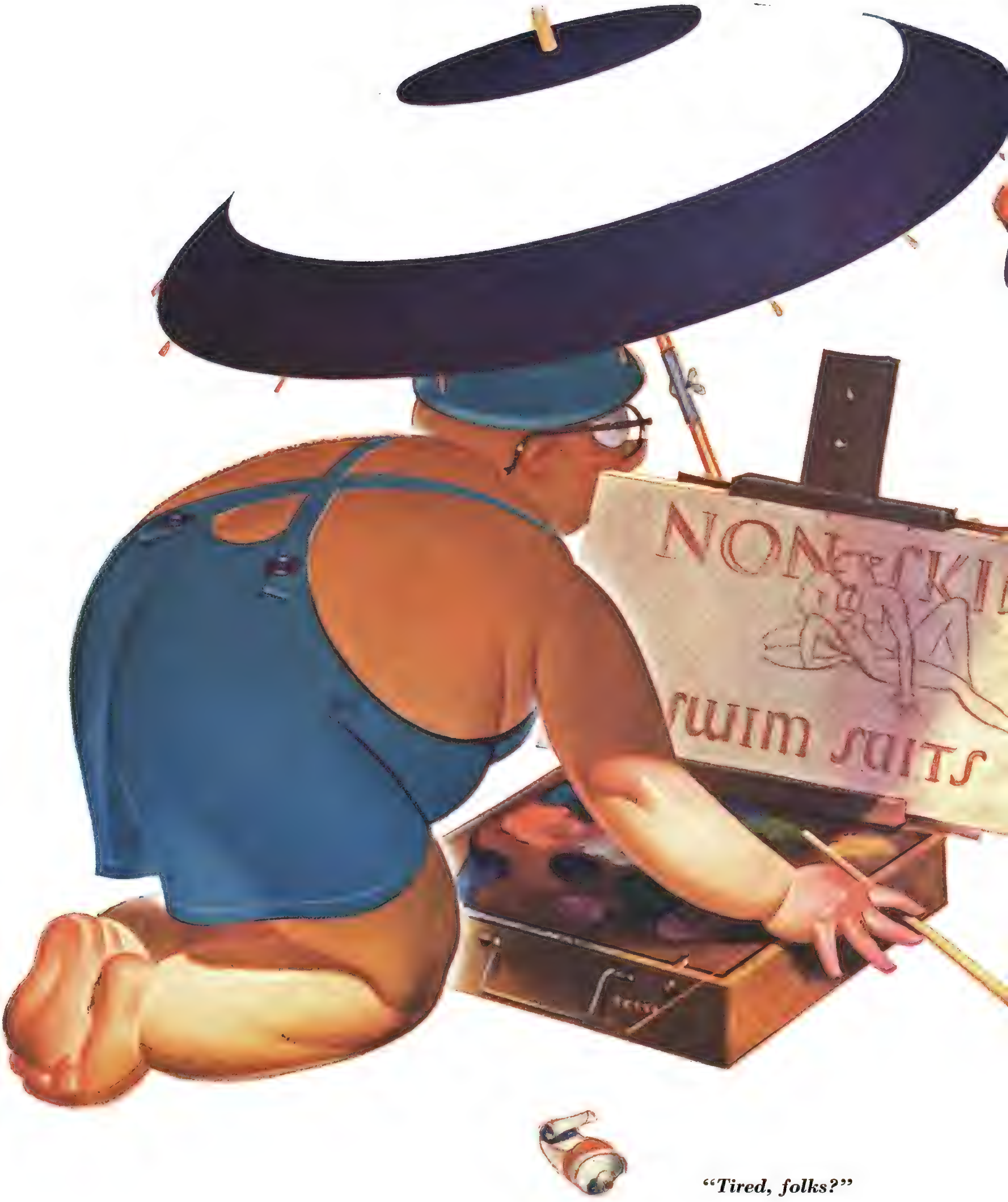
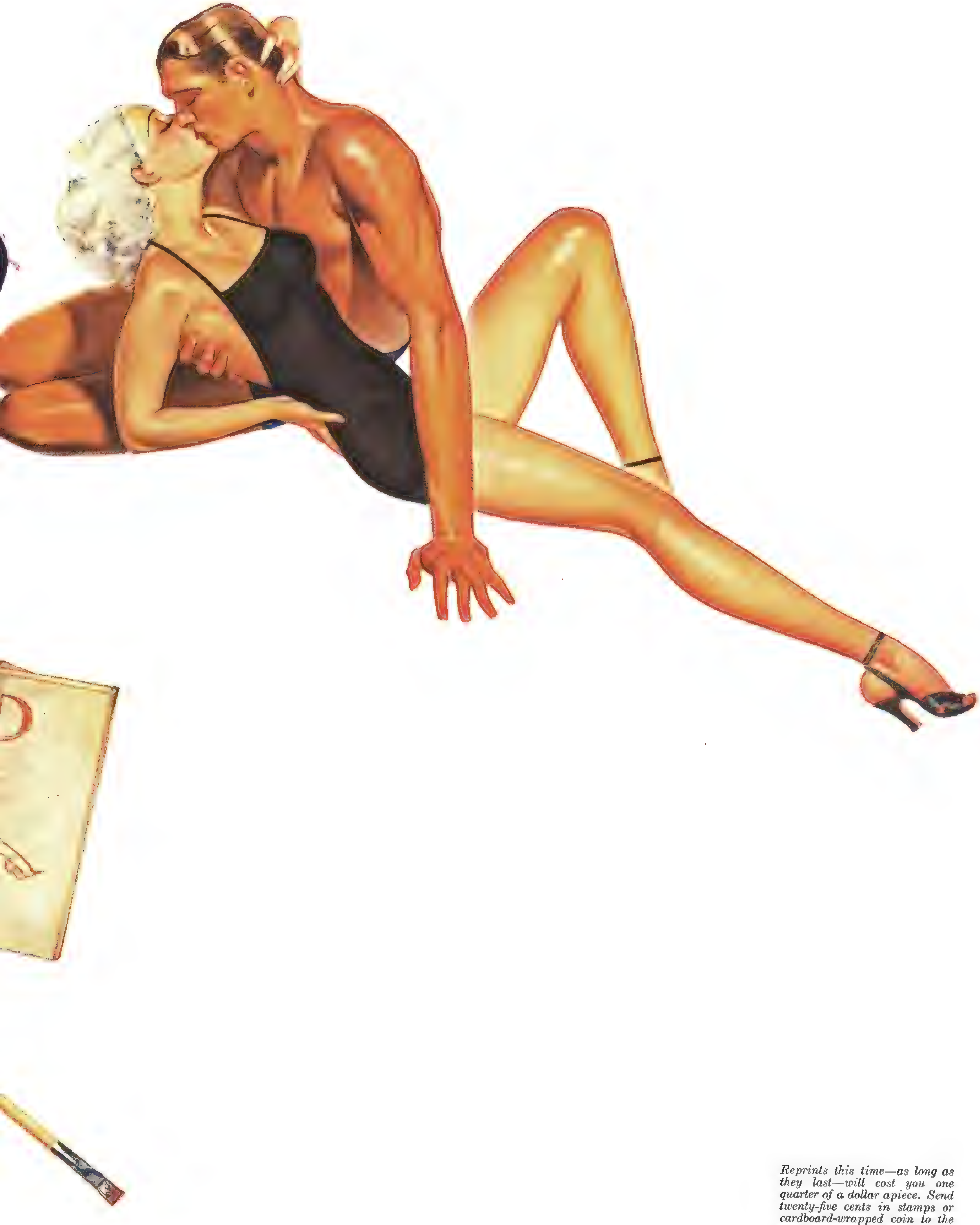

HAPPY DAYS
ROLAND COE

"Her old man is a florist"


NON-SKI
SWIM SUITS

"Tired, folks?"



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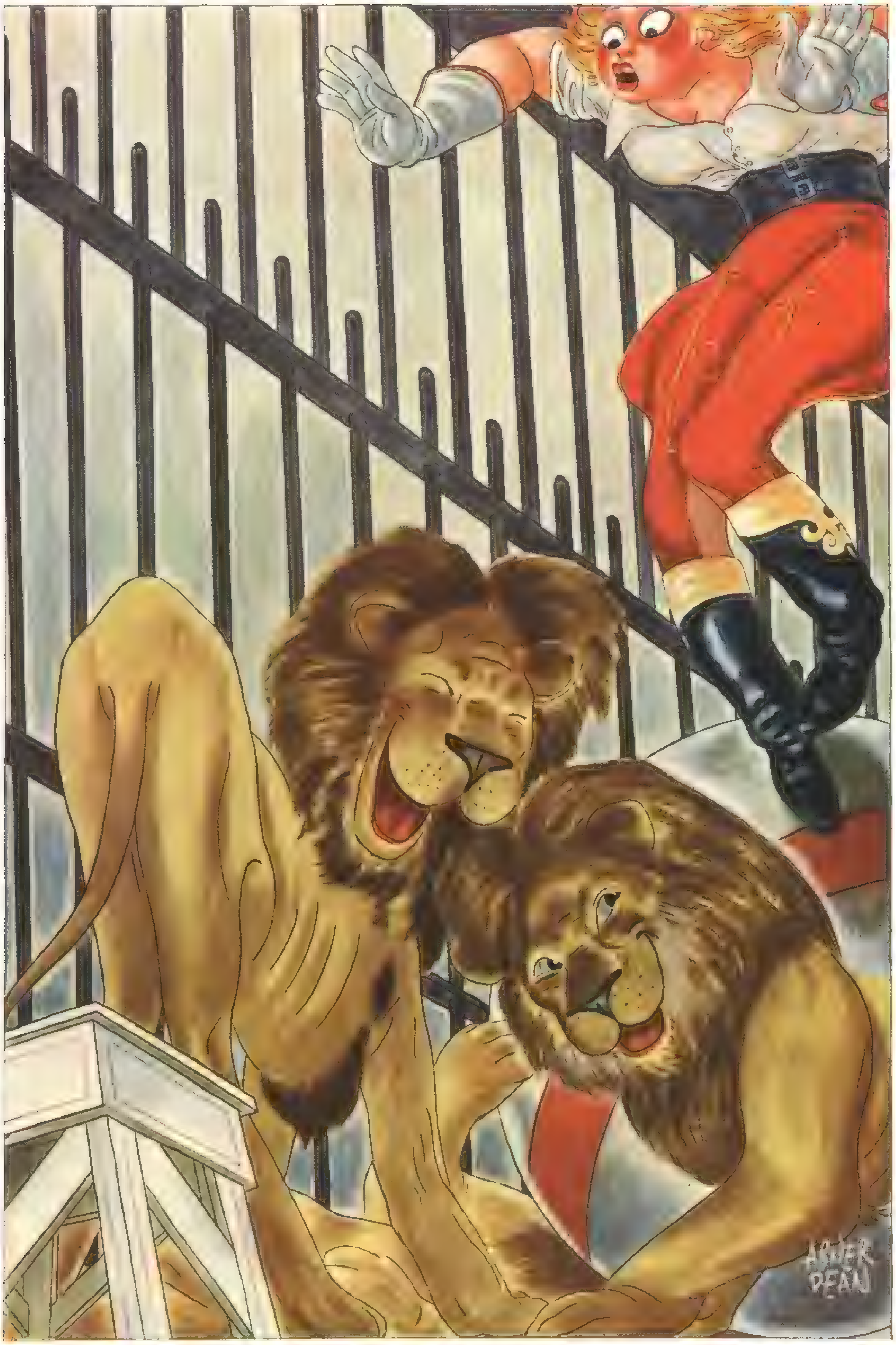

"What'll we make her do now?"

Is the Jury Ever Right?

Continued from pages 62-92

because they have misunderstood some disputed point. Once a woman juror understands what the other woman is talking about she will discuss the issue on its merits. Men juries do relatively better on logical analysis of typed testimony. Women show the greatest margin of superiority in psychological analysis of the witnesses themselves during oral testimony.

But if you are being tried by women jurors, look out for handsome, self-assertive men witnesses. Several errors of fact were written into my female juries' findings because a good-looking young Irish lawyer insisted that his observations were right and those of all other witnesses were wrong on certain points. Male jurors invariably threw out the Irishman's statements. Or if, by chance, you are a personable male and are being tried by women jurors by all means take the stand in your own defense. Even if you are guilty of robbing or kidnapping a woman, you may very likely enlist her sympathies in your behalf. Mary McElroy, who was kidnapped from her bathtub by the McGee boys and kept chained to a farmhouse wall for 39 hours, is having a nervous breakdown because her kidnappers have been convicted and Walter McGee is under sentence of death for the crime. "All kidnappers but mine," says Miss McElroy, "should hang." They gave her roses and showed her how a machine-gun worked to wile away her captive hours. "I didn't mind being chained," she said, "after all they couldn't have me running around." Though McGee is uneducated, uncouth and has a criminal record for bank-robbery, the kidnapped girl described him as "nice, well-educated, and not of the criminal class." Which goes to show how strictly any woman may be expected to adhere to fact-finding when there's a dominant male in the case.

The best possible fact-finder under our present law is a judge. Three judges—two men and a woman—decisively proved their superiority over juries in my experiments. A judge, for one thing, doesn't have anybody to argue with and so devotes his full attention to the evidence.

The judge who was kind enough to compete with my first set of male and female juries was no less distinguished a person than Dr. John Henry Wigmore, Dean of the law school at Northwestern University and one of America's foremost authorities on the law of evidence. Dean Wigmore, as might have been expected, excelled both juries by a wide margin in the reliability of his findings.

The other two judges who took part in my experiments were not lawyers though both were professional fact-finders in other fields. One was a reporter, the other an historian. Dr. C. C. Tansill, professor of American history, proved remarkably accurate in his findings, but less complete than Dr. Wigmore. Miss Emily Davis, reporter for *Science Service*, surpassed both her male competitors. With the juries' average score taken as zero, the net score for the three judges was as follows: woman reporter, 16.5; man lawyer, 12.3; man historian, 5.3. The fact-finding abilities of reporter and lawyer, according to these results, seem to lie fairly close together. But history suffers sadly from the contrast—only one-third as reliable as it would have been if written by a newspaper woman! It is surely a pity that the law forbids trying cases before a female reporter with the jury thrown out of court.

But if, when all is said, juries cannot find the facts, there is one consolation for those who like to see wonders performed in strange ways. Justice may rise triumphant over fact-finding, and over logic as well. Many a verdict, based upon totally wrong facts, has produced substantial justice—either by destroying a dangerous enemy of society or by freeing a man not guilty as charged.

Consider, for example, the Twichell case, tried before a jury in Philadelphia. A maid in the Twichell house was in the habit of unbolting a gate in the high wall surrounding the back yard every morning. One morning she found her mistress, Mrs. Twichell, dead in the back yard, her skull smashed in with a poker which lay beside her. The maid ran out through the back gate to the street and called the police. She told the officers that she had found the gate locked and had unbolted it herself. Since this gate was the only means by which an outsider could have entered the yard where the body was found, and since Twichell himself was the only insider with a motive for killing the woman, he was indicted on the maid's testimony for his wife's murder.

At the trial the maid repeated her story about the gate being locked. The jury believed her and convicted Twichell. Later the prisoner confessed to his lawyer that he was guilty. But he had been convicted on false facts. He had killed his wife upstairs, inside the house, and had carried her body down to the yard. Then he had gone to great pains to unlock the back gate and leave it ajar, thus planting evidence which pointed to some outsider entering the yard and killing Mrs. Twichell.

The mistaken maid had testified from habit and not from real memory at all—she honestly believed she had unlocked the gate because she had done so every morning for many years. Twichell was rightly convicted on fallacious testimony, wrongly accepted as fact by the jury. Perhaps they didn't like his face or the way he combed his hair. But if the jury hadn't found the wrong facts the law would not have permitted them to declare this murderer guilty beyond a reasonable doubt.

Or take the recent case of Albert H. Fish, one of the most dangerous and repulsive maniacs in criminal annals. He confessed to the murder of a little girl and pleaded insanity. He had killed at least three children in ghastly ways, eating the flesh of his victims. Evidence showed that this old man had been suffering all his life from the worst possible combination of abnormalities, masochism and sadism. Reputable and unprejudiced alienists testified that Fish was legally insane.

He had played whipping games with his own children in an abnormal way. He had tortured both his victims and himself. He had thrust 29 steel needles into his abdomen, suffering constant pain as a result. While in prison he twice carved his own body with improvised instruments, enjoying the pain, and matter-of-factly reported the visits of angels who talked to him. In discussing his own possible execution, Fish smiled in ecstasy, saying that to burn in the chair would be the final supreme thrill of his warped life.

Could any rational person doubt that this man was insane? But the law says that insane people can't be executed. The jury wanted to kill him. So they found that he was sane.

This jury obviously did not concern itself with facts but only with its own, preconceived idea of justice. And this justice could not have been carried out had the facts been found correctly. Theirs not to reason why but to avenge horribly murdered children. Fish himself will doubtless be grateful to them for their decision as the death hour approaches, thus furnishing the final, conclusive proof of that fact which the jury denied.

It is difficult to escape the conclusion that complete or accurate fact-finding can never be accomplished by juries under our present judicial system. It is equally certain that competent fact-finding is the only possible foundation for justice. Law itself is valueless until facts are found which enable the authorities to apply the law justly to individuals concerned. Because the more important facts cannot be established in the minds of a jury, our leading racketeer-murderers like Capone are not sent to prison for murder but for failing to pay an income tax on the profits of murder. To permit juries to take the law into their own hands regardless of facts, as in the Fish case, is to sanction legal lynching. What must be done is to improve our fact-finding process.

A few practical suggestions may be made without waiting for Utopia. Women can be impaneled on trial juries increasingly, without change of present law. With very slight alteration in our legal machinery, provision might be made for taking depositions of witnesses—free from cross-examination—immediately after the occurrence witnessed, or as soon as legal action started. The fact-finding value of such freshly remembered, written testimony is probably a hundred times as great as the value of oral testimony taken under present court conditions.

Juries may be encouraged, or even required, within the discretion of a trial judge, to read written testimony before reaching a decision. This would counteract personal prejudice against witnesses in the jurors' minds to a surprising degree. In many types of cases fair-minded litigants who seek genuine justice may waive trial by jury and have the facts found by a judge. Experts in detecting deception may be called to the stand and deception tests permitted under proper psychological conditions for getting at the real truth. Psychological experts in the interpretation of testimony may be asked to sit as "friend of the court" by judges who are willing to admit that there is still something for a judge to learn in analyzing humans.

Some of these suggested improvements in the fact-finding process are already in the throes of practical development. But until science finds the facts in law as it does the germs in medicine, justice must be based on guess-work as was pill-peddling in the Middle Ages. #

The Listening Post

Season-end clearance of items, including club conventions, that clutter up the musical calendar

by SIGMUND SPAETH

• MUSIC •

Every two years the National Federation of Music Clubs indulges in an orgy prosaically known as the Biennial Convention, which is actually full of drama, politics, hopes, fears, plots, ideals, triumphs and heart-aches, with—this'll surprise you—a fair amount of good music thrown in.

This year's Biennial was the nineteenth, and it was held in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, which happens to be my home town, and incidentally a place of some musical reputation. As always on such occasions, the week's program tried to include far more than could possibly be given a fair hearing, and much of the excitement came from desperate efforts to catch up with the schedule. It is really surprising that in the turmoil of meetings, committee huddles, luncheons, dinners, concerts, demonstrations, speeches, exhibits and sight-seeing so much could be accomplished and so many people could have a good time.

Eliminating the blah-blah that is characteristic of all conventions (and by no means limited to the ladies), it seems that the National Federation of Music Clubs really believes in music as a factor in the "enrichment of life," that it is conducting study courses for its members and encouraging participation in music wherever possible, that it gives prizes to young artists of promise, and even an occasional engagement, that it boosts American musicians without being too chauvinistic about it, that it co-operates with relief projects where music is concerned, that it would like to see our colleges doing more about music, and finally that it hopes eventually for a Minister of Fine Arts in Washington.

All of these are admirable ideals, and many of the women of the Music Clubs are trying sincerely to carry them out. The President, Mrs. J. A. Jardine, of Fargo, North Dakota, is of the hard-working, self-effacing type, honestly anxious to be of service, and greatly respected by her fellow-workers. She has received much practical assistance from the past President, Mrs. E. J. Ottaway, whose home is in Port Huron, Michigan, and her staff includes also such efficient people as Mrs. Henry Schurmann, of Indianapolis, the national recording Secretary, Mrs. Edgar Stillman Kelley, wife of the composer, Mrs. Vincent Ober, of Virginia, who runs the Junior activities of the Federation, Mrs. Paul Weaver, of Ithaca, who edits the magazine, Mrs. John P. Buchanan, of Tennessee, who specializes in American music, and others. For the Philadelphia convention, Mrs. Edward Philip Linch made a highly successful chairman, with fine co-operation from Miss Julia Williams and Mrs. Ella Hartung, locally, as well as such distant ladies as Mrs. Donald Spencer of Portland, Oregon, Mrs. John F. Lyons of Fort Worth, Texas, Mrs. T. C. Donovan of Pittsburgh and Mrs. H. A. Patterson of Minneapolis. It was unquestionably a national affair in every sense.

While I could not be present in person except on the final day of the Biennial, a glance at the elaborate program (with a blue picture of Independence Hall on the cover, that came off on your fingers after you had carried it around for a while) indicated that the earlier sessions had been graced by the presence of Giovanni Martinelli, Nelson Eddy, José Iturbi, Kathryn Meisle (a former contest winner) and Albert Spalding, that the Philadelphia Orchestra had been heard in a concert, led by Mr. Iturbi (who also played the piano on the final day) and that the contest judges included such distinguished musicians as Artur Bodanzky, Leopold Godowsky, Hans Kindler and the late Herbert Witherspoon.

My own interest centered in two masculine contributions to the convention, both of which I was lucky enough to hear in person. The first was the Philadelphia Harmonica Band, led by Albert Hoxie, and the second was the Amphion Male Chorus, of Fargo, N. D. and Moorhead, Minnesota, under the baton of Daniel L. Preston.

There is a curious stimulus in hearing so simple an instrument as the harmonica played really well, particularly by a number of boys together. It encourages one to think that highbrow intolerance will not always handicap the spread of music, and that some people who have been baffled at the mere thought of trying to play an instrument may actually get started in this humble fashion and eventually find themselves playing in a regular band or even a symphony orchestra (but not on the harmonica). It was hardly necessary to be patronizing about the Philadelphia Harmonica Band, for Mr. Hoxie's boys achieved some surprisingly musical effects. To any man whose mother may have been frightened by an oboe before his birth, I would say: "Try a few mild harmonica treatments. You won't recognize the old face."

As for the Amphion Chorus, it is quite possible that they are the finest group of male singers in America today. They gave an impressive concert in New York on this same trip, and their performances in Philadelphia were little short of spectacular. These singers are all business men, ninety-two of them altogether, and they paid their own way from North Dakota and Minnesota to show the East what a male chorus can be, with the right combination of personnel, enthusiasm and leadership.

The Amphions sing everything from Palestrina to college glee club stuff and the *Star Spangled Banner*. The voices are of good quality, but they get their effects chiefly through the musical directing and training of Mr. Preston, who must be a real wizard in his line. They stopped the show with their treatment of that fast-moving little song by Dick Kountz called *The Sleigh*, and they were perfectly secure in their classics too. The presence of that male chorus was the greatest tribute that could have been paid to the National Federation of Music Clubs, and one of the most encouraging signs of our fundamental musical integrity.

Of course the women's clubs gave plenty of good performances of their own. I happened to hear the Philadelphia Music Club Chorus and that of the Matinee Musical Club, separately and together, and the Cecilian Singers of Minneapolis, who used special lighting effects, all doing excellent work. There was also a harp ensemble under the direction of Carlos Salzedo, and a real novelty in the old music played by the American Society of Ancient Instruments. If you want to know about the others, you'll have to read the Music Clubs' Magazine.

Music for Everybody. New York has been going in for hobby shows recently, and in all of them music played an important part. (Why not?)

At the Industrial Arts exhibition in Radio City, a lot of excitement was caused by the Hammond Organ, which plays without pipes but produces all the sounds electrically. A publicity cocktail party, engineered by Charlie Bonner and his associates, brought out an impressive group of celebrities, reaching a climax when Martinelli and Rosa Ponselle sang duets, while Pietro Yon played a Hammond accompaniment. I was rather surprised that he didn't know how to harmonize *O Sole Mio*. But the organ is fine (swell is the technical term), and you can have lots of

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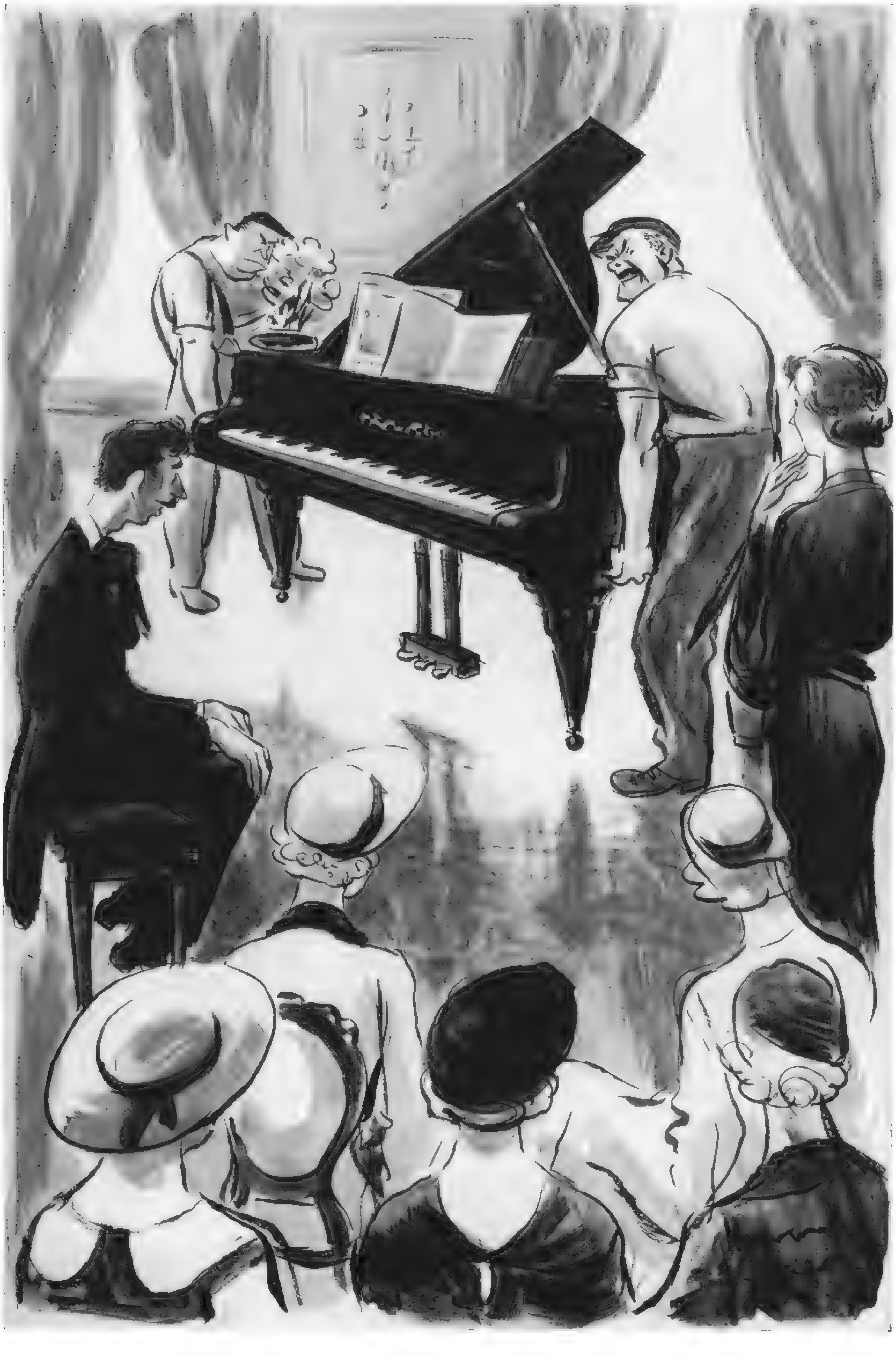


"I can't help it if he's playing Beethoven—I'm supposed to collect twenty bucks"

Never Soap the Beer Glass

Continued from page 76

fermenting, the ale is brought down into a species of mill-races called barm-troughs which are attended underneath by rows of barrels the way little pigs attend mama. The barrels imbibe the ale and, as they fill up, give off the excess yeast through safety-valve pipes in their tops, returning it to the maternal trough till the latter is all wool. For a finishing, the ale is run off into still more ponds and lagoons, whence, strained of any lees, it is barreled for the market.

Perverse as their attitude may seem, Bass & Co. decline to bottle. They leave *that* to mere bottlers, exporters and the like. Under the pretext that brewing is in itself a sufficient occupation, fifteen types of Bass are concentrated upon, the majority of them entirely consumed in England. But the world puts up with this situation so long as it can obtain Bass's Pale Ale, which is transportable even on the desert, creating oases everywhere it goes.

Here in the States, where "beer" means "lager" to the same bigoted degree that in England it means "ale," there are nevertheless whole clumps and clusters of people who admit not only acquaintance with a certain creamy-headed brew, but actual friendship. Sentiment, even. For it wasn't solely connoisseurship in rare books that created the Grolier Club—not if you've seen the old Dutch tap-room, brought along and enshrined in the club's present building as a souvenir of those early evenings when ideals were still in the making and mugs were mugs. Nor could the Salmagundi, fond home of painter men, ever have attained its mellow delightfulness on a régime limited to oils and water colors, any more than the St. Botolph Club in Boston could have consistently skimmed the cultural cream of that city without occasional uppage of bottoms. As for the historic Players, founded by Edwin Booth in a mansion overlooking Gotham's Gramercy Park, one may learn its club traditions from the names graven on pewters pendant from the plate rail in the grill room: Joseph Jefferson, Grover Cleveland, Stanford White, Samuel L. Clemens (rather better known as Mark Twain), and so on. Apparently, ale isn't as strange to Americans as some drinkers assume it to be.

For the sake of the scattered yet staunch demanders, sundry ales, of Anglo-American type, are being brewed over here. Recently I visited a modest little million-dollar plant where the British system is emulated most interestingly.

Another member of the beer family I wouldn't mind seeing transplanted over here is the rich, lusty brunette called stout. Unfortunately, Dublin hangs on to it, sending mere bottles when I'd prefer the whole brewery, which happens to be the biggest in the world. Then, too, there's a difficulty about water. Guinness gets it soft and special from certain springs in the County Kildare, to the tune of four hundred million gallons a year. Into this flood go well-calculated landslides of barley malt, of which a portion has been roasted for flavor's sake, imparting the dark color which is a natural outcome and not window dressing. In the copper the wort if destined for full-bodied Guinness receives a much more bountiful load of hops than beers ordinarily get. Cooled and fermented, it is stored for a solid year in great cylindrical oaken vats where, denied the benefit of any artificial temperature, it has to worry through climatic changes like the rest of us. It is a brew that "can take it."

I'm speaking of the Foreign Extra—not the light draught Guinness which is so pleasant to exterminate with Galway oysters and oatcake biscuits at, say, the Dolphin, at the foot of Dublin Castle. What I mean is that this "Foreign" affair, brewed for us and the Australians, the Patagonians and the Colonel's lady's bridge table in Simla, India, is a stout with real stamina and stability. It can be mushed or safaried. It can slumber four or five years on the shelf in some god-forsaken trading post and yet, when opened, sport a deep garnet translucence, a pale Mocha head capable of sustaining a pretzel, and a taste that . . .

Yet there are bona fide quaff-artists—millions upon millions of them—who prefer lager.

This novelty beer first sudded forth in Germany about the year 1840. Despite its placid name, which means "storage," it was revolutionary, turning fermentation procedure upside down; for the yeast employed, instead of starting in at the top, trickled up from underneath, taking three times as long to do the job and requiring a lower temperature. Storage, too, was chilly.

As compared with time-honored ale, the upstart offered a greater proportion of unfermented malt extract, more peptones, and a higher charge of carbonic acid—gas which gave zizz to the brew, but necessitated that drinking be more deliberate, lest rumbling eructations occur.

Fortunately, experimental stations, known as beer gardens, were set up, with the result that it is now possible to state on the basis of a century of seidels that the ideal tempo is one liter (about equivalent to a quart) per hour. At this serene, medically-approved tempo lager may be assimilated indefinitely, giving one's kidneys a royal flush. Occasions arise, however, when work has to be stepped up. For example, in the university town of Jena I encountered, and got myself rung in on, a student party celebrating the 95th anniversary of the founding of the Burschenschaft Germania, where, with a "Prince" and a "Cardinal" jointly presiding, the ambitious idea was to drink forty liters and be decorated with the Order of the Pie-eyed Embryo. I failed. I managed to win the Knight's Cross, the Sacred Herring, and one other pewter token of proficiency, but the Pie-eyed Embryo, represented krug in hand and precociously happy, is still one of the things of which life has cheated me.

I suppose, though, that to anyone hailing from Pilsen, Czechoslovakia, such ado over forty liters would seem petty. For in Pilsen they really give beer some attention, it being a town where, by old Bohemian custom, one of the perquisites of burgherhood is the right to brew.

Not that Pilsen's brewoisie still practice the art individually. No, conversion to Lagerism in 1842 changed all that, because you can't make bottom-fermented beer with anything less than tops in equipment; wisely, therefore, 250 burghers pooled their rights and founded the Citizens' Brewery which, proving a success, now produces 83,000 gallons a day—more Pilsner than 250 heirs and assigns can consume, even counting their families (and Pilsner makes people prolific). Anyhow, there's a surplus, which is sold here and there over the globe, more or less serving as the model of what a light lager should be like. Incidentally the storage cellars, gouged out of solid limestone which provides the right chill, total six miles.

Genuflecting humbly to the brewing citizens of Bohemia and their liquid masterpiece, I'd like to point out that the year 1842 saw lager established in New York City also. The lagering was done with the aid of a cave which had a spring of water in it—forgotten after the brewery moved, but destined to cost the diggers of the Eighth Avenue Subway a pretty penny when they struck it, still flowing, seemingly unsquelchable.

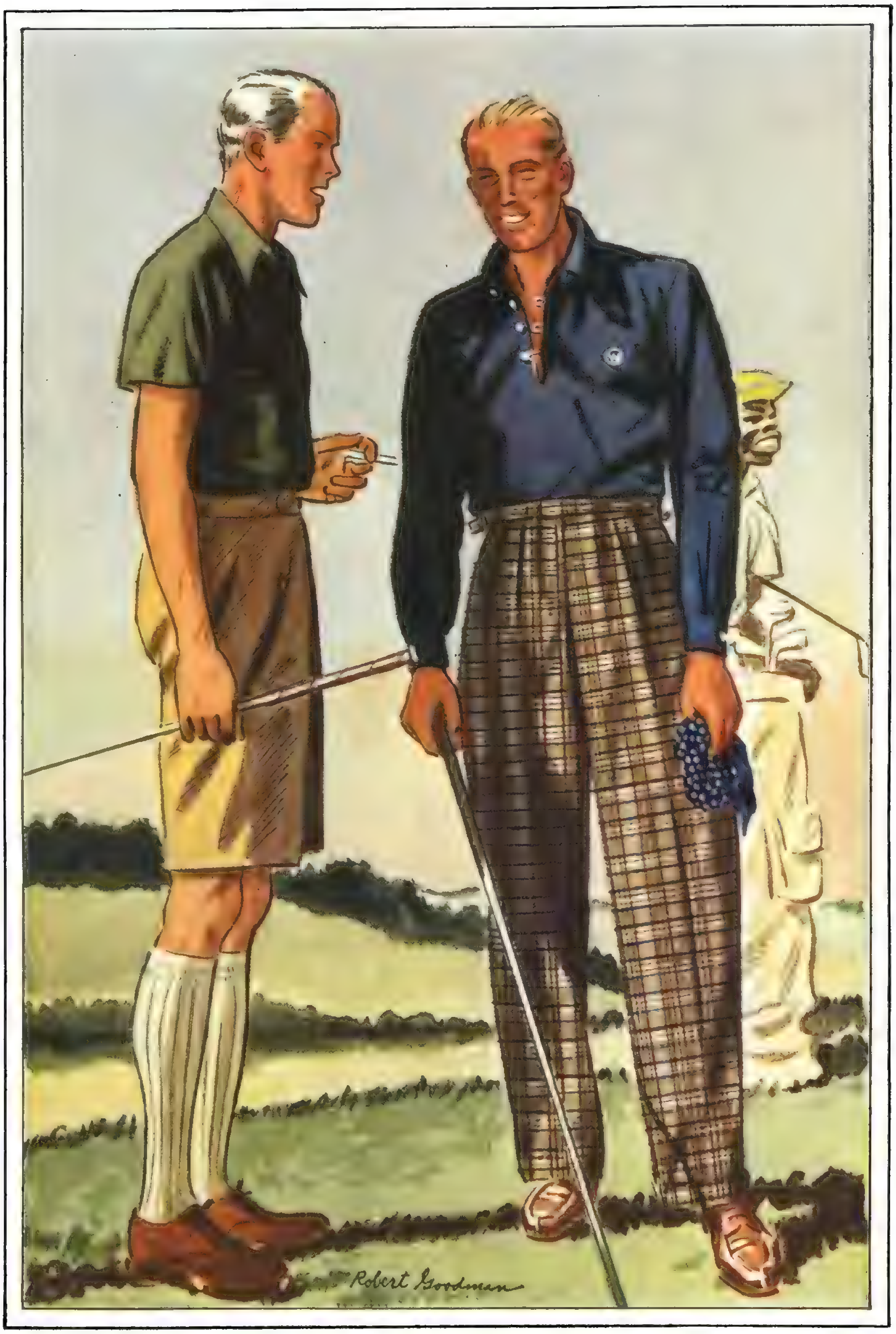
Meanwhile lager flooded clear to the Coast. You know the story, writ in large brick buildings with fat horses backing up trucks for more kegs. (Now the trucks are closed, almost air-tight, to keep the barrels cool: a great improvement.) What isn't sufficiently realized is that during the twenty years immediately preceding Prohibition there had been a steady decline in beer's alcoholic percentage, so that American brews about matched the Munich ones, strength for strength. This tapering was no chiselry. It was increased expertness in making a beer which would stand up on its own legs, not alcohol's.

Since re-legalization—with the public's palate still convalescing from the effects of home brew (suitable for the hog-trough), needled near-beer, and that grim gangster gumbo known as "cold beer"—brewers have made flavor their thrist-catcher. Not kick. And thereby they have enormously increased beer's popularity. For the fun of beer is in drinking it in really adequate amounts, for health and hops' sake, rather than be so picayune as to count bottles. When the party's over you can shovel them, or let Dorkins shovel them. But never seek to know how many.

There are a few things, however, in connection with beer enjoyment which *do* merit attention. In the first place, temperature. Bottles should be cooled rather than frozen to death, or the contents will be cloudy, a bit flat, and weak-headed. For American lager 45° is about right. For ales and Pilsner 50°; Guinness even higher.

As to glasses, may I suggest that the maid, wife, or sweetie (a butler wouldn't) who washes them with the dinner dishes be shot? It's the only protection against flat beer; because the least trace of grease, even from a dish-towel, is fatal. For best results, the glass should be freshly rinsed and dried only on the outside. In pouring, tilt the glass and place the neck of the bottle against the inner side of the rim. Straighten gradually as you fill, finally lifting the bottle clear of the glass so as to impart the desired head.

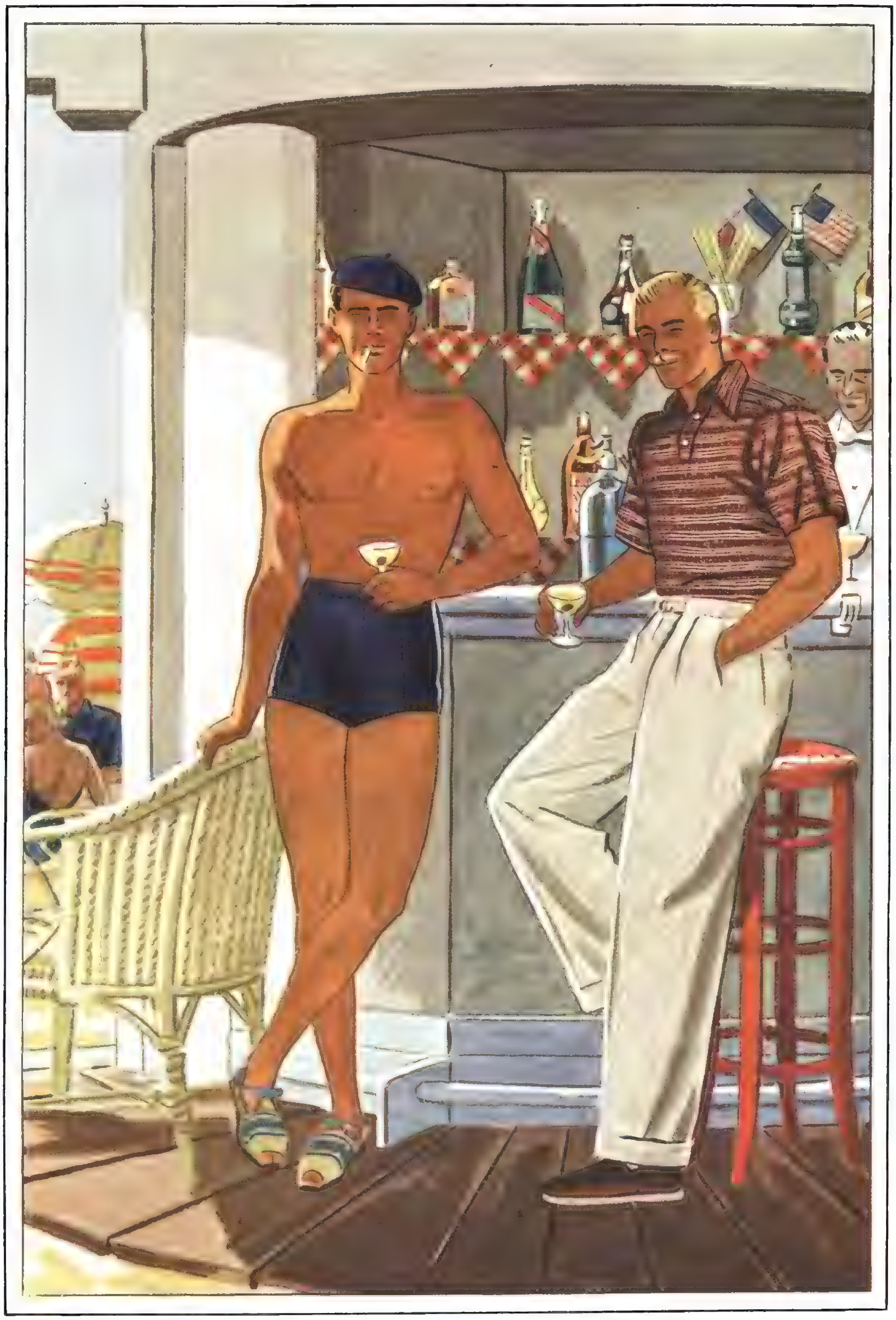
When rim meets human lips a somewhat similar tilting occurs, at the conclusion of which the glass's bottom is angled like that of an ostrich who is hiding his head in the sand. Except that in this instance there's nothing to hide. It's all gone.



NASSAU'S GIFT TO AMERICAN GOLF FASHIONS

Shorts have for a long time been a standard item of the British wardrobe for all the Empire's southern climates. Americans at Nassau this past winter finally borrowed the idea. Those shown here are of fine light tan gabardine with an extension waist band. The polo shirt is of very fine light weight green mesh—a shade popular in England since last summer. The cuffless ribbed wool hose are another British idea from the tropics. They have elastic at the top. The blucher shoes are of brown reversed calf with red crepe soles and heels. The outfit is good for general resort wear as well as for golf. The other golf shirt was originally made in Australia for a famous American pro, and has been ordered in quantities by many well known golfers this spring. Note the pajama-like loops instead of buttonholes. The light weight slacks are of brown Glen Urquhart with an overplaid. The shoes are the Norwegian model.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)



THE RIVIERA'S LATEST IN BEACH UNDRESS

Up to, and even occasionally including, dinner time, the diurnal routine on the Coté d'Azur calls for very informal beach clothes. Checking the Riviera against our own southern winter resorts gives an accurate forecast for the American summer resort season. The two outfits shown here each survived the double check. The one on the left consists of heavy blue ribbed swimming trunks with white side stripes, twine sandals with leather soles, and a blue beret. (There are still public beaches that prohibit shirtless swimming, but their number decreases each season.) The other figure shows a red light weight wool polo shirt with grouped fine horizontal stripings, a pair of natural peasant linen beach slacks, beneath which, probably, are a pair of wool swimming trunks, and brown canvas espadrilles with rope soles. This outfit was seen in significant numbers at Palm Beach this past season.

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Strictly on the Level

Continued from page 56

Hemingway put it in print once, and they made a movie of it recently. Yes—the one about the girl in the Paris hotel.

An English girl and her mother, coming home from India, stop at a swanky Paris hotel during the Exposition of 1901—or maybe it was 1867. Mama feels a little rocky after the trip, so she lies down in their room and daughter goes shopping. After a few hours daughter returns and goes up to the room—but mama isn't there. Neither is their luggage—and stranger still, the whole room is different—different beds, different chairs, curtains, rugs—in the flossier versions there is even an old French general established in the place and very indignant at being disturbed. Daughter makes sure of the room-number and goes downstairs to ask frantic questions. The desk-clerk blandly denies that he ever saw her before, ever rented her a room. She demands the register—it must have been the loose-leaf kind—and fails to find her signature, although she knows she wrote it there. Nowhere in the whole place is there any evidence that she didn't dream the whole business. But mama is gone—and she hadn't dreamed it. What happened?

In the movie Bulldog Drummond solved it, but he should have been ashamed of himself for bothering. The answer is, of all things, that, being fresh from India, mama had come down with bubonic plague or some such Asiatic scourge while daughter was out. Then, because rumors of plague in town would spoil attendance at the Exposition, the hotel people collaborated with the authorities in spiriting the old lady away to die and hushing the thing up, even at the expense of the young lady's sanity.

Anything needing that many words in explanation is no good on the face of it. A good enigma can be explained in one crisp sentence, if not in a phrase. No, the young lady in Paris has only a certain fantastic morbidity to recommend her.

But the butler and the mail-box have points. Here we get into the kind of enigmas which make it worth the victim's while to ask a few questions. That, of course, is Class B—Class A being the self-cocking, full-floating type like the old Arab and Mr. Smith.

A rich Englishman went away to Cannes, say, leaving his butler with orders to forward him some important papers that were due in the mail the morning after he left, giving instructions as to identifying the envelope. He waited in Cannes a week and no papers came, so he wired the butler asking what was wrong. The butler wired back that the papers were there—he could see the envelope through the slot in the mail-box—but master had gone off with the key and he couldn't open it. (You have to assume a butler too dumb to waylay the mailman or get a locksmith.) Master wired back that he was sending the key and rush the papers. But the papers never got to Cannes. Why not?

You'll get questions like these: Yes, master was still waiting at Cannes. No, the butler didn't die in the meantime. Yes, the key arrived. And so forth. If there's a fairly canny person in your audience, you'll eventually get the right answer—that master mailed the key to the butler—and it also was locked inside the box.

Children solve that one more readily than adults. It probably proves something very deep that a comparatively unsophisticated mind of eleven or twelve will often land these things while adults are fumbling round trying to be over-logical. But few children have the knowledge of adult procedures which would enable them to solve the one about the man who threw his wife over the cliff—which is a good average specimen.

He was a Scotchman who took his wife to the Tyrol for their honeymoon. They went for a climb the first day and in a few hours the man came back in a terrific state of mind reporting that his wife had fallen over a cliff. They dragged her up dead. The police questioned the husband as a matter of routine, but it was a notoriously dangerous spot and he was quickly exonerated. The English papers printed his picture—he was an M. P. or something—and a brief paragraph saying that his wife had been killed in a climbing accident. But, on the basis of that picture and stickfull of type, one man in London, who had only seen the husband once in his life and didn't know his name, knew that it was murder and denounced the husband to the authorities. How on earth did he know that?

You'll get a flock of questions here. The motive has absolutely nothing to do with the solution. You must emphasize the stubborn fact that the denouncer was not at all acquainted with either husband or wife. He knew only the man's face—and one other damning fact. When you're fagged out, read the next sentence and learn that the denouncer was the ticket-agent who sold the Scotchman his tickets for the trip—one round-trip, one one-way.

Then here's a fairly simple one to encourage the sufferers with—the tale of the heartless boss. He was president of a manufacturing company and planning a business trip. On the day before he started, an old employe, a sort of ne'er-do-well who had worked for the boss' father and been taken care of for old times' sake as night-watchman, came and asked to speak with the boss. He said he didn't have any business in the front office ordinarily, but he felt he had to speak up, because—well, was the boss going through Detroit on his trip? Yes, he was. Well, the night before the old fellow had had a bad dream—he'd dreamed of seeing a coffin brought in the big gate of the factory and the boss' wife crying over it and saying: "Oh, what did he ever go to Detroit for?" He was sure that if the boss went to Detroit something dreadful would happen. "Listen, you," said the boss at that point, "you're fired. Get your time and get going." Now why did the boss fire the old fellow for trying to save his life?

No, he wasn't just naturally mean. Neither was he rabid on the subject of superstition in general. The fact is that the boss objected strenuously to having his night-watchman dreaming things o' nights. Neat, but lacking the perverse human dumbness of the butler and the mail-box and the ship-shape trigness of the murderous Scotchman.

Speaking of Scotland, there's the one about the American plutocrat who had anemia so badly that only a blood-transfusion every month or so could keep him alive. While vacationing in Scotland he went to Edinburgh for his transfusions. The first time he was so pleased with the donor and the service that he didn't even ask for the fee—just gave the donor and the doctor a hundred pounds apiece. The second time everything was just as fine as before, but he gave only fifty pounds apiece. The third time, although everything was still fine, he carefully asked for a bill and paid just that and no more. The question is why did he cut down his payments, although he had no reason for complaining? Answer—start running before you spring this one on people who have been suffering over genuine enigmas—because by that time he had too much Scotch blood in him.

Just a couple of cautionary remarks. Watch your step when telling about Mr. Smith and his old friend. Unless you're as wary as a professional witness, you'll slip in a "he" or a "she" instead of sticking to "friend"—and then you've spoiled it. If people insist on asking questions, during which they'll mis-state it, go back with a great air of patience and tell it to them again. That prevents squawks at the pay-off. As a matter of fact, that's why I typed it for the eminent lawyer.

As for the other cautionary remark—never let anybody tell you about the old lady who starved to death. It'll spoil your intellectual palate the way an onion would spoil coffee. In fact, just to make sure you'll never let anybody tell it to you, I'll tell it to you myself.

A mildly wealthy old couple had a country-house where they lived the year round, nursing the old gentleman's heart-trouble. The place was quite isolated and, when the old lady fired the whole staff of servants one day and sent them packing, there was nobody round but herself and her husband. She wrote an employment agency in a nearby city for a new staff of servants, but told them not to be in a hurry—take their time and pick some good ones, she said, and in the meantime she could telephone the village for provisions and keep the place going herself. When the new servants arrived a couple of weeks later, they found the old gentleman dead in bed upstairs—the autopsy proved his heart had finally killed him—and the old lady starved to death.

The kitchen was full of all kinds of food, the telephone was working, and yet the doctor said she had certainly starved. The old gentleman had been dead almost two weeks, the old lady only a few days. Obviously the question is: how had she managed to starve in a house full of food?

She hadn't broken her leg. She wasn't bound hand and foot by thieves. When they start asking you where she was found, you can truthfully say she wasn't in the living-room or a bed-room or the cellar or the attic or on the stairs or, for that matter, in any room. But she was inside the house. Don't let people suffer too long over that. It's not worth it. She was in the automatic elevator—there on account of the old gentleman's heart trouble, you see—and stalled between floors.

After all, there are limits. #

Isis and Insurrection

The tragedy of a comic opera revolution caused by a dancer who dropped seven veils in Buffalo

by MAJOR HOWARD S. REED

• ARTICLE •

It is not on record that Sally Rand, despite all the publicity which a shrewd press-agent was able to obtain for her, was ever the cause of any uprisings—that is, of a national character. As I strolled through the grounds of the Century of Progress Exposition last summer, and paused to watch the famous Sally perform, I fell to musing upon the first Central American uprising in which I participated many years ago. Although it has not previously been revealed, it is a fact that the cause of this particular revolution can be traced to the sinuous movements of a certain Egyptian dancer who performed in the Streets of Cairo at the Pan American Exposition at Buffalo.

At the time the plans for the Pan American Exposition were announced, I had already been in Central America for several years. Perhaps because I had introduced some new methods in developing a large plantation in the heart of the tropical forest, I had gained the favor of the government, and particularly of the President and the Minister of Fomento (Secretary of State). The President and his Secretary of State, whom we shall call Don Alfaro, offered me the commissionership of their country at the Exposition, and I decided to accept the appointment.

I had been in Buffalo for several months and the Exposition was in full blast, when I received a cablegram notifying me that Don Alfaro would make an official visit to the Fair. He arrived a few days later, and I installed him in the hotel suite adjoining mine.

It was his first visit to the United States, or, for that matter, to any country, except some of the neighboring Central American republics. To Don Alfaro, therefore, Buffalo and the Exposition were a wonderland.

For several days I guided him about the Fair grounds and the city, and greatly enjoyed his boyish enthusiasm and his naive curiosity. When, however, I felt that he knew his way around, I decided that he might prefer to continue his explorations unchaperoned, and I was glad to be able to turn to my neglected official duties.

A few days later, when I returned to our hotel in the evening, I found Don Alfaro's suite and mine filled with boxes and packages of all sizes and descriptions, and Don Alfaro himself surrounded by a group of chattering tradespeople and skeptical reporters. Mystified, I joined the group, only to have the reporters, who at once recognized me, transfer their questioning to me.

"Who is this Central American Rockefeller?" "Where did he get his great wealth, or is he just giving these boys the merry come-on?"

"Don Alfaro de Trajan y Pascato," I replied, "is the Secretary of State, and, just as in the United States, the chief official of his country next to the President."

"But is he also an oil magnate, or a rich banana grower, or does his fortune come from the silver mines?"

"He has many interests, but I hesitate to estimate his income," I replied.

As a matter of fact, Don Alfaro was a young man—in his early thirties—and had not occupied a position of political importance long enough to have acquired a fortune by graft.

In fact, his only resources at the time were his salary as a cabinet member and his blank check on the government treasury which the President gave him before his departure on the mission which, it was hoped, would result in an inflow of American capital to his country.

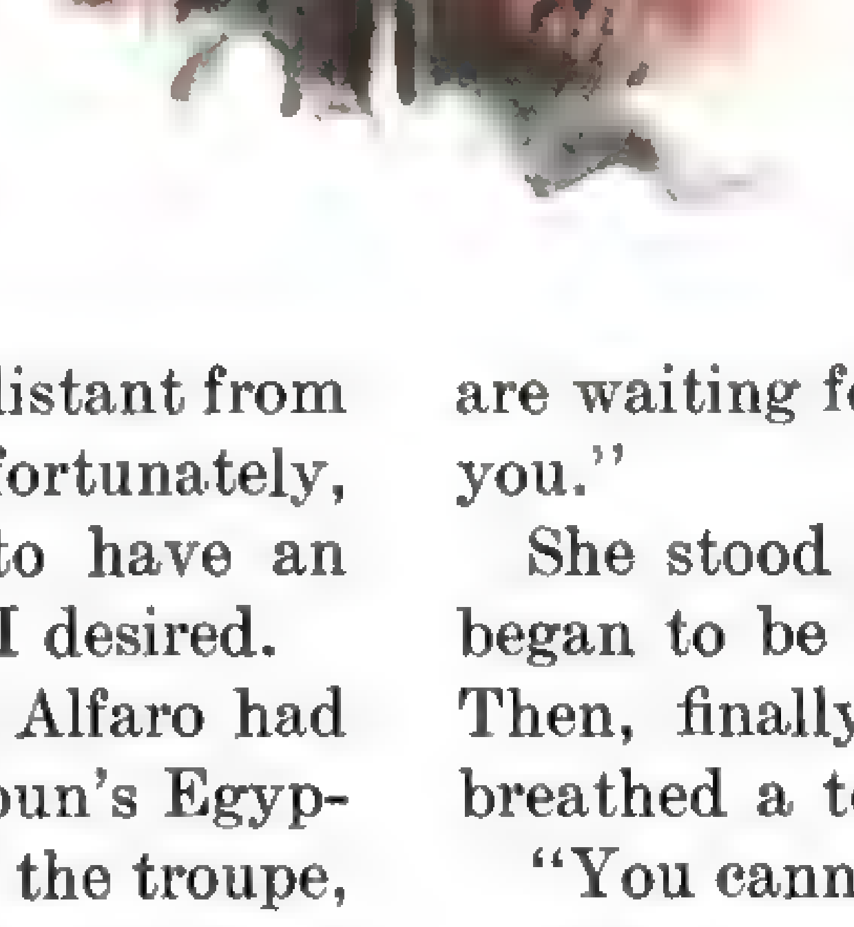
When the rabble had finally been dispersed, I turned to Don Alfaro in amazement.

"What is this—?"

"*Miro! Compadre mio*, see my beautiful clothes? Are they not *magnifico?*"

"But how many suits have you bought, and how are you going to pay for them?"

"There are nineteen suits, *compadre;* one for every occasion and some for no occasion at all. And pay? Is it not fitting that my government should have me properly dressed?"



I realized that further discussion was useless. The clothes had been made to order and, in any case, Latin dignity could not be sacrificed by quarreling about the bills. I determined, however, to move our quarters to an apartment somewhat distant from the center of the city, but, unfortunately, this decision of mine proved to have an effect just the opposite of what I desired.

In his visits to the Fair Don Alfaro had watched the performance of Akoun's Egyptian dancing girls. Isis, leader of the troupe, certainly possessed infinite charm and great allure. She put on a performance which, if anything, was more scandalizing in those days than Sally Rand's in her day. Don Alfaro would gaze entranced into her black eyes and shiver with pleasurable anticipation at the mere sight of her sinuous body. Nor, I must confess, was Don Alfaro the only one who was touched by the grace and charm of the dancer from the Nile. Soon Isis became a regular and most welcome visitor at our apartment. On the stage, in the Streets of Cairo, she danced the Dance of the Seven Veils, but the veils had a strange habit of disappearing when she repeated the performance to Don Alfaro's ecstatic delight.

The days passed quickly—all too quickly, it seemed—when unexpectedly Don Alfaro received a cable summoning him to return to his capital. Frantically waving the cable, he burst in upon me and almost stuttered as he tried to state his predicament. At home, Don Alfaro had a wife and children, but although he had explained this to Isis, she continued wildly to insist that she would not give him up—that she would follow him wherever he went.

"What shall I do, *amigo?* You must help me. I love Isis, but if she comes with me I shall be ruined—even my government may be ruined!"

I did not like to become entangled in this affair, but I knew very well that Don Alfaro was not exaggerating the probable effects if he should arrive at home with Isis. I suggested, therefore, that Isis should not be told when, or on what boat, he would sail, and I agreed that on the day he left I would endeavor to keep her entertained—a promise which I made with both trepidation and anticipation.

Came the day. I loaded Don Alfaro, his nineteen suits and much other luggage on the New York train, and returned to keep his tryst with Isis.

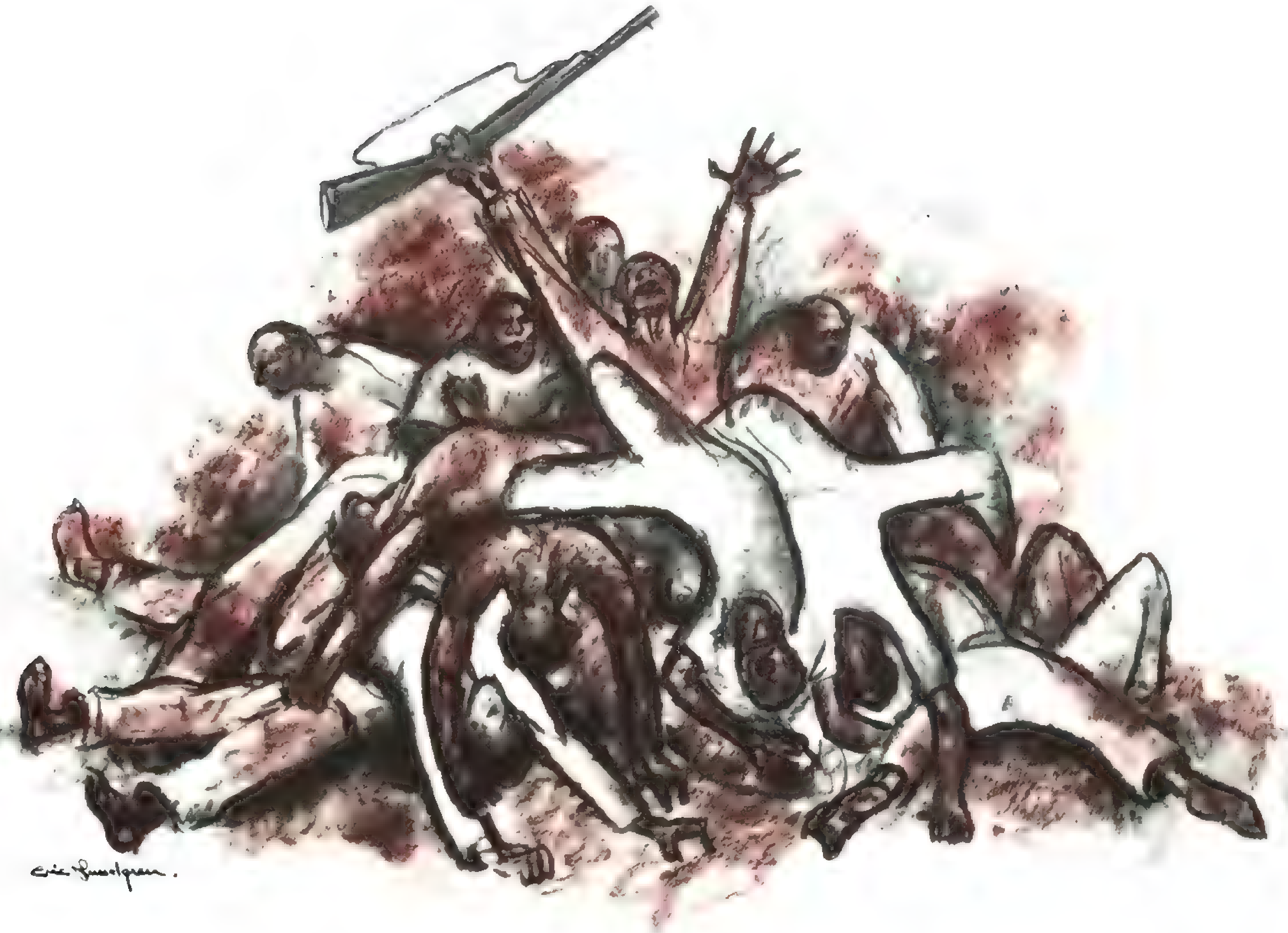
She ran into the apartment, joyously, tempestuously, greeted me affectionately but without particular warmth, and asked for her beloved Alfaro.

"You must be patient," I told her. "Alfaro has a surprise for you, and while you are waiting for it, he asked that I entertain you."

She stood stock still—for so long that I began to be a little puzzled, almost afraid. Then, finally, staring straight ahead, she breathed a toneless whisper:

"You cannot fool me. He has gone—gone—left me. And you are here to tell me so. Is that the surprise?"

She stepped closer to me. My face must have left little for her to doubt, for I had not expected that she would guess the truth.



"Now Isis," I said, "you must be sensible. Alfaro didn't leave you because he wanted to. He is a big man; he has the burdens of a whole country on his shoulders. He had to go home; his people needed him."

"And do I not need him—but did he stay with me?" She was getting excited now; her voice rose, her eyes snapped.

"Is his country more important than our love? Here I am. Look at me. Tell me. Am I not more beautiful than his country, beautiful enough to hold him all his life? You shall decide that!" By now she was almost hysterical.

"Try to be calm, my dear," I pleaded. But she rushed on.

"I shall dance for you as I did for him; I shall make you know what he has given up—for his *country*."

"Isis, be reasonable, be . . ." But the torrent flowed on.

"And then you go to him and tell him that I who once loved him now hate him; that I who once danced madly, gladly, for him shall seek revenge. He shall know what it means to forsake Isis."

By now her anger had become almost madness. She tore off her clothes and in her splendid rage danced with a passion and an abandon to which even one who had contentedly faced the rigors of the Arctic could not remain immune. And then for a few unforgetable moments, Isis made me understand what it was Don Alfaro had lost.

Five days after Don Alfaro's ship had reached its destination, I received a cabled request to return at once to the capital. Throughout the voyage I speculated on every conceivable cause which might have led to my unexpected recall. But of all the reasons which occurred to me, none, I found later, came close to the mark.

By the time I arrived my curiosity had reached such a point that I accepted almost unconsciously the frantic embrace with which Don Alfaro greeted me. The meeting took place in the squalid adobe hotel, El Central, where, despite Don Alfaro's obviously great excitement, he insisted on leading me to the dining room and ordering food and drink.

Within a few minutes after we had been served and the waiter had left us alone in the large, barren dining room, there came spattering through the wooden shuttered windows a rifle fusillade. Instantly Don Alfaro dived under the table and I instinctively followed.

Our assailants could not see us, as the shutters were closed, and their aim, fortunately for us, was high. The dishes on the table above us were shattered, the wine from the broken carafe dripped about us like blood; plaster dust and smoke filled the air, stung our eyes and choked our throats. But when the firing ceased, and Don Alfaro and I arose and rubbed our eyes and spluttered as we tried to speak, we found that we had not been touched.

Don Alfaro had only time to explain, between gasps, that the shots had undoubtedly been intended for him when a small boy sidled into the room and told me that Lee Christmas wanted me to come at once to the Cabildo, the building used for the jail and for the quarters of the palace guard, of which Lee, noted soldier of fortune, was in command. After hastily agreeing with Don Alfaro that he should immediately seek temporary refuge, I departed for the Cabildo where Christmas was waiting for me, but I was not prepared for the greeting he gave me.

"What the hell kind of a mess were you fellows at the Exposition trying to stir up for us down here?" he almost snarled.

"That's a fine way to greet a pal," I replied in amazement. "What the devil are you talking about, anyway?"

"Cut the kidding. You can't get away with it with me. I guess all you can do is to stand by when the trouble starts. Here's your gun."

"You know damn well I like a scrap, but I'd like to know how I have been figuring in it when I was way up in Buffalo."

"Well," said Lee, "I suppose you couldn't keep Don Alfaro on the reservation when he got away from his Senora. But it's too bad, that the news leaked out down here about his Egyptian dancer, his lavish entertainments, the clothes and jewels he bought for her, and the clothes he bought for himself—and all with government money. You know that revolutions in this damn country have started for less than that plenty of times. The other crowd was getting restless, anyway, because our crowd has been in long enough to get a good deal of graft. So when Don Alfaro's escapade became known, it was easy for the opposition to get their followers all het up and spoiling for a fight."

"Well, I'd like to know how in the devil the news got down here," I said, but remembering my last meeting with Isis, I thought I could guess. And Christmas immediately confirmed my suspicions. It seemed that Isis had soon realized that the revenge which she threatened could most easily be obtained by spilling the beans about her affair with Don Alfaro. There were plenty of the Don's

Continued in center of page 110

The Lonely Inn

Continued from page 85

of bringing a touch of life to the room. But somehow, possibly by the shape of the room, it made only a faint noise, and the company ignored it. His friend turned to him: "Wonder if there's a deaf-and-dumb institute near here. And if this is some of 'em." He looked at the landlord. "Customers not very talkative," he said. The landlord continued to stare at nothing.

It was while he was taking a cigarette from the packet held by Mac that he became aware that the silence was being very gently troubled. At first he thought it was the swishing of a curtain. Then he knew that it was a whisper. A whisper was passing along the benches and chairs, and once or twice he caught its burden. *That's him. That's him.* He saw that Mac had heard it too, and as they turned and looked at the benches they found the dilapidated faces of the company fixed on them. It seemed to him, as he turned, that they were fixed on him, but with the next glance he saw that they were all looking beyond him, at Mac. The moment they saw that they were observed, the faces dropped, and each man resumed his former pose.

Mac picked up his mug and finished it. "Fit?" His friend nodded. They stepped out of twilight into orange sunset and scented fields of limpid light. They took some six paces from the inn; then the tall one stopped and said, expressively: "*Gawd!*" He took three deep breaths. Then: "I'd like to show that place to some of those literary blokes who write about the old village inn, and the mellow company, and the rich rustic voices, and Uncle Tom Cobleight and all."

Mac agreed. "Still, we can't have everything. The cottage is about perfect, so we shall have to put up with the local. But what a hole. And not merely dull and dingy. Something more than that about it. We must investigate again. A place like that in this gorgeous country must have a reason for being what it is. Some story behind it. And why were they so interested in me?"

"Lord knows. Don't look as though they could be interested in *anything*—let alone an everyday specimen like you. Perhaps they'd seen you in the village, though, and were thinking of giving you the village greeting—'Ere be a stranger; 'eave 'arf a brick at 'im."

"Huh. . . . Well, I've found some queer pubs in my ups-and-downs of England, but that's the queerest so far."

* * *

The next day, Saturday, Mac said "Coming down to the Lousy Local?"

"Not this evening, I think. I've got about four or five letters I want to answer, so's to have tomorrow free. You go."

"Right. I'd like to have another look at it. Something about it fascinates me."

"Don't be long, though. I've got an appetite. Don't want to have to wait dinner."

"Needn't worry. I've got one too. I'll be on time."

Mac stepped out of the door as the other settled himself at a table. As he passed the open window he heard his friend call "What's the date?" He answered "April thirty," and swung down the lane.

And dinner was late. They waited until twenty to nine, and then, as Mac had not returned, they waited no longer. "I suppose he's managed to get the deaf-and-dumb school talking, and can't tear himself away. Ethel can't go down and drag him out. Create a bad impression on our first week-end—wives pulling husbands out of pubs. Father, dear father, come home with me now."

Ethel was dealing with soup. "Oh, he'll turn up when it suits him. He's done it before. When he finds an interesting Local, as he calls them, he forgets time."

But he did not turn up. They left the door unlocked until one o'clock; then, as he had not turned up, they went to bed. "Gone off on a binge, perhaps, with one of the deaf-and-dumbs. Probably turn up with a hang-over tomorrow."

But he did not turn up. The trio left at the cottage never saw their Mac again.

At about midday his friend went out to look about, and to inquire at the Local and in the village. Just outside the gate he met the old man whom they had engaged to keep the garden tidy during the week.

"Morning. D'you happen to have seen anything of my friend?"

"Your friend?"

"Yes; the man who came with me. You saw him yesterday."

"Ar—'im. What would he be like?"

"Stocky figure. Red hair. Horn-rimmed glasses."

"Oh . . . 'im. No. I ain' seen 'im. I remember 'im. Scotty, I says to meself."

"Yes. He is a Scot. Well, he went out yesterday evening—down to the inn here—and was coming back in an hour. But he didn't come back last night. Nor this morning. I wondered whether you'd seen him or heard anything of him."

"No—o. I ain' seed 'im."

"I was just going down to the inn to ask if he'd been there. Thought perhaps you might have been there last night and seen him." He went into the lane and turned to the left. The man stopped him.

"This way, sir."

"No. This way. The inn's down here. Down the lane."

"You mean up the lane."

"I mean down the lane."

"You mean up the lane. The Green Man, just outside the village."

"I don't. I mean down the lane." He pointed to the left.

The man stared at him. "Don't know of no public down there."

"No? I see you don't know your own country. Often happens that the stranger finds what the inhabitant misses." The man looked puzzled. He stroked the stubble of his chin. He seemed about to say something but didn't say it. He was dealing with a Londoner. Queer things, Londoners. Said what they didn't mean, and twisted words about, and called it wit. Played silly games called *pulling your leg*. Sometimes they weren't quite right in the head. Zanies, some of 'em. This seemed to be one.

"I don't know of no—"

"Ah, but I do. I'm just going along there to ask if my friend called in last night. If you care to come along I'll show it to you. And you can sample the brew."

"I'll come along with ye, but—"

They went along. They went down the twisting lane. The gardener held his puzzled expression, but made no remark. They went along until they came to the elm, through whose branches the sign had been visible.

"Just at the next bend," the tall man said; and they made the next bend. Having made it he looked about him. "Funny. Must have been the *next* bend." They went on and followed the next bend, and this bend marked the end of the lane and its junction with a main road. The tall man now did some staring. "Well. . . ." He looked back up the lane. "Can't have *passed* it, can we?"

"No sir, we din pass it."

"I remember it as just this side of that elm." He took a few strides up the lane. "Yes. This side of the elm. Just opposite that gap in the hedge. I could have sworn that— And I'm certain we never left the lane. But if so, what the devil—"

The gardener watched him with blank expression. He appeared to have no interest in the proceedings. He was humoring a Londoner. The tall man turned to him. "Well, if it wasn't in the lane where was it? How did we lose ourselves? You—" Then something in the man's blank face arrested him.

"There bent no public in this lane. Nor anywheres bout 'ere. Nothing bout 'ere for four mile. Not till ye come to the Golden Lion. And that be along the road—four mile."

The tall man stared at him and then at the lane, and then shouted. "But man, we did come to a pub here. We did have drinks in it. In the lane. A dismal place."

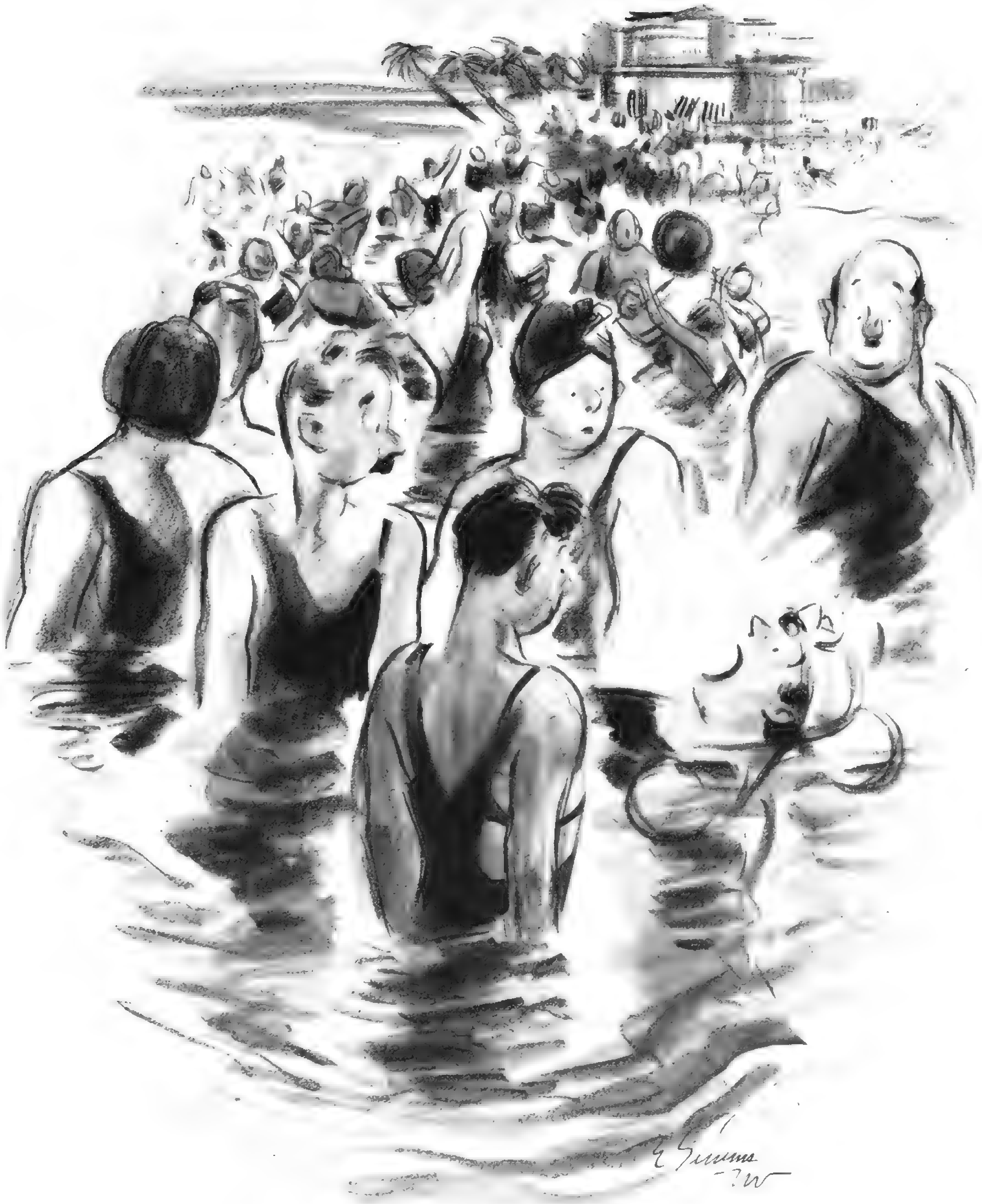
The gardener looked sad and shook his head. With rustic civility, or polite contempt, he refrained from comment. He repeated only "Bent no public in this lane."

"But man, I tell you—" He broke off. He realized that he could not insist on the fact of his pub, because nowhere in the lane was there any pub. There had been a pub, and now there wasn't a pub. He strode backwards and forwards. "What's happened here? What funny work's going on here? We can't both have been insane. We did come to a pub here, and we did have drinks. What do you make of it?"

The old man stared at the horizon. "If there'd been a public 'ere I'd a-known it. I come down 'ere twice a week. Never no public 'ere in my time. Nor in me father's time. But I do remember me granfer telling me that 'is granfer told 'im there was a public down 'ere."

"What!"

"There *were* a public down 'ere. I do remember me granfer telling me that 'is granfer told 'im it were burnt down. It were mixed up in sommin in 'istry. Nigh on two unnerd year ago. I dinno the rights of it, but 'e did say sommin bout some kind of war. And a lot o' Scotties come 'ere. And one of 'em sold the others. And the people set fire to the place, and they was all burnt. 'Cept the one that sold 'em. And 'im they cursed with their dying breaths."



"Help—I can't swim!"

Yesterday's Girl

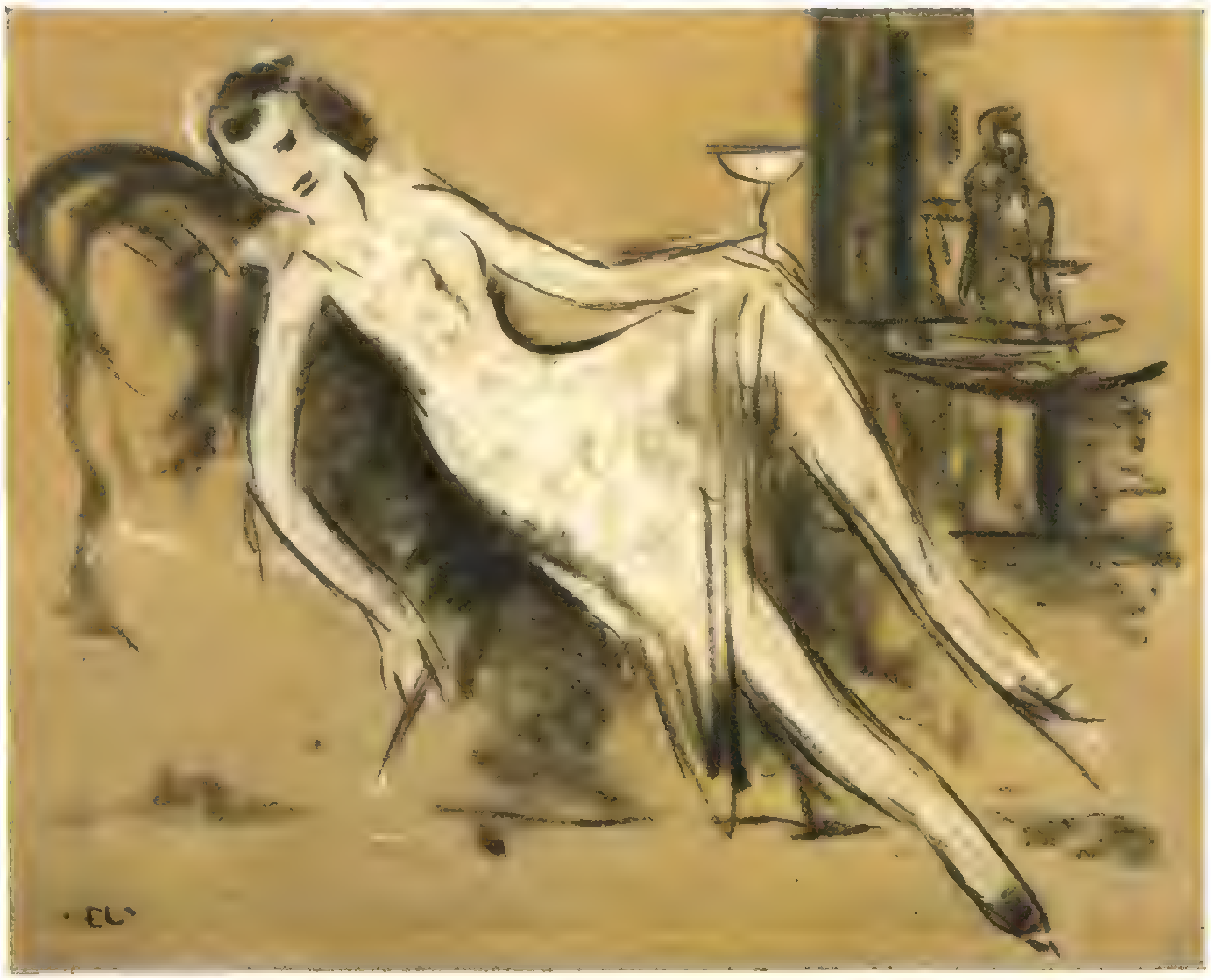
Portrait of the cat who came back and tried to stick her nose in someone else's cream

by H. HERRICK WARD

▪ FICTION ▪

SHE entered the vestibule of the four story walk-up on Ninth Street and pushed the button over the last mail box on the right. Waiting for the answering click she tapped her suede shoes lightly on the tile floor and hummed nervously to herself.

At the first sound of the lock she opened the door into the small, gray carpeted hall and paused under the dim light to give her makeup a final inspection. Then she patted her freshly waved hair where it showed under the shallow felt hat she wore, lighted a cigarette and started up the stairs, keeping over against the wall.



He stood just inside his open door. "Well!" he said.

"Well yourself!" She smiled broadly, crinkled her eyes. "Whew! what a climb—I'm all in." She staggered to show how all in she was.

"You'll get over it in a minute; I always do."

She crossed the threshold. "Uh-h; did I really used to come up here often?" She started wriggling out of her coat, holding the cigarette in her mouth and squinting from the smoke.

"Here, let me help you." He closed the door and came to her assistance. Taking her hat and coat he disappeared with them into the hall closet, and emerging saw that she was already arranged in a corner of the davenport in the living room, puffing energetically on the cigarette.

He pulled up a chair and sat down. "Well, Betty, how've you been?"

"Oh, I've been pretty busy. *You* haven't changed much." She drawled.

"No, I guess I haven't changed so very much."

"Still an old bachelor?" She emitted smoke from her mouth in a cloud, half smiled, half shut her eyes.

"Yes, still a bachelor."

"Me too." She giggled. "I mean I'm a bachelor *girl*, or an old maid or what have you." She laughed again.

"Want something to drink? I have Scotch and gin, and I can offer you some extra good apricot brandy."

"You *know* I always take gin," she drawled, "It's the common streak in me. Or have you forgotten a gal's whims so soon?"

He laughed politely. "Well after all," he said, "it's been—how long?" He looked up at the ceiling, squinted.

"Oh, *please*," she wailed, "don't *remind* me."

"Oh, you're not so old as all *that*."

She bit her lower lip with her front teeth, veiled her eyes. "No kidding, Tom, just how old do you think I am?"

"Oh, let me see—you couldn't be more than twenty-three or four," he said.

"You're a good guesser. How old are *you*, anyway?"

"Thirty-two."

"Getting along." There was a note of warning in the tone with which she said it.

"Yes, that *is* getting along, isn't it?"

"When are you going to settle down, you old bum?"

There was a pause before he answered, "Oh, I don't know, sometime maybe."

She squirmed on the divan, patted it. "Come sit down here and let a lady look at you." He obeyed, sitting on too little of the couch. Her eyes traveled up and down his face. "Your hair's getting a little thinnish," she said, and little furrows of concern appeared between her carefully plucked brows. She touched his probable future bald spot with her fingers, let them walk down the back of his neck to his collar.

"Hey, I'm ticklish!" He grabbed her hand then discovered there was no place to put it. She shifted her posture.

"How long since you've held a lady's hand, Mister?"

He studied hers awkwardly. "I never do," he said. "And to prove it—" He placed hers on her diaphragm. She was now in an almost horizontal position.

"Brute," she said.

"Now you know that's not true. *Hey*, how about that drink? I'll have to do the honors; this is Shin Yung's night off."

"Don't tell me you still have Shin? Wasn't he going to Columbia or something?"

"Still does."

"I thought he graduated a long time ago."

"He's doing post-graduate work. Catchee girl friend, too."

"No kidding."

"Sure; nice girl. Her father's in the importing business. It'll be a very good match for him."

"Will she come here to live, too?"

"Lord, no. He's undecided as to whether he'll go into the importing business with her old man or be an archeologist in the Gobi desert."

"I don't think Shin ever approved of me."

"He doesn't approve of American girls as a rule."

"As a rule? Who are the exceptions?"

"Uh—you'd have to take that up with Shin. He'll be back tomorrow."

"Oh, he's not coming back tonight then? Uh-huh, I get it."

"No no, you've got Shin wrong. If I remember rightly he's spending the night with some friends at International House. I believe they have a spare cot. They'll probably sit up half the night discussing Oriental philosophies, or whatever it is the Celestial Intelligentsia discuss."

"I'll bet he's shooting craps."

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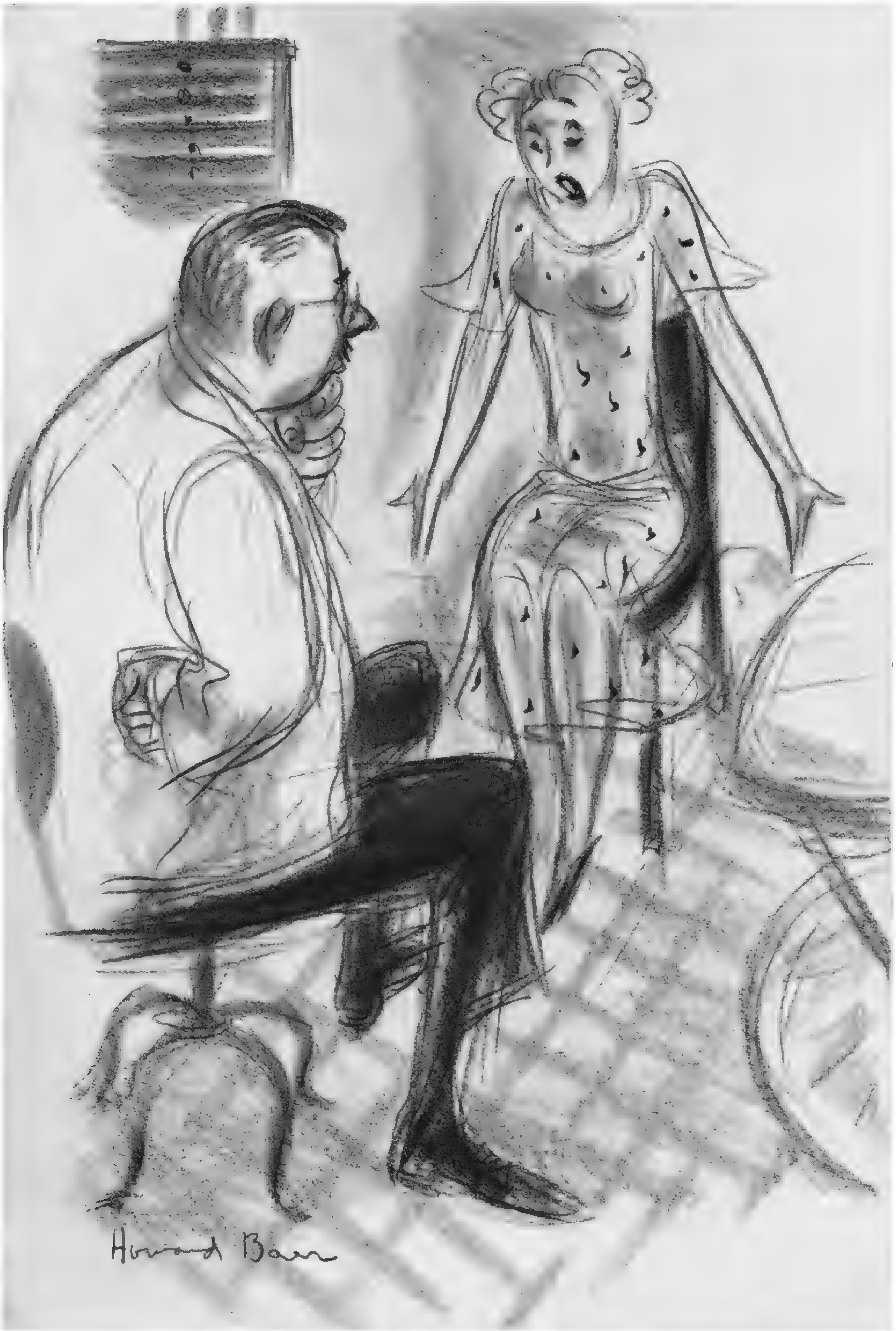

Howard Baer

"But that's impossible, Doctor. I'm not even married!"

I'm Not Blaming You, Margery

Continued from page 74

when Harry introduced me to her I pretended I never saw her on the screen and then I said, surprised like, I wouldn't have recognized her since she'd had her face lifted. That burned her up. She had it in for me after that. And was she terrible. I made Harry go to Manny Krane and say she was ruining his stuff. Well, I no sooner got rid of her than they brought in Astrid Borg. Imagine! She can't even speak English. That Swede!"

"I think she's gorgeous," Estelle said.

"Yeah, but you didn't have to teach her English and all, the way I did. The studio spent over a half million while I was trying to make Borg learn how to carry our songs. The whole studio had it in for Harry. They said they'd never had such a jinx on a picture before. They weren't wise enough to figure it was all on account of them hiring that Swede. I told Harry he was at the double cross-roads and not to listen to anyone but me, but you know Harry. He don't suspect no one."

She stopped to draw her mouth into a later edition with an oblong lipstick. She gazed intently into a hand mirror and opened her mouth to make a casual inspection of her teeth. Satisfied, she put her bag on the table and picked up her story.

"When I knew they were going to get Harry one way or the other I never let down for a minute. I told them just what was the matter with the cast. Lea Dree can't dance and I told them so. I even told Harry I'd take her part personally but all he said was I was wearing myself out and why didn't I go down to Palm Springs for a rest? That's Harry for you. He never knows how bad things are. I made one more effort. I knew everything was Borg's fault so I went down to the Federal men in L. A. and told them how she was an alien and had overstayed her time. I found that out from Mrs. Lindstrom who rolls the fat off you. She swears something terrible but the fat comes off. Mrs. Lindstrom. She's a Swede too and it seems Borg wouldn't even send her nephew through college even if she and Borg did come from Stockholm."

"I read about Astrid Borg in the *Mirror*," Estelle interjected. "It told all about her. But she's still in Hollywood, isn't she?"

"Yeah. Piermont fixed it up. They said it'd cost them plenty to re-take the Borg scenes so they fixed it up with a lot of lawyers and poor me had to face Borg on the lot again. It was right after that they put Harry in the dog house. They said they had a writer named Fanshon to do the songs. I told Harry to sue them but do you know what he said?" The question was rhetorical. "He said maybe they had some good reason for firing him, and maybe we ought to leave Hollywood. Just a quitter. He sat home every day after that playing the piano with two fingers just like he did before I married him. I knew it was no use. And you think I'm lucky to be married to Harry!"

"I didn't say so. I'm not blaming you, Margery. All I said. . . ."

"Even you can see, Estelle, that there's some men you can't do anything for no matter how hard you try. If you asked me I'd say Harry was glad to quit and lay down. He's that type. But not me. I'm just not made that way."

Estelle said admiringly, "You're wonderful, Margery!"

"Oh well, I did my best," she admitted. "That's all any of us can do. I'm probably no better than a lot of other wives."

And she picked up the check. ##

Isis and Insurrection

Continued from page 105

countrymen visiting the Fair, and it did not take her long to find several who were not friends of the Secretary of State. After that, the scandal spread quickly, helped along by the cables.

"But," said Christmas, "you did her a good turn in keeping her away from here for if she'd ever got into this man's town, she would have been carved to pieces by Dona Luisa. In fact, the Don himself just missed such a fate. According to report, when the news reached his wife, she grabbed a stiletto and went after her amorous husband screaming, 'No, I won't kill you; I'll just cut you all up!'"

Turning now to the work in hand, Christmas told me that he had posted guards on all the roads leading into the town, but evidently the insurrectos were warned by their spies. Throughout two nights we stayed on guard, but on the third, I wandered down to the plaza where twice a week the President's band gave a concert and where on this night was to take place the Parade of the Fireflies. As the band swept into a Spanish march, all the girls gathered in the center of the plaza and started circling, two by two, to the left around the bandstand, while the caballeros, in pairs, circled to the right outside of them. Gradually, the inner circle seemed to become illuminated by thousands of tiny lights. This puzzled me at first, but after a time I realized that the dark-haired beauties had dropped their mantillas from their heads and revealed the fireflies which they had fastened in their hair. As these flies are larger and much more luminous than those in the North, they actually lit the parade.

As gracefully as though they were in a dance, the girls kept time to the music with light feet and swaying bodies, while their eyes constantly sought out their favorite admirers. Soft voices murmured caressingly and bright eyes challenged—but the march could not be allowed to halt. Truly it was a flirtation *walk*.

I wandered to the outer edge of the plaza and turned to watch the spectacle from a distance. In the far background, the circle of the hills shone in a silvery haze as the moon seemed to peer enviously over their crests. The town lay in the center of this circle and down from the hills, like white streamers in the moonlight, wound the roads from north and south, from east and west—the roads by any one of which the enemy might make his attack.

Suddenly the shimmering glow of the fireflies was paled by sharp red flashes which stabbed the air from the south and east, and the music and the chatter of voices were suddenly stilled by the sharp reports of rifle fire. Screams of women and curses of men filled the air as all sought wildly to escape.

As I ran to the barracks, dodging fire as best I could, I realized that Christmas' lack of confidence in his own forces had been justified. Only by connivance on the part of some of his guards could the enemy have reached the very center of the city without any resistance or warning shots.

When I reached the barracks, Lee told me that we must hold off the enemy until the President and his cabinet had taken to horse and made their escape. He ordered me to take most of his force and advance to the south until I met the rebels, to hold them as long as possible, and then to fall back, fighting, upon the palace which he would endeavor to hold in the meantime against attack from the east.

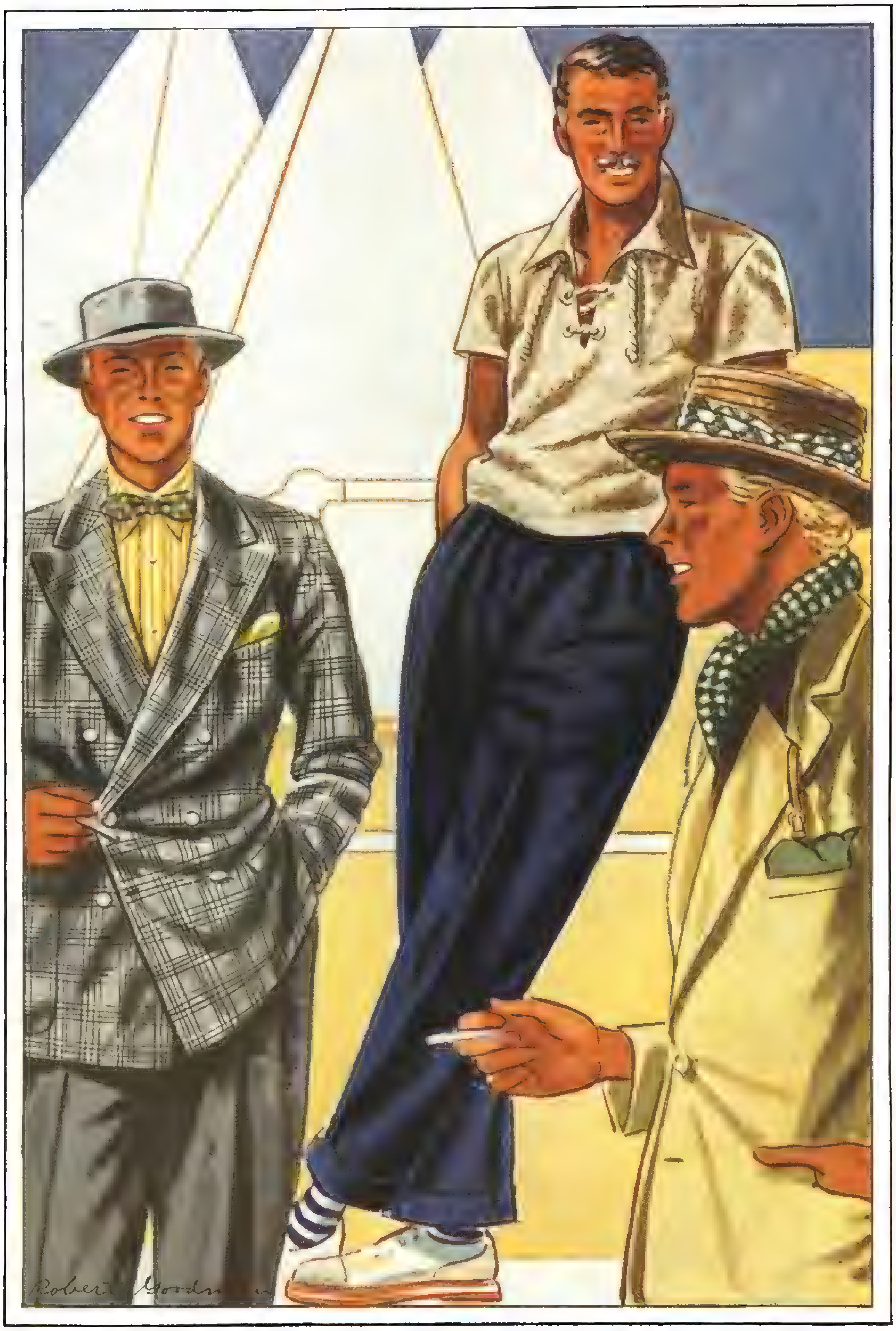
We gained a street corner several blocks from the palace before the enemy met us. Then the real fight began, but as we were greatly outnumbered we could hope only to slow up the advance of the enemy whose fire had already brought down many of the unarmed paraders, both men and women. We fell back slowly, my men putting up the most stubborn resistance and suffering many losses. When we again reached the palace, Lee told me that we must hold off the rebels a little longer. The cabinet members and the President had already gotten away, but my friend Don Alfaro—perhaps because he was considered the chief cause of the uprising—had been ordered to take command of the train of pack mules by which all the funds of the government were to be transported across the border where the outgoing administration would seek safety. Days in advance, all the pesos in the government treasury had been put into cargo size boxes, but considerable time was required just to lash two of these boxes to each of the pack mules and to get this slowly moving train under way.

We held the enemy off, using as bulwarks the bodies of our fallen comrades, and before the order came to make our own escape, this human barricade had been piled breast-high. When Don Alfaro and the mule train had taken to the hills, Christmas and I mounted and lead our small band in retreat. We made our escape from the city and by day and night marches reached the border.

But Don Alfaro got lost in the darkness. Morning found him in a dense jungle somewhere in the mountains. It was hot. Mosquitoes stung him. Branches of trees whipped his face, his hands, his tender shins. Sweat rolled from every curve of him. He was tired and frightened, miserable and hungry. But he would not stop to eat or drink.

All day they kept on the march, swearing, praying, sweating. Just before sunset, Don Alfaro, riding in the van, came to a turn in the trail, and saw about two score riders coming toward him. They were armed. They kept a sort of military formation. They were going to join the revolution, Don Alfaro thought. He was trapped. He would have

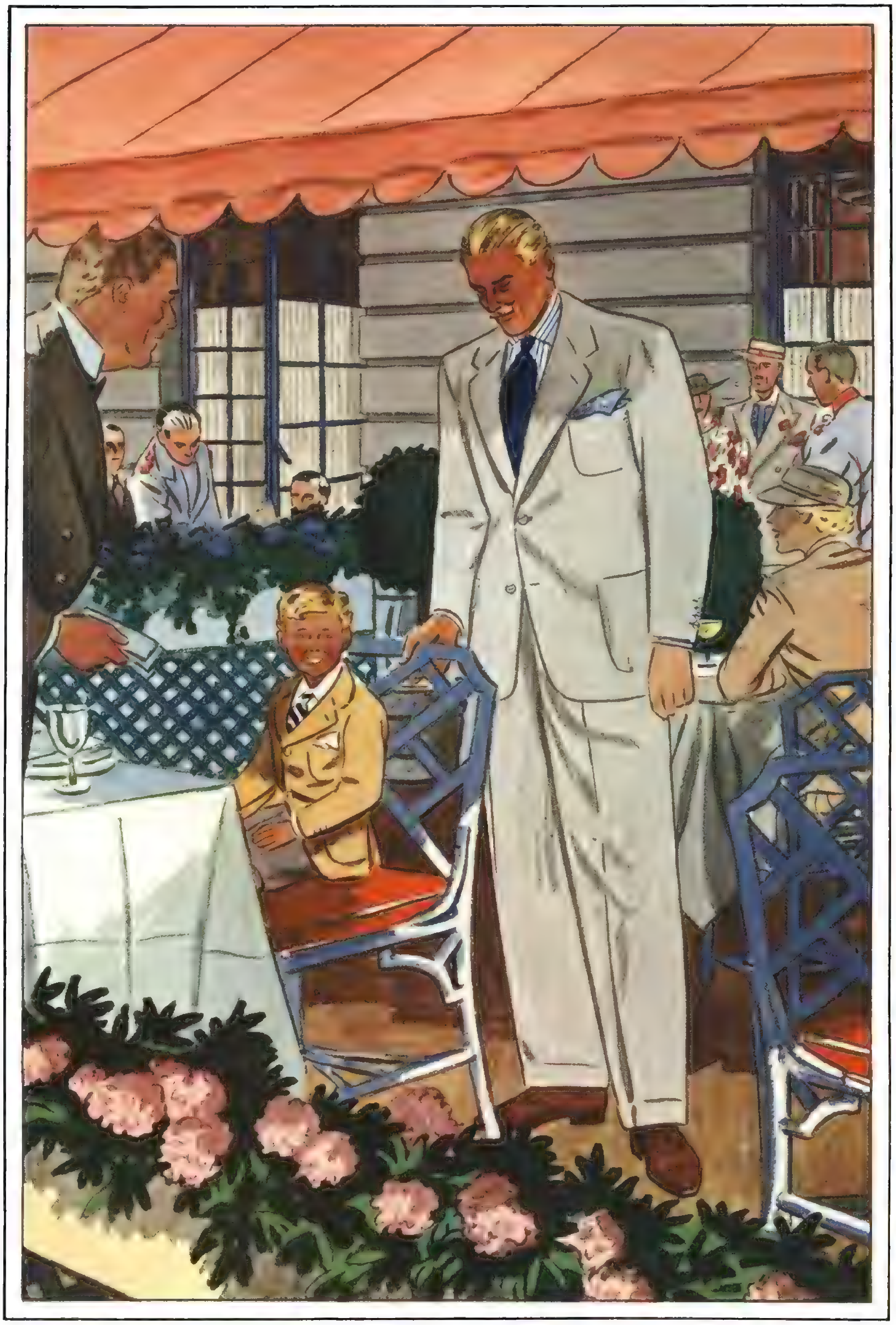
Continued at top of page 113



THREE TYPES OF DRESS FOR RESORT WEAR

ON THE left, a double breasted grey Glen Urquhart seersucker jacket with grey flannel slacks, yellow and white striped shirt of jersey (a light weight Oxford made in a very fine mesh), bow tie of grey gum twill foulard with yellow polka dot, pale yellow silk foulard breast pocket handkerchief, grey light weight pork pie hat, and white buckskin shoes (not shown). Center, a shirt of loosely woven peasant linen with cord laced front, trousers of blue washable linen, light weight horizontal striped wool hose and imported shoes from Spain made of canvas with a rope sole, covered on the sides with leather. The toe-cap and the back of the shoes are of string. At right, a two-button single breasted silk suit, chocolate brown polo shirt, light wool hound's tooth muffler and the cocoanut straw hat with native cotton puggree band as made by hand by the natives of Nassau and brought back by many returning Americans.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)



SUMMER ON THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

New Yorkers have sweltered, man and boy, since sidewalks were places to fry eggs and before anybody thought of serving them there. So here is appropriate dress for summer days in town. The man wears a two button notched lapel single breasted suit of grey tropical worsted, of which the waistcoat has sensibly been left on a hanger at home. Notice that the jacket carries patch pockets, without flaps. The suit is skeleton-lined. Englishmen have suits of this same shade made up in grey flannel, but tropical worsted is better over here. The shirt is of light weight oxford with the new widespread collar attached, the navy blue tie is of rough Shantung, the handkerchief is of blue silk foulard with white polka dots, the shoes are of reversed calf on a town last. Either a blue pork pie or a sennit straw would be appropriate. The boy wears a gabardine jacket with flannel shorts, Eton shirt and cotton tie.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

Isis and Insurrection

Continued from pages 105-110

to fight. He never thought of trying to go on as though he were merely conveying provisions from the city. He might have gotten away with that, for those men ahead did not know that the revolution had begun, did not dream it had succeeded so soon. They had no idea that this ridiculous fat man, so covered with dust and stained with sweat, was the Secretary of State of the fallen government. Don Alfaro lost his head

"We are caught," he shouted to his soldiers. "There is no escape. Let us die like men." The soldiers tumbled off their mounts, rifles in hand. Don Alfaro threw his weary body on the trail, and his soldiers followed his example.

"Fire!" he ordered.

The oncoming horsemen, two hundred yards away, might have been wiped out by good marksmen—but not by this tired, frightened little band.

Seven rifles fired—but nothing happened. Nothing, save that the startled caballeros dismounted, lay in the shrubbery and the tall grasses, and returned the fire.

This was too much. It took all the fight out of Don Alfaro's men. They stood up, throwing down their guns, throwing up their hands, crying for mercy.

The leader of the rebels advanced, rifle in hand. His men followed, and began to examine the pack mules.

"What have you here?"

Don Alfaro did not reply. He could only weep. He was ruined now. Tomorrow or the next day would surely find him with his back against an adobe wall. He hoped he would die bravely.

The leader cut the lashings from a mule. Two heavy boxes dropped to the trail.

"What's in those boxes?"

Don Alfaro only trembled, and waited. A rifle butt banged on a box. The wood gave way with a sharp crack. A man knelt and pried loose the cover.

"Pesos!" he said. "All silver pesos."

"The government has fallen," the leader guessed aloud. "This bandit is fleeing with our money."

Don Alfaro found his voice.

"No, no!" he cried. "I am only obeying the orders of the President."

"About face!" the leader ordered.

Mules and horses and men started down the mountain trails, back to the capital—but Don Alfaro no longer rode in front.

Three months passed before word came to me from friends in the capital that I was no longer considered an enemy of the new government and that I could return to my plantation in safety. I expected that when I reached the capital, I would learn of Don Alfaro's execution, but to my surprise, I learned that he was alive in prison. I was allowed to visit him.

As I looked at him in the light of the lantern which I had bribed the jailer to leave with me, my delight at his escape from death was dimmed by a realization that perhaps death would have been the better fate.

I once allowed myself to be locked in a cell in the century-old cell block at Sing Sing. The cells in this old building are almost without daylight. They have just room enough for a narrow cot and space in which a man may, with difficulty, turn around. They are damp and musty and to me, a lover of life in the open, they are not merely terrifying, they are completely demoralizing.

But that Sing Sing cell in which Warden Lawes allowed me to stay only for a moment or two was almost like the Waldorf in comparison with the hole in which I found Don Alfaro. There were an electric light and a sanitary pail in the Sing Sing cell, but Don Alfaro had no daylight, no electric light, no lamp light, no candlelight. There was no sanitary pail, nor was Don Alfaro allowed to visit the courtyard as are men in Sing Sing. I had been in his cell but a few minutes when I began to scratch and squirm, and involuntarily I shrank away as far as possible from my friend.

It seemed that his once plump body was now scarcely half its former size, and, in place of the beautiful clothes which he had worn so proudly in Buffalo, he was now wearing a single, shroud-like garment made from a tattered gunnysack. I blurted out that I had never expected to find him alive again.

"It is true, *amigo*, that I did not want to die, but this which they have done to me, this is worse than death. They taunted me, they jeered me, they said they would not kill me because that would be too kind a fate for me. Now, *compadre*, I would gladly face the firing squad."

"Perhaps," I said, trying to comfort him, "your friends will soon come back to power and you will be free." But in my heart I doubted that he could live until the coming of the next revolution—even in this land of ever recurring revolutions and swiftly changing governments.

"I will try to be brave, *amigo*, and sometimes I can almost forget all that I am suffering as I think of my glorious dancer, my beloved and lovely Isis. Was she not beautiful, *amigo?*"

"She was indeed beautiful, Don Alfaro, and you can take pride in the thought that for a time you were able to win the heart of the only woman of our day who has been able to bring about a revolution."

For a moment his eyes seemed to sparkle as of old, and he smiled bravely though wanly as he said, "You are right, *amigo*. Perhaps I shall live and find my Isis again, and if she knows how complete was her revenge, how near to death she brought me, maybe then she will take me back!" #

Token of Esteem

Continued from page 69

When he got through Joe was almost crying. Joe said that Mr. Minnon's job was a wonderful job. Joe said he wouldn't ever ask for any job as swell as Mr. Minnon's. He said if he could get up to where Mr. Minnon was in even thirty years, no matter how hard he had to work, or how many hours, no matter if he did get all worn out and nervous—no matter what—he wouldn't ask any more than that, or expect any more than that of—God, and that was an honest fact!

And so Joe went back to being careful with the dishes and hurrying up to finish whatever he was doing faster and better than any other bus boy could finish what he was doing—which was the way to get to be a Captain in the banquet room with a lot of nigger waiters jumping to attention when you spoke to them . . .

And Minnon, feeling a coolness come into his brain, sat in his office and tried to remember his anger, and wondered why he had had it, and in the end put the blame on a dead man where it belonged.

He was glad he was thinking different thoughts when the inter-office memo came. It made his hands tremble when he read it:

Mr. Kenneth Ashcraft
To Charles Minnon:

Mr. Ashcraft has noted that you will have completed twenty-five years of service next Tuesday and has planned to give you a little dinner in the Grey Room at six o'clock. Mr. Ashcraft left for Chicago this morning and did not think to tell you when he saw you earlier today, but he wants you to keep the evening free.

Jane Howell, Secretary to
Kenneth Ashcraft

Well, that was something after all, wasn't it? Here he was in a place that to many people would be about the finest place in the world, and the man who owned it all was going to give a dinner, just for him—

Then Charles saw how it was. He thought of the twenty-five years again, and the three strangers who lived with him at his house, and saw how this inter-office memo came about. "*Mr. Ashcraft did not think to tell you when he saw you earlier today—*" Mr. Ashcraft would not have thought of it at all if someone had not reminded him; Mr. Ashcraft would have gone off to Chicago and the dinner would never have happened. Probably he would not be back in time now, and the auditor or somebody would rise and say—

No! He had thrown away twenty-five years for this man who did not remember when he saw him that he was going to give him a dinner! He would not be persuaded out of his just anger by the dinner or even by the token of esteem!

There was not more time to think then. Cooks came up from the downstairs kitchens—food for the luncheons began to steam on the steam tables; over and around him drifted the hot odors of food. He walked through the kitchen and cooks lifted up tray-tops for his practiced eye to take in the food that waited. They would be doing this again at six-thirty. And again tomorrow at the same hour—and every day, including half the Sundays, for as long as he could live.

All those wild thoughts came back inside him with a rush when the luncheon was over. Mr. Ashcraft's face rose in his mind. "Charles," he had said, pleasantly. Not even for a fleeting second had Mr. Ashcraft thought: "Here is a man who has given me twenty-five years of his life, not just for the money—" Somebody ought to wake Mr. Kenneth Ashcraft up. Somebody ought to jolt him so that he would realize that down

Continued on page 114

Token of Esteem

Continued from pages 69-113

in the depths of this hotel were people, like Minnon, who gave him more than any man who hired men could expect of the men he hired—but no one ever would wake Kenneth Ashcraft up to this realization unless Charles Minnon did it on the evening when they commemorated his twenty-five years of service with that token of esteem.

Well, he would do it. Maybe, from getting so mad and staying mad so long, he would have a brain hemorrhage, too, like that chef, and die, but he couldn't help it.

Here, he would draft out a speech. He had five days yet. Even if Ashcraft wasn't back and the auditor was the host he would make them a speech they would always remember.

He would tell them about all the men who worked too many hours—and about the women. He would name all the men and women who had died during the twenty-five years he had been with the hotel. Some of them had died there, some on subways on the way home, some on subways on the way to work, and a few had died in bed. He would tell them about that.

He would tell them what it was like, by God, to trade twenty-five years for a token of esteem! He would tell them so they would always remember his words, even if they only got it second hand.

He took up a pencil. Even the pencil was greasy with food. He wiped it off on a napkin. He took a nice, clean sheet of yellow order paper and he began to write. He filled page after page. He let his assistant pay off the waiters and make the check-up; he just moved the unaccustomed pencil along on the yellow paper and put down words that were strange words to come from him.

And then he read it over. He saw it was wrong. It was too long, and too angry. It would have to be shorter and cooler, and work up to the place where he threw the watch against the wall, so that the bravest part of the speech and the crack of the watch against the wall would happen all at once. He would have to take the bitterest words and select them carefully, and use only those words which would cut the deepest; he would have to make this mean something more than just an angry slap . . .

He worked on it every day and he had not quite finished it on Tuesday morning. But he would have it done in time. It was a masterpiece. He felt that, himself. It was only about three hundred words long but it said everything that all the men before him had half-thought for the same reasons. It would be awful to stand there saying those words while faces all around him got whiter and whiter, and Mr. Ashcraft, or the auditor—well, he just couldn't imagine how they would take it. He had charged them with the crime of robbing a man of twenty-five years of his life—for nothing; of taking from him all of the pleasures of living he might have had during that long time; he would make them see that they had murdered those twenty-five years out of him, as they had murdered years out of the chef. . . . There had never been said anywhere in the world such a speech as that.

He went home early and took a bath. The three strangers were there and they knew what was going to happen; that is, they knew he was going to his own banquet. But they didn't know what he was going to do there. He was going to wait until afterward to tell them; they could all pack up then and go somewhere, if they wanted to. Go somewhere together for a few days and get acquainted for the first time.

When he came out of the bedroom shaved, and neat, and his hair combed down, they looked amused. It was easy to bear their amusement because of what he would have to tell them when he came home. It would be only a few hours when he came home. They wouldn't be so amused then. They would respect him. He narrowed his eyes and looked at them hard. He wondered if one of them would say: "But where is the money coming from now?" If one of them did he knew which one it would be. The one who would say that would be Mabel.

"We're going out to a movie," Mabel said.

That surprised him. Mabel must have gone to a good many movies all these nights while he was working, but that she should go to a movie tonight, and maybe not be home when he came back—that surprised him. While this tremendous thing was happening to him at the hotel they would be sitting in some dark theatre not thinking about him at all, or his problems, or how he felt, or anything at all about him, just as they probably had done for all these years.

"I wish you'd be home when I get here."

He knew he couldn't bear it to come in filled with that great speech and have no one to repeat it to.

He would want to repeat it to them just as he said it, and he would be able to—word for word—because he knew it by heart, now.

"Please be home when I get here," he said.

"To see that watch?" His son grinned. "I can wait."

"If we aren't here," said Mabel, placidly, "we'll see the watch in the morning."

"I'm just asking this of you," Minnon was stern. "I'm asking you to come home from your movie and be here when I get home at eleven o'clock. I've got a special reason that I want you here."

For a minute he thought he was going to hate them, too, for being so self-sufficient, and if he had hated them, then it would be true that he hated everybody, the hotel, and these three, and Mr. Ashcraft. He would be worse than Orloff.

Maybe his face showed them something.

"We'll be home."

The lobby looked like any other night. People were coming in and going out. The clerks were trying to remember the faces of people who had been there before. The bell captain was calling, "Front, boy!" It was all just the same. That surprised him a little. It surprised him still more to think that it would be just the same in the morning.

He went directly to the banquet floor, and checked his hat and coat, like any other guest, and went into the Grey Room. And there they were, all the employees he worked with—dressed up now, and looking different; there they all were—all but Mr. Ashcraft.

Palms. Well, that was nice. They only brought the palms up when it was a three-fifty dinner or more. And place-cards on the table! And the pent-house service, too, with the gold edge! They were trying now to give him something for murdering twenty-five years out of him—gold service. And a menu!

The print shop had made a menu, just for him, on a gold card! Dinner, commemorating twenty-five years of service—Charles Minnon—. Was his salad on it? Was it? *Salad Surprise!*

Maybe he was getting a little sentimental and soft up to then. Maybe he was thinking he couldn't say all of that speech he had written, or actually couldn't throw the gold watch at the wall; maybe, because all his friends were here, these people he had worked with, and they looked so pleased for him, and shook hands with so much honor for him, maybe up to then he might have broken down. It was for fear of this that he hadn't told his family, or anyone, what he was going to do; but when he saw that salad, all the rage and fire and anger and wild feeling, came burning up again inside his breast. For if he had done anything he had at least invented a salad, a salad which Orloff had said was a stroke of genius, and in spite of everything, they might have served it, out of honor to him—they might at least show him that they remembered he had made it first—

Back of the palms an orchestra set up the first soft strains of some music and Mr. Kenneth Ashcraft and—and his father came in; and Kenneth Ashcraft's father was leaning on his son's arm and he could hardly walk. . . . He was sick. In his eyes, and on his face, you could see he was sick; but he smiled at Minnon and shook his hand. He looked at Minnon in a friendly way, as if they shared some memories that these others couldn't know. And later, his son helped him to his feet, and he braced his hands on the top of the table, palms down, and made a speech in an uncertain voice.

". . . from a little hotel, to this great establishment, from one kitchen to fifteen kitchens, from one hundred rooms to more than a thousand, we have done that, Minnon and the old employees and I. And now some of you are carrying on the same old policies so that we have the finest hotel in the world and serve the finest food. And we have got joy out of it, out of our work, and that is a lot to a man; for if a man does not enjoy his work then life is surely pretty empty for him. . . . I ate a salad in the Savoy in London and it was called Salad a la Minnon, and I was proud to know that that salad had been first made right here in our hotel—"

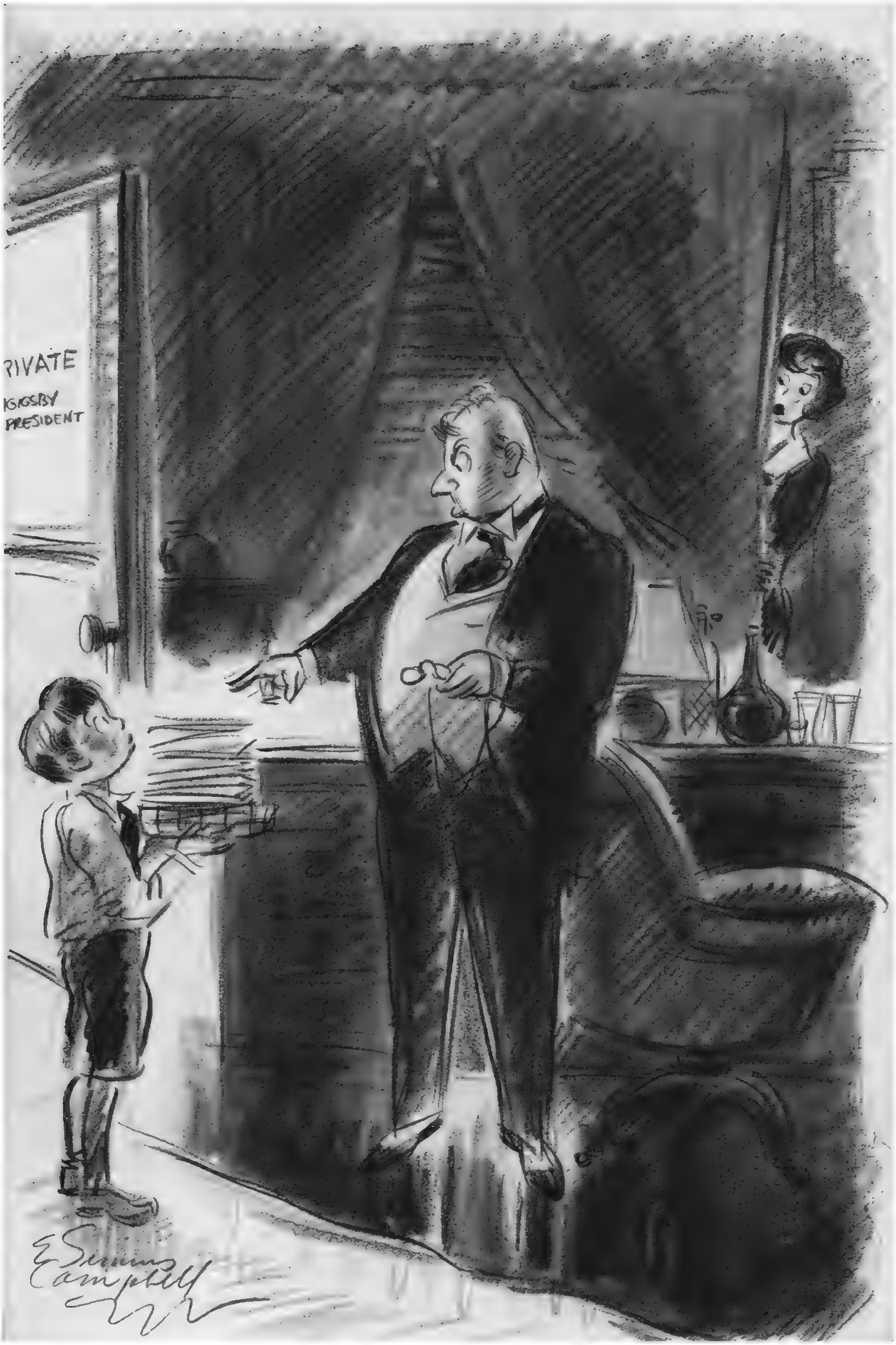
The lights went down and four waiters came in with a big tray with a huge salad bowl on it, and there were little electric lights garnishing the edges; and everybody in the room applauded, because they knew this was Charles Minnon's salad.

Then Kenneth Ashcraft got up.

"Charles Minnon has worked here twenty-five years tonight. This is a fine thing. I take great pleasure, Charles Minnon, in presenting to you this token of esteem."

Minnon opened the little box and saw what was inside, and put it down, and then moved it so the waiter could serve his salad. He looked in the box again to make sure it was platinum. And then, with difficulty, he made this speech:

"I just always want to work for you, that's all." ⵘ


RIVATE
GGSBY
PRESIDENT
E. Simms Campbell

"Young man—if you work any more around here after hours—you're fired!"

Home Is Where the Heart Is

Continued from page 61

thinking what a pity it was for Mr. Fibbs to lose all his nice things and wishing he could do something about it. After all and whether he liked it or not it was Mr. Fibbs' pool he was living in and Mr. Fibbs' angleworms he was eating every day. If he was an honorable goldfish there was only one thing to do. And he did it. He began to wriggle.

Burglars are not specially ticklish people but a cold goldfish wriggling under his shirt will make the hardiest criminal yell. Elbridge's burglar let a long sort of shuddering bellow out of him and then he began to shriek and run around the room tearing off his clothes. He pulled off his shirt and Elbridge fell on the floor. The butler was pretty surprised but he covered the two men with his gun and the other servants came running and they tied the men up and sent for the police.

Elbridge lay on the floor and closed his eyes wondering what he should do next. He had only been out of the water about fifteen minutes so he felt all right. Pretty soon the butler picked him up and handed him to one of the maids and said Throw this in the garbage. That I will not said the maid and it is you are the cold hearted ingrate Mr. Simmons so you are when it was him saved the master's joolry the purty thing look at him. Elbridge opened one eye and looked at her gratefully. Why he's alive said the maid and she ran out to the kitchen and put him in a milk bottle full of water and dropped in some cracker crumbs.

Elbridge chewed on his cracker reflectively and wondered what next and then as he was pretty tired he fell asleep. When he awoke it was morning and the cook was getting breakfast. She was pretty sleepy and she picked up the milk bottle without seeing Elbridge and put it out on the porch for the milkman. Pretty soon the milkman came along. He picked up the bottle and then he saw Elbridge and he said Whew if anyone sees a live fish in one of our bottles we'll get razzed good and plenty about the kind of milk we sell. Still he said I guess I better take him home for the kids. So he put the bottle under the seat and drove off.

Elbridge was pretty upset. Here he said I do my duty and what do I get I get put in stale water in a ten cent aquarium in a bay window under a rubber plant with a couple of guppies for company for the rest of my life. I've got to do something he said and do it quick.

The milkman's home was beside the stream where Elbridge used to live only higher up. He put the bottle on the kitchen windowsill until he could get an aquarium and this was pretty hard on Elbridge for right under the window he could hear the water going by and he knew in a few minutes this same water would be flowing right by his old home. He tried to rock the milk bottle back and forth so it would fall through the window but it was too heavy.

And then the house cat came into the kitchen. Ordinarily Elbridge would have stayed pretty quiet and tried to look like seaweed with a cat in the room but he was desperate. So he flung himself about in the bottle and goggled insultingly at the cat and waggled his jaws like insults. And at last the cat got mad. Her tail began to swish and all at once she made a leap for the bottle but her claws slipped on the glass and so she knocked it clean through the window.

Well as Elbridge used to say long afterward Fortune favors the bold. The bottle fell in the stream without breaking and though he was pretty well shaken up no bones were broken and in a few minutes he was swimming happily downstream. Luck was with him again for his old home was vacant and he moved right in.

For the first few days he was pretty happy. All the old neighbors came to call and exclaimed over his adventures and he visited all his old familiar haunts and shed a sentimental tear or two over the wasted years. But something was wrong. The old crowd seemed pretty dull and stodgy and didn't half listen when he told of all the strange things he had seen and the days were pretty long. Funny he said to himself I wonder if I am getting old there is no gaiety and color to life any more. And he began to think of Mr. Fibbs' stories and the horseplay of the servants and the moonlight swims with the exotic little Japanese. And then one day it seemed as if he would give anything for a good meal of chopped angleworms again and without a word to anyone he swam off downstream and over the cascade into the pool again.

He dined off angleworms and larvae and he watched the butler tussle with the maids and later he went for a swim with the little Japanese in the moonlight. Ah he said as he dropped off to sleep it is good to be back home again. ⧻

Hummingbirds and Honeysuckle

Continued from page 55

of an Arabian Night, for the skin of that man was white. When he saw me, he turned his head; then he sat up with a start and stared at me. Last of all, he began to laugh.

I yelled to him for help.

He only kept on laughing. He roared and he bellowed. To hear him laugh was like watching the waves in a big river chase themselves; there was no end to it. He laughed until the tears ran down his face, and the girl who had been fanning him took out a handkerchief and wiped his face. *She* laughed a bit, too, but she seemed more concerned in making the boss comfortable than in getting amusement out of me. Well, I hardly cared, for the hunt had pulled up behind me as though out of respect for the boss. They packed themselves in a dense semicircle, all very jolly, for the children were crowing and the old women snooting and braying like donkeys. Only those girls who had led the hunt stood out a bit to the fore, silent, with a resolved look.

Then I looked over the man in the hammock. He had white cotton trousers cut off at the knee—for coolness, I suppose—and a thin white shirt through which I could see the hair on his chest like a smudge on the cloth. I've seen bigger men, Jimmy, but none that had such a *look* of bigness. He wore a beard, clipped off short at the chin and he had great shaggy eyebrows that ran together. But two things about him gave me comfort. One was the blue of his eye and the other was the tattooed ship which sailed up his arm and by which I made him out a seaman.

When his tears had stopped running so that he could see me clearly at close hand, he took note of me standing with my arms folded and gave a single shout, like the roar of a sea-lion. He had a great husky voice with a sort of gurgle in it that I've never forgotten, and when he shouted that crowd of women and children melted away. At a little distance they stopped, but he bellowed again and that sent them scattering.

I was so glad to see them go that I could forgive the way he had laughed at me. I could forgive him still better when he clapped his hands a couple of times and roared for food. Half a dozen women brought it and heaped it on a light cane table under the cypress. There were tortillas, of course, and frijoles cooked with rabbit and peppers; there were half a dozen little birds roasted brown, and though they were cold, I never tasted anything better. There were yams, oranges, guava jelly, coconut grated fine, and half a dozen other things, so that the table was loaded. For drink we had both white wine and red and both kinds were good.

Now I began to feel quite at ease, for the sight of that food, after the rotten beef and weeviled biscuit of the schooner, put me in good spirits. However I noticed that those Indian girls paid less attention to their work than to me. They did not smile, like the sailor in the hammock, but they looked me over with a grave interest as one looks at a racehorse before laying a bet.

Now that the food was ready, my host extended his hand and the girl with the fan helped him to his feet. He sat down with me at the table, but he ate nothing more than a banana which the girl peeled for him. She was a handy sort to have around, always reading his mind and serving him before he could ask. Yet she reserved time to study me.

I ate and ate and ate. There were whole reefs in me that could be shaken out and filled and under the eye of the old sailor I certainly filled them with better than wind.

When that meal was eaten and washed down, he gave me a cigar and lighted one himself. I found the tobacco strong but of an exceedingly rich flavor and well rolled. While I smoked I looked about me for the first time, leisurely.

I've spoken of the lilies before, I think. You've never seen such pads. Some of them were six feet across, I'll give you my word, and the flowers themselves were as big as calla lilies. To look out from under that

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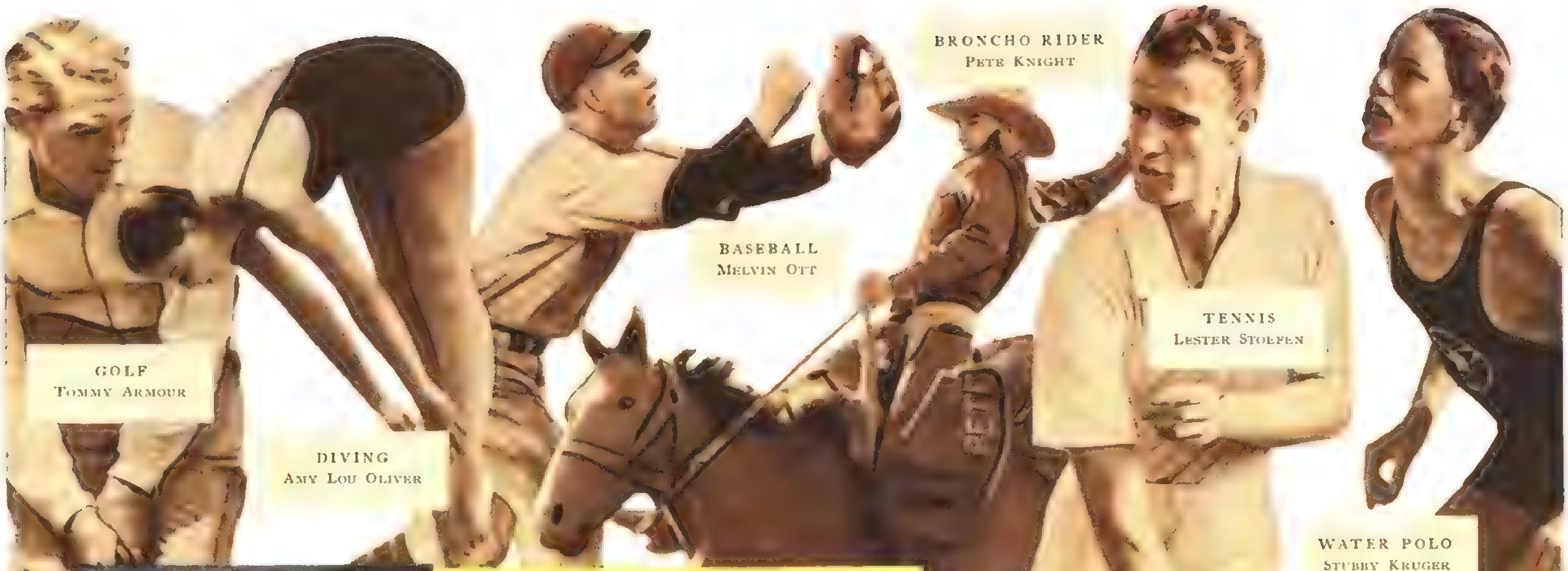
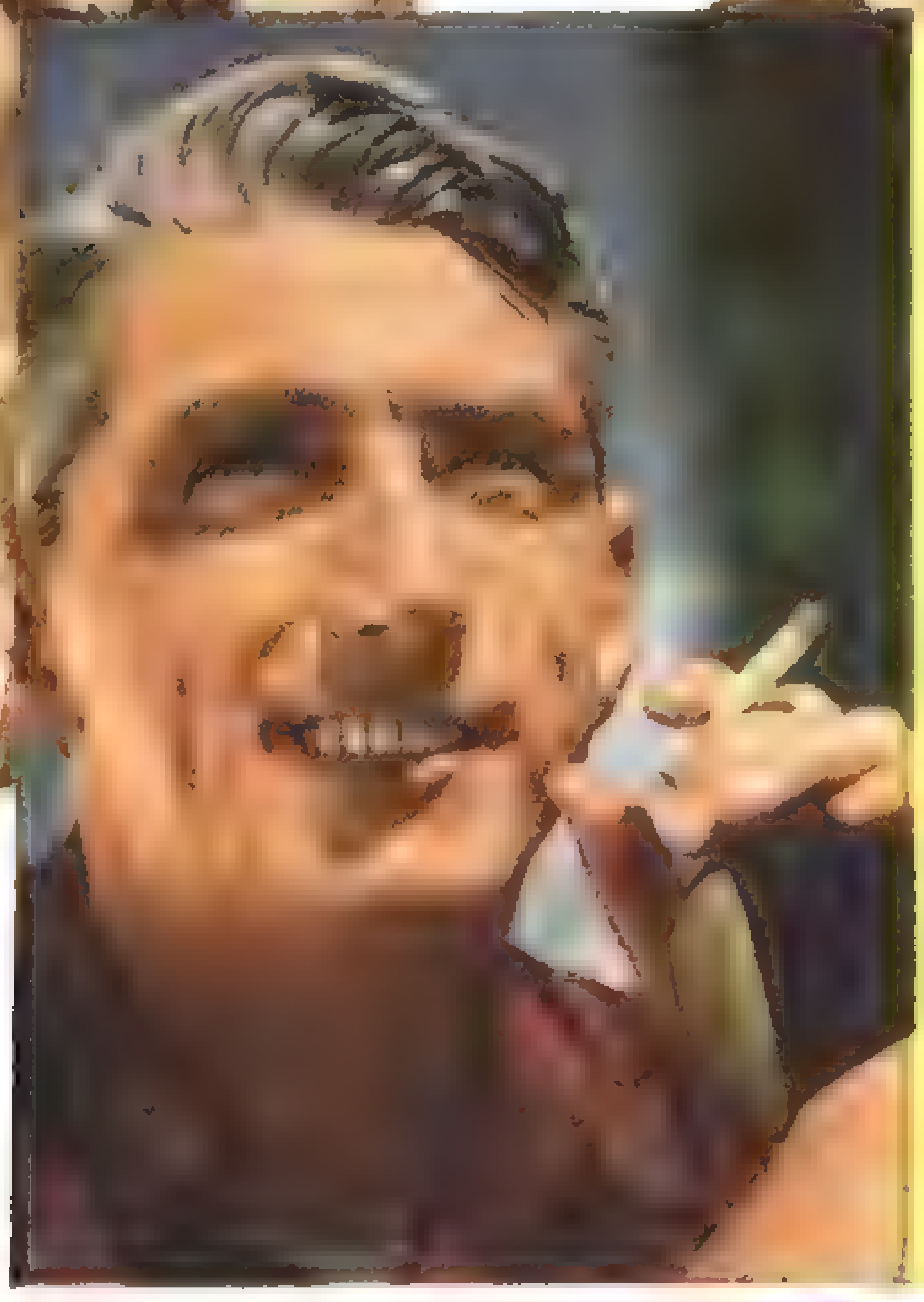

GOLF
Tommy Armour
DIVING
Amy Lou Oliver
BASEBALL
Melvin Ott
BRONCHO RIDER
Pete Knight
TENNIS
Lester Stoefen
WATER POLO
Stubby Kruger

ATHLETES SAY:

"THEY DON'T GET YOUR WIND!"



TOMMY ARMOUR says: "I'd walk a mile for a Camel...any day!"

Read below what famous athletes say about Camels

A suggestion: follow the athletes in your search for cigarette mildness.

Tommy Armour, the golf champion, says: "Camels never bother my nerves or shorten my wind—that is convincing evidence that Camels are mild." Mel Ott, heavy-hitting outfielder of the New York Giants, reports: "My experience is that Camels are so mild they never get my wind."

And Stubby Kruger, water polo and swimming star; Amy Lou Oliver, diver; and Lester Stoefen, tennis star, agree with Pete Knight, the rodeo champion, who says: "Camels—there's a smoke so mild it never cuts your wind."

A mildness that will please you too! Camels are mild, cool, gentle on the throat. Smoke them all you wish. They don't upset your nerves or tire your taste. And athletes find that Camels do not get their wind.

YOU'LL LIKE THEIR MILDNESS TOO!

LIFE IS MORE worth while when you feel fit, "in condition." Think of your nerves...your wind...and turn to Camels. Athletes say: "They don't get your wind."

SO MILD! YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT!

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COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

- Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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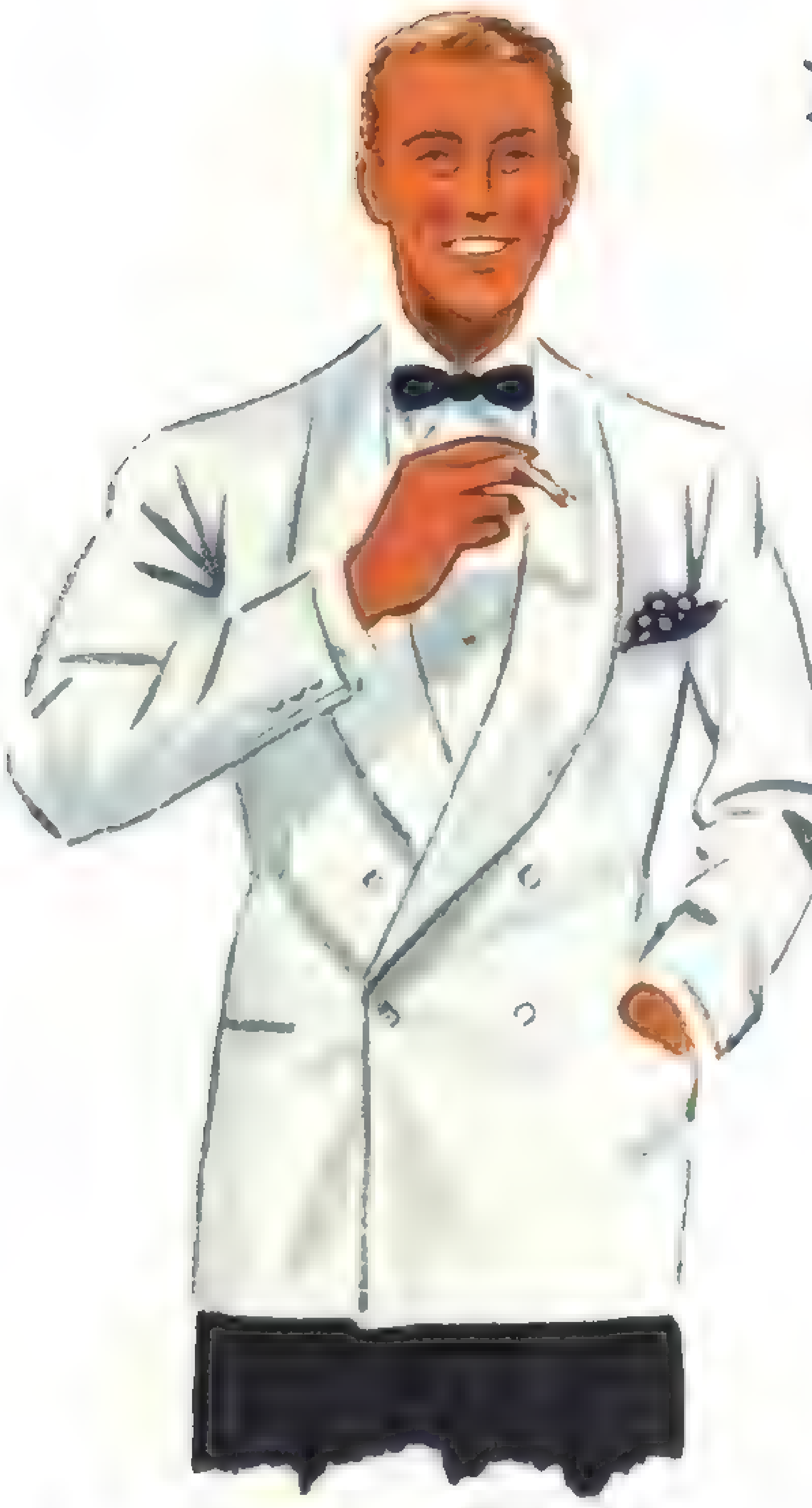
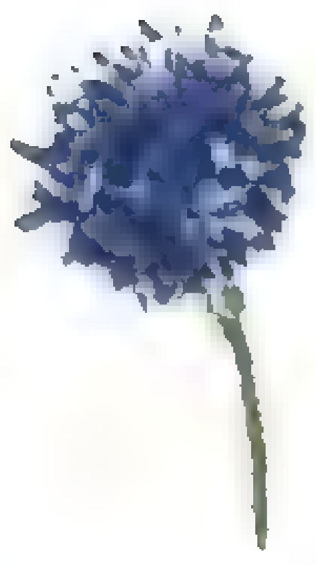
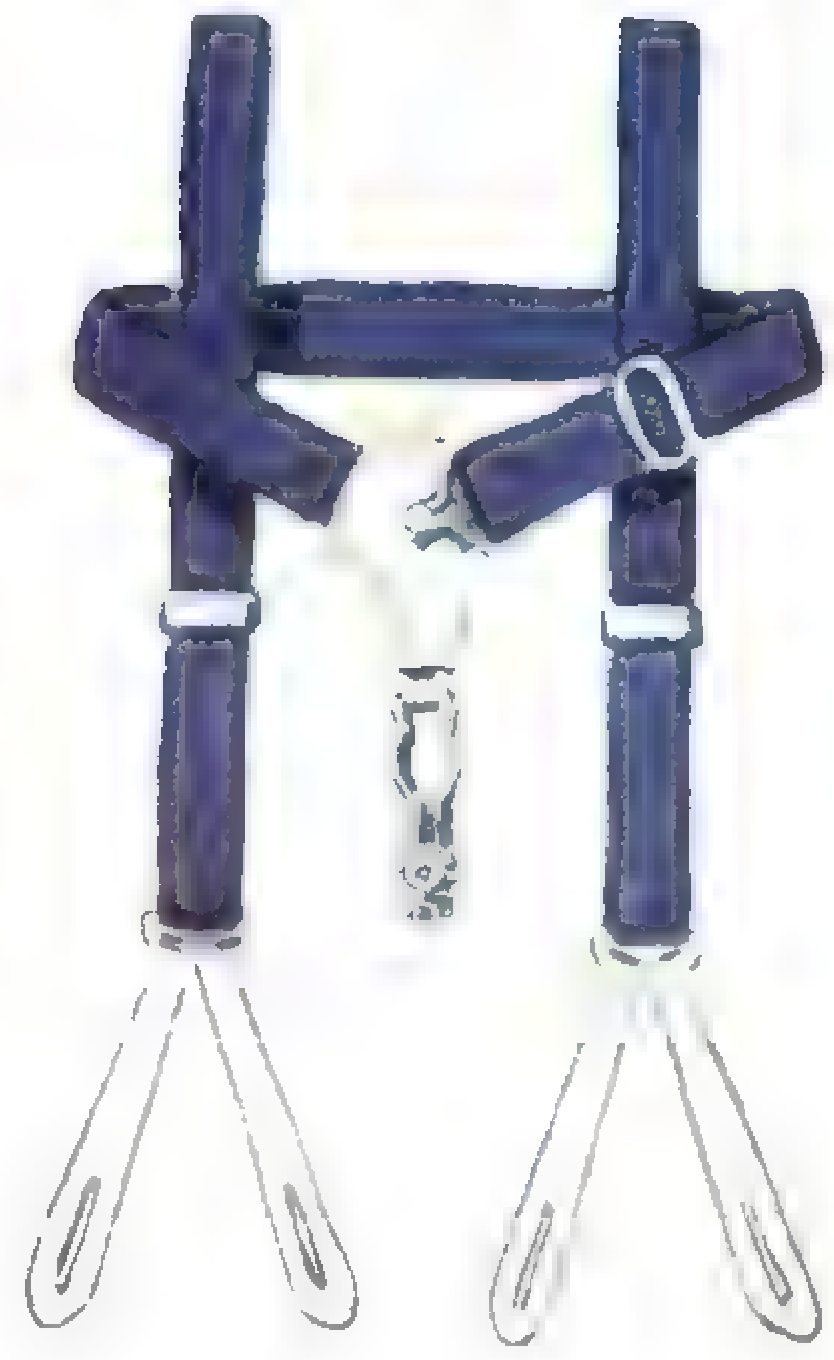


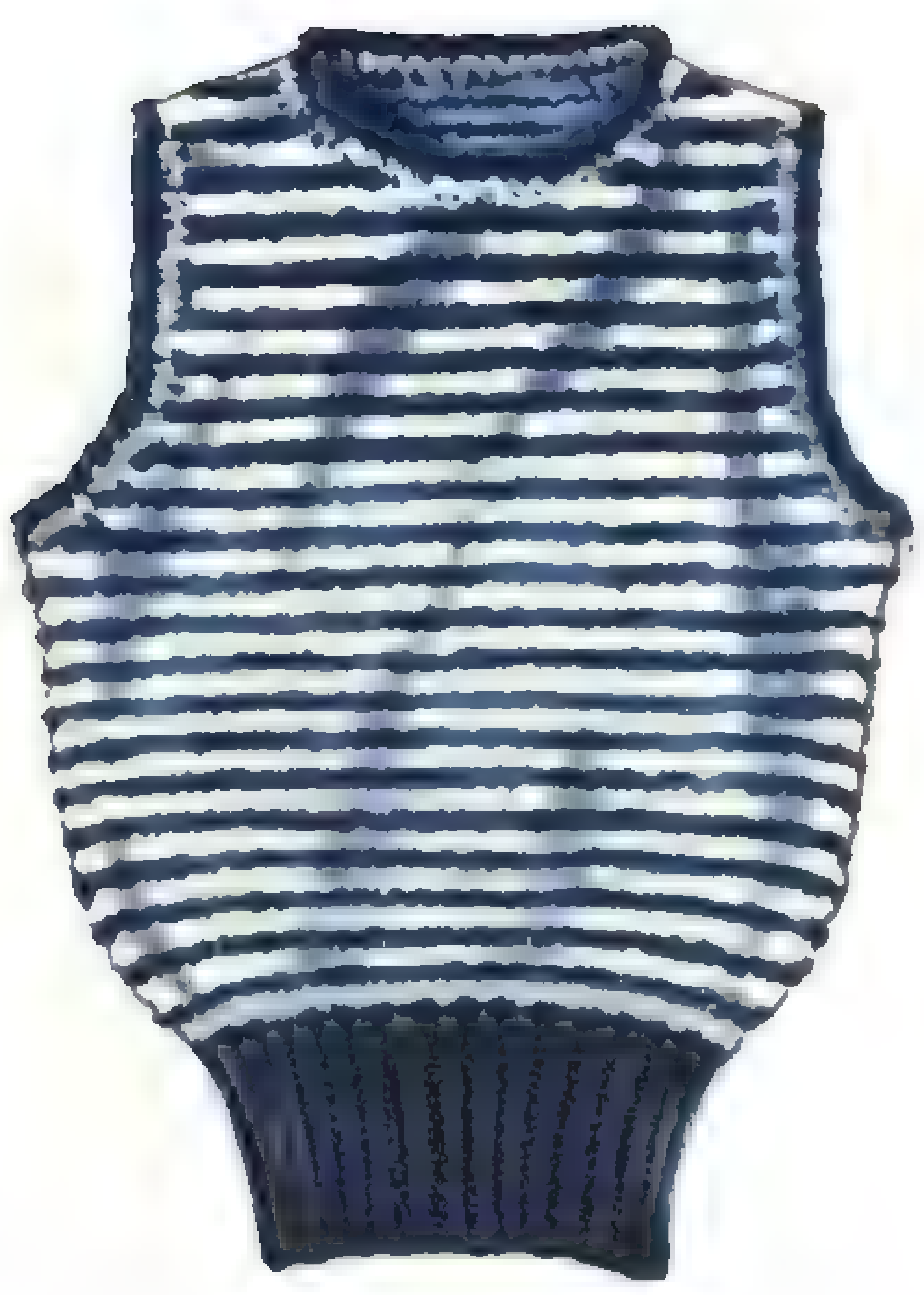
A white double breasted dinner jacket worn with midnight blue trousers and silk bow tie



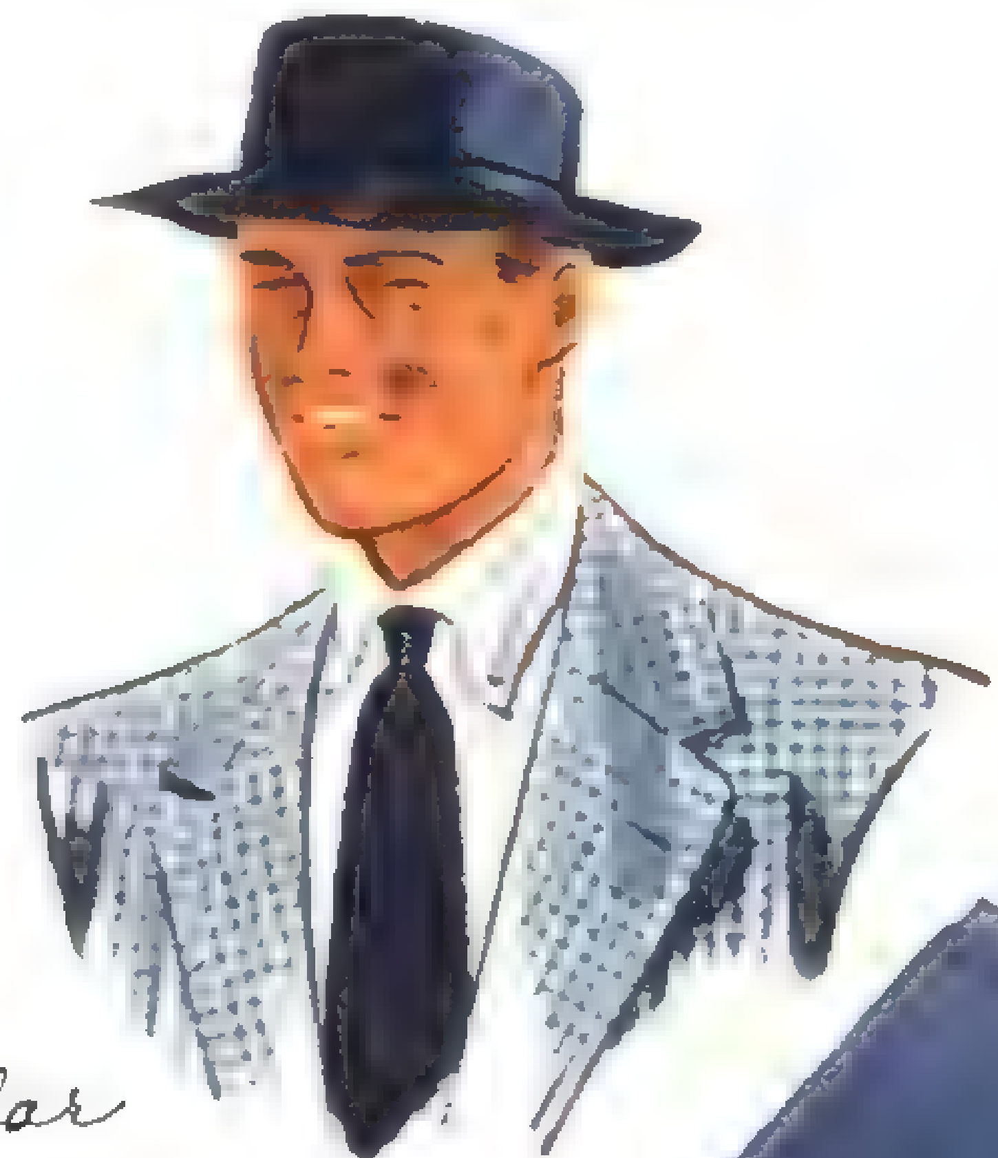
Blue corn flowers made of feathers



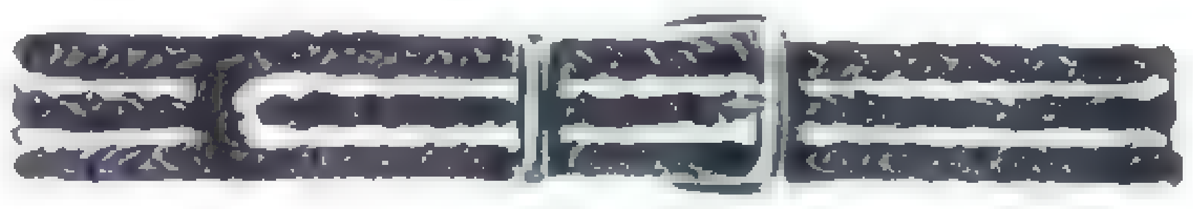
Blue linen suspenders
Terry cloth garters



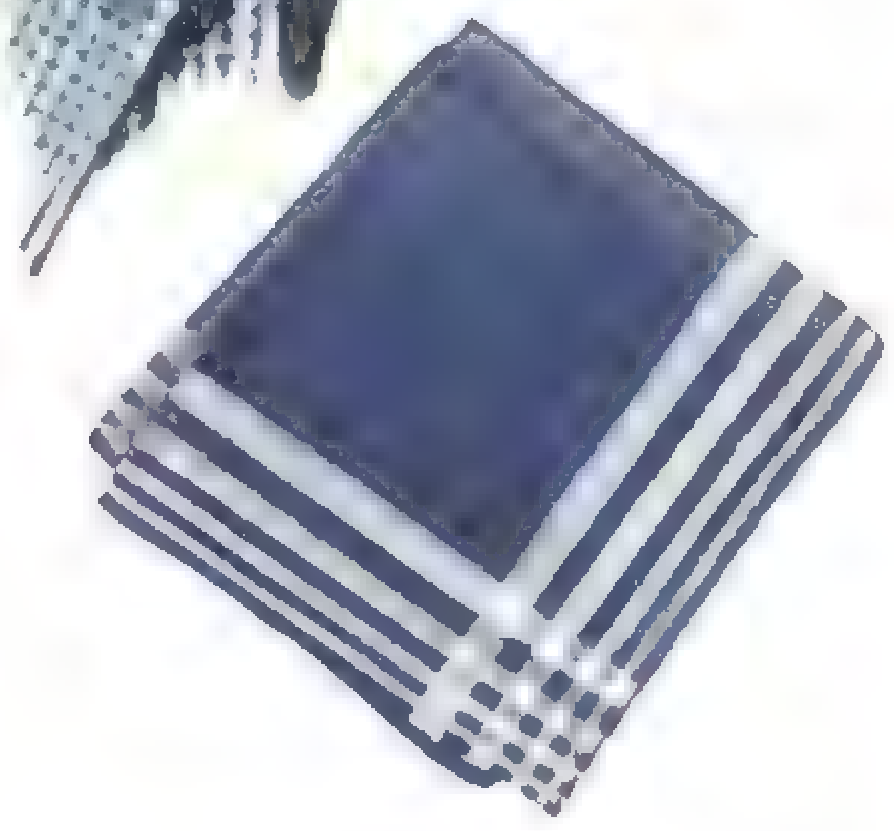
Popular blue and white sweater – First seen at Nassau – Bahamas



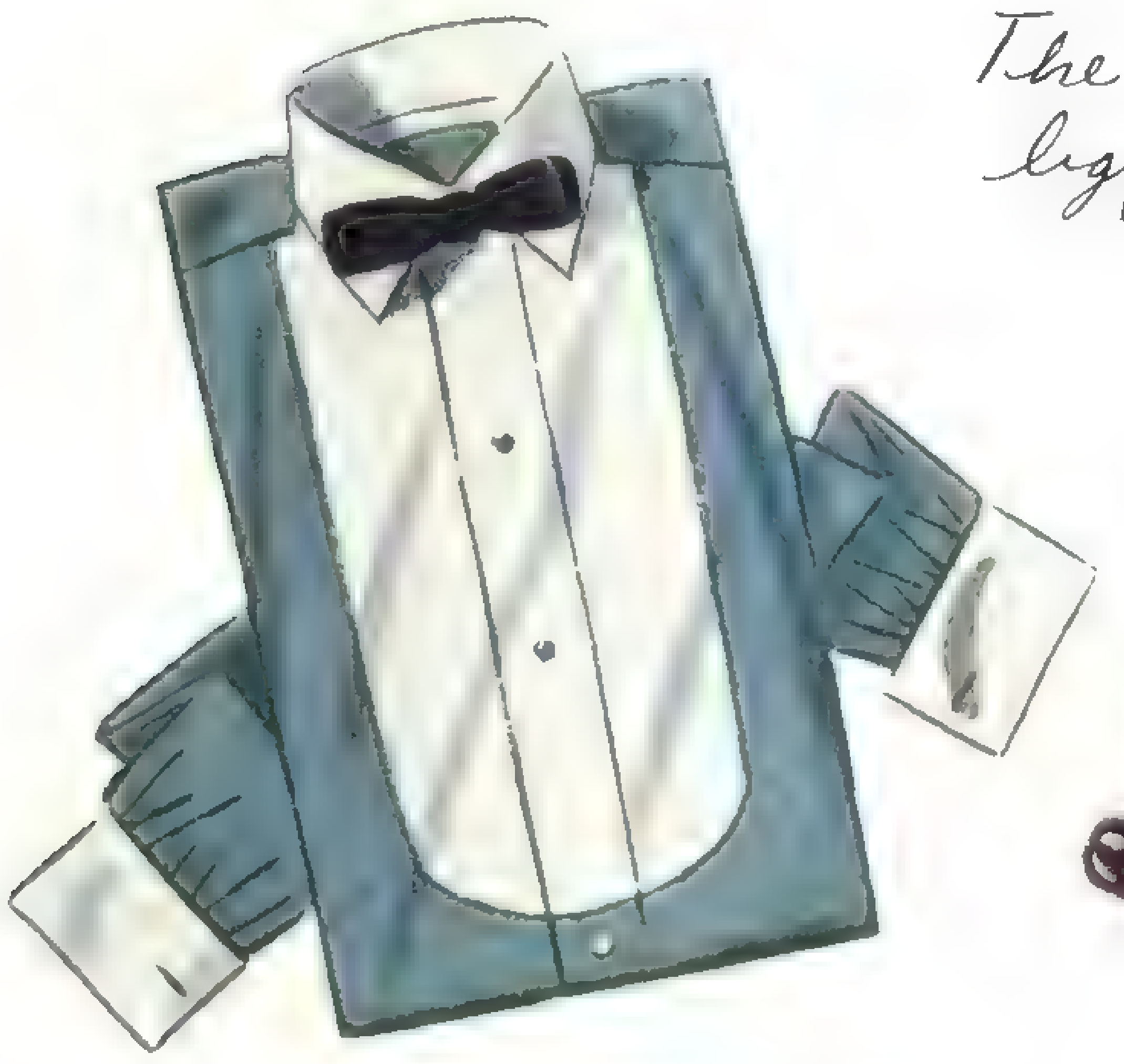
The popular light weight blue "Pork Pie" hat



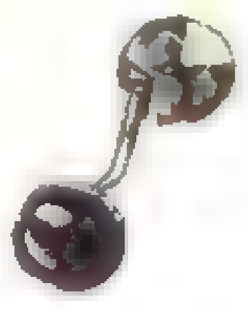
Blue and white braided string belt –



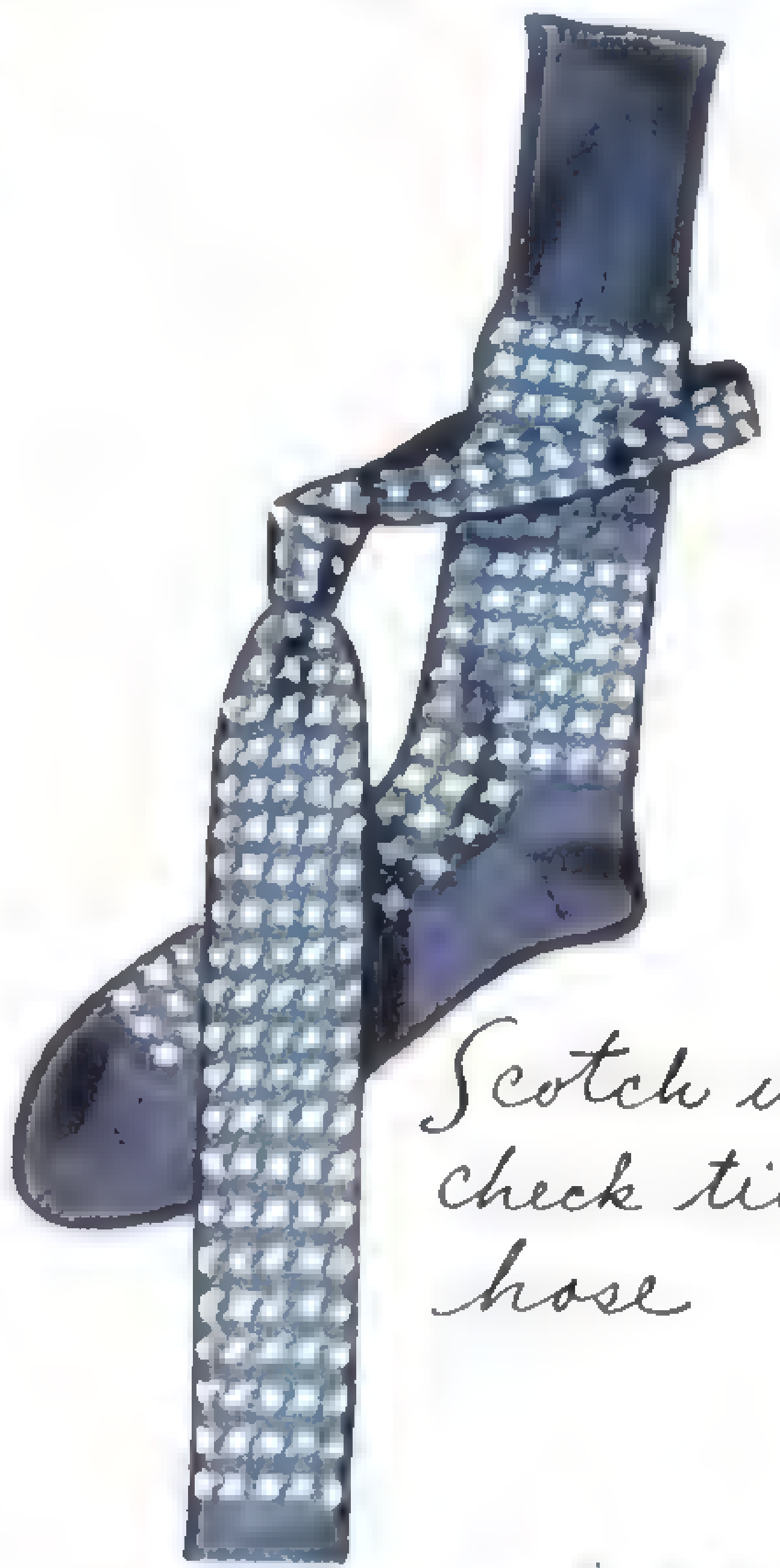
Blue linen handkerchief with white satin stripes –



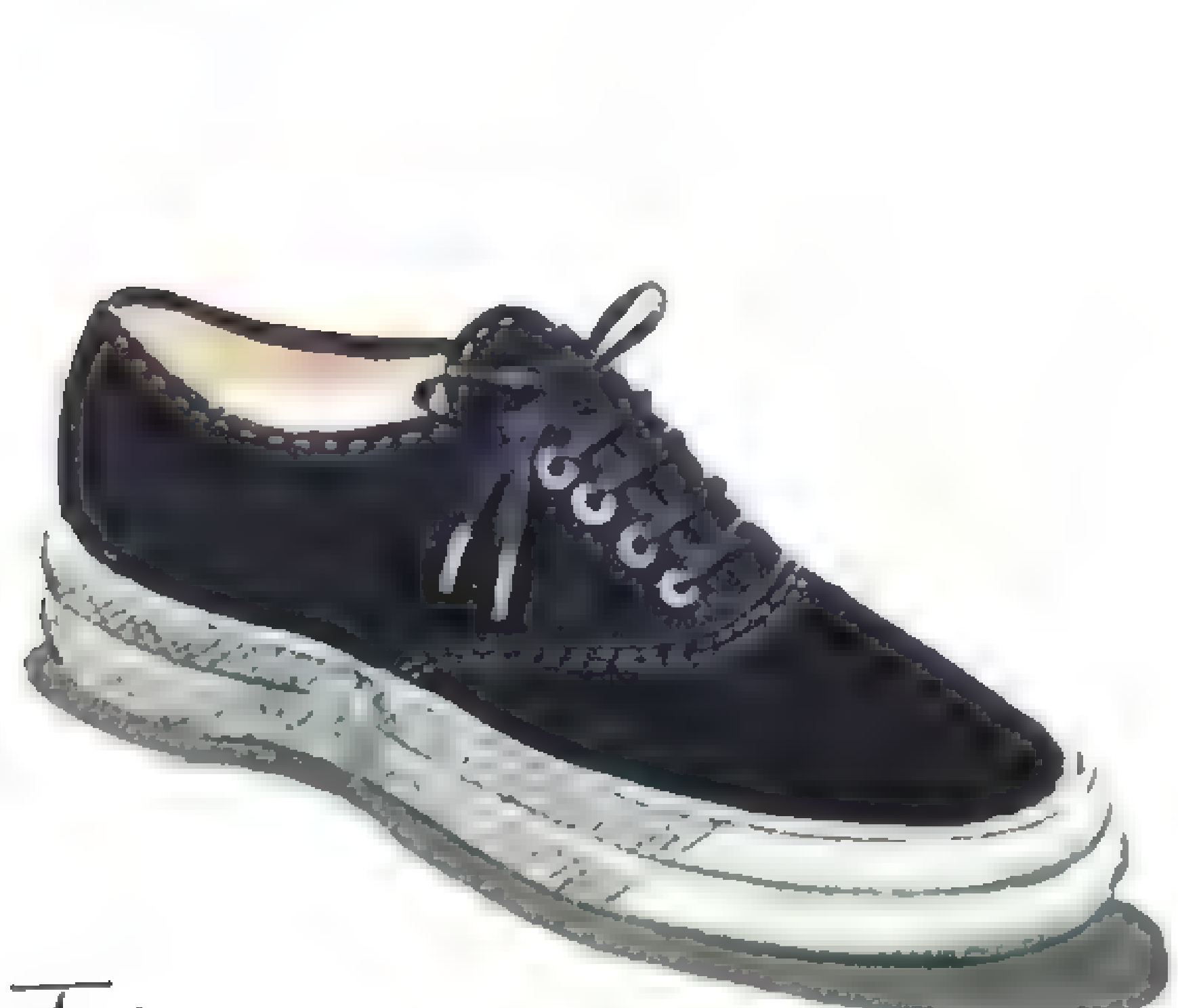
Soft bosom dress shirt light weight blue body white separate starched collar



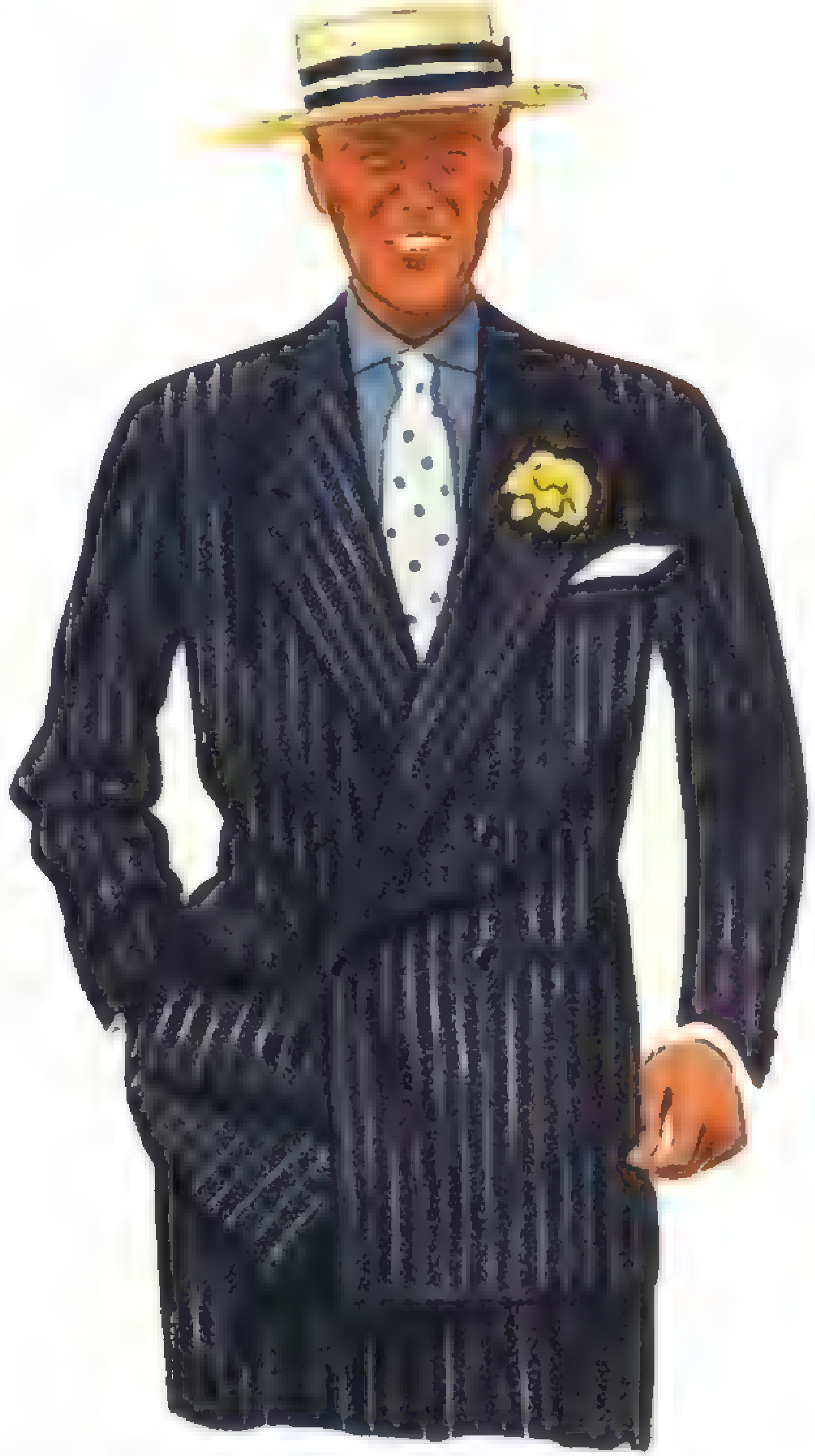
Blue dress jewelry



Scotch wool check tie and hose



The new blue tennis sneaker as worn by Bill Tilden and others



The use of blue and white in town for summer –

Blue and white accessories for Summer

Robert Goodman

Hummingbirds and Honeysuckle

Continued from pages 55-116

mountain of cedar at the lilies shining and the big pads trembling a bit in the wind was as comfortable a thing as I ever did in my life. The ease of it goes through my brain and my bones this minute, remembering. But more than the lake was the patio, the breath and the voice of it. For there was a mass of honeysuckle that fell like green water and white spray from the top of the house down to the ground and the sweetness of it has never quite gotten out of the top of my nose. No smell of tobacco will ever cure it. And over that spray and froth of blossoms there was a cloud of bees like a bright smoke, you might say, and fifty hummingbirds all throbbing their wings together until the sound of them made a music I've never heard before, and I've never wanted to hear since. The tune of it has never quite gotten out of my ear from that day to this. No harvester roaring or the noise of men wrangling ever can cover up the drone and the whisper of it.

"Now," said I to the old tar, "will you tell me why you nearly cracked your sides, laughing at me?"

He began again in snorts and gurgles but fighting to keep it under control, he'd hurt himself so badly before.

"How could I help it?" he says. "How could I help it, when I seen you walk up here, and you a man? Ay, or almost a man."

This hardly explained matters, so I waited for him to expand; but he had fallen into a muse and he went on slowly: "Though I might start groanin' and sighin', my lad, at the sight of you. I've seen eight of my shipmates lay down and die on this here strip of land. It's a fine land and a rich land, but they died of it. Dan Bleeker, he lasted six weeks, and give up the ghost, and old Chet Murphy he lasted the longest of all, but at the end of five year, he ups and dies, and that was a black day for me, young man."

"Was it a plague?" I asked him, beginning to breathe rather short and feeling my eyes pop.

At that, he starts his laughing once more.

"Ay," says he, "a plague. And God forgive me." He was trying to be solemn, but the laughing still was breaking through until it hurt his sides again.

"So I had to laugh when I seen you," he said, "and yet I might of started groaning, because I've seen eight of my shipmates up and die here under my eyes and all hale and hearty lads except for old Chet Murphy that only had one eye and a withered sort of a leg, and yet Chet, he outlasted all the rest of 'em."

I began to sweat.

"Couldn't you get away?" I asked him.

"Couldn't I get away?" says he. Then he half got up from his chair and roared at me: "Don't be a fool! How could I get away? And how could you get away yourself?"

I wiped my face, when he said that, and as he settled down in the chair again I said: "Well, *you* managed to live through the plague."

At that, he banged on his chest with his big fist, and it sounded like a drum. "Ay," said he, "I'm a man, my lad!"

I sat back and looked at him through the smoke of my cigar and the first glimmerings of an understanding came over me. The cold that had been wriggling up and down my spine, it was nothing to the chill that froze me now, and yet all at once *I* felt like laughing. It began to bubble in my throat.

At last I said: "When I came up through the fields I didn't see a man, a dog, a horse, a cow, an ox, a bull, a cat, a sheep, a goat—only women. Will you tell me, in the name of God, what's become of all else?"

He frowned, and nodded to himself, and his blue eyes glared at me.

"God had nothing to do with it," said he. "Only the devil! The men that used to live here, I've tried on their huaraches and my feet were lost in them. Their straw hats had to be brought down a size or two to keep them from blowing off my head."

"They must have been giants," said I. "I'd like to have seen them."

"So should I," said he, in haste. "So should I like to of seen them, and the whole peninsula full of them."

I looked about me. I breathed of the scent of the water lilies and the honeysuckle bloom, and I watched the wrist of the girl bending as she fanned the mosquitoes away from her master.

"Well, you've found a pretty easy berth," I suggested.

"Oh, ay," said he. "In a manner of speaking—easy in a manner of speaking—"

He looked off at the misty edge of the sky with a weary face. I hurried to get him back to the mystery of which he had been speaking.

"But what was wrong?" said I. "What carried the men off, when they were so big and strong?"

"Pride carried 'em off," said he, "and their own bigness and the easy life. Why would they want to pay Mexican taxes? No, they'd be their own masters—God help 'em!"

"They rebelled, you mean?" I asked.

"They knocked the tax collectors on the head," he told me. "And then the president, he tried the soft answer that turneth away wrath. He sent down a fourth cousin or a second-hand nephew of his to pow-wow with the chiefs."

"But they wanted war?" said I.

"They wrote back to the president a letter that was all in red, for it was carved on the body of that poor young man. What they thought of Mexico, they carved with their knives on him; then they cut the soles of his feet into strips and turned him loose to get home."

"But how could he walk?" said I.

"Maybe he rode," growled the sailor, "or maybe he went on hell-fire, step by step, but what was left of him got back to the City of Mexico and the president saw him."

"I'll wager he was an angry man," said I.

The sailor looked at me for a long moment.

"He was so hot," said he, "that he ain't cooled off yet. Go down to the head of the peninsula now and you'll find a barbed-wire fence, with the barbs like bayonets, and behind the fence is a line of patrols that never stops moving, day and night. Yonder from the hill top, in the evenings, you can see the red spots of their campfires. The women go up there and wail and mourn of a night so's it spoils your sleep."

Now my imagination leaped ahead to the finish.

"And all the men—all the men—?" I gasped at him.

"Every male thing," he nodded at me. "They've got some pretty hard-boiled regiments in the Mexican army and the president he picked out two that was all made up of eight-minute eggs. He sent them down with sealed orders and when they got to the head of the peninsula they opened those orders and couldn't believe their eyes. They sent back for confirmation, and got it."

He shook his head and sighed.

My hair began to bristle.

"Every man?" I repeated. "Even the boys?"

"Even the boy babies," said he.

I got up to my feet with my eyes popping and straining at him.

"But all the other things are gone!" said I. "There's no horses, no burros, no cattle, not even a duck or a chicken, not even a dog in the streets!"

He shook his head solemnly.

"Every male thing," he repeated. "Nothing was left but the females. The other beasts died in time, and only the women were left."

I stood there for a moment, dead still, and into my brain soaked the smell of the honeysuckle and the drone of the bees and the whir of the hummingbirds. The girl had stopped fanning her boss. When you're hard hit and almost stunned, sometimes it's then that you notice the little details and now for the first time I saw that a wreath of the honeysuckle flowers was done into her hair. A hummingbird flashed down above her, green and gold, and jumped away again through the air, but the girl didn't turn to watch it. She was looking at me with a smile somewhere behind her eyes.

After a time I said: "Chief, do you use a pipe?"

"Sure," said he. "You'll find one in the cantina. First room on the right of the hall. There's a whole rack of them on the table. And tobacco, in a big stone jar in the corner."

I went into the house, found the right room, and picked a clay pipe out of the rack of them on the table. By my figuring, there's no pipe as clean and sweet as the clay. In a three gallon jar in the corner there was shredded tobacco. I filled the pipe and then my pocket before I noticed that the room was darker, as though a cloud had blown across the face of the sun. When I turned from the jar I saw what had happened. At the two windows were standing girls of the tribe, whopping big ones; on the threshold were more of those women, and every man-jack of them was smiling quietly as though they knew something that was a mystery to me. A coldness began to work in the marrow of my bones and the damp of the fear came out on my face, but I decided to be casual and careless.

So I began to whistle a tune and strolled towards the door. I said to the girls: "Excuse me, please!" and started to sidle out, but none of them moved. They just stood there, with the same, damned quiet smile.

* * *

Well, time ran on, as they say in the story books, and every day was full of the hum-

Continued at top of page 120

Hummingbirds and Honeysuckle

Continued from pages 55-116-119

ming of the birds, and every night was soaked with the sweet of the honeysuckle so that breathing was like eating or drinking, and every breath was too much.

There came a week of hot weather. At the end of it a wind came out of the north and carried the roaring of the surf inland to the tavern. I told the chief that we ought to go down to the beach and cool off and like every sailor he was ready to do the first thing that was suggested, so we walked to the sea with no more of an escort than a dozen or so of the Indians.

There was a moon hanging in the west, puffing its cheeks out and turning red as it dropped to the horizon. The light from it showed us the big breakers weltering in from the sea before they went flash boom on the shore. The boss and I turned up our trousers and waded along the margin where the water came up as high as our knees, slacking and pulling at us when it ran back. The Indians went in a lot deeper. They were no good at swimming, but they tied their clothes on top of their heads and jumped and danced and chortled and yelled and hooted and choked and acted like children in general. For anyone who cared to look, they made a pretty picture there, jumping up and down across the moon; for my part, I didn't care to look, but I kept my arm hooked into the arm of the sailor and walked along with my eyes on the sand or on the oily sleek of the water when it flattened out with the moon color staining it.

And then an extra loud yell from one of the girls made me look—I hoped that I might see one of them drown, or the whole precious lot, to make it better—and I saw something enter the moon. I mean, I thought it was a bird, at first, but it was moving too slowly to be a bird, and now it turned into a barkentine that was leaning aslant as it tacked across the wind, beating north.

I didn't speak. I was too full for words. I simply unhooked my arm from that of the sailor and walked straight into the sea. Some of the girls began to dance and frolic around me, the waves and the moonshine leaping over them, but when I got to shoulder depth I waited for a big wave to pass and then dived into the trough and swam with all my might, swam till my lungs were bursting.

When I came to the surface I heard the Indians screeching. Some of them were swimming, or trying to swim; the sailor had run in as far as he could go but, like a lot of seamen, he didn't know how to navigate except in a boat. His roaring was like the boom of a thousand bullfrogs. He filled the sky with an echo like a cave. He was bellowing to me to come back and damning me for a traitor.

And then another big wave caught me, lifted me, carried me towards the shore, and the bright, lifted arms of those Indians. Well, I decided that I would do or die. I dived again and swam and swam and swam until my lungs were cracking and there was fire in my brain. But, when I came up, I was safe. I mean to say there was nothing to be afraid of except the sea and drowning, and so I lay out with an easy stroke, taking my time, with not a worry in the world weighing down my shoulders.

The moon went down but I had the stars to show me the barkentine when she turned to me on her next tack. I never heard a cooler or a pleasanter sound than the rushing of her bow wave. I never heard a finer music than the noise in her cordage. And when I got to the deck the mate said to me: "Hey, who are you? And where've you been?"

And all at once I understood that I couldn't tell him, because if the crew heard the story, the fools might turn the ship back and insist on landing. So all I could do was break out laughing, and I laughed and laughed until the mate thought that I was out of my wits and ordered the cook to serve me up a glass of grog.

"But that," said my uncle, "is the only laugh that I ever got out of that adventure. And another thing—now that I've told you, keep still about it because nobody would believe you if you talked." #

When a Woodsman Cooks

Continued from page 73

that this is a French-Canadian dish that he learned in the early days of logging in the North woods.

Another favorite dish of this expert woodsman is "bean-hole beans." At least once a year we try to get together and enjoy this luxury which "Ole" prepares supremely. He does it this way: Dig a hole in a safe place, preferably in clay soil, about five inches deeper and wider than your Dutch oven or pot. Make sure it is in a safe place, where there is no danger of your fire getting away. There should be no underground roots to act as fuses and carry off the smouldering sparks that later will result in a forest fire. Old spruce roots are especially bad for this. Build a hot fire in the hole, using hardwood if possible. Keep the fire burning several hours, and end with a bed of hot coals.

Fill your pot about one third full of beans. For two quarts of beans, add one and a half pounds of dry salt pork cut in small cubes. Put in plenty of water and add at least a teaspoon of baking soda. Parboil the pork and beans until the skin will slip off the beans. If the salt pork has become rusty, the soda will sweeten it. Drain off the water. Add more hot water and drain. Now cover the bottom of the pot with some of the salt pork, add the rest of the pork and beans, also some mustard, salt, pepper and about a tablespoon of brown sugar or molasses. Add warm or hot water to cover beans well.

Remove most of the hot coals from the fire hole with a shovel, leaving a layer on the bottom of the pit. Put in the pot or Dutch oven, which should have a fairly tight cover to keep out ashes and dirt. Place the live coals around and over the pot, and cover with a layer of dirt, leaving a small portion of the pot bail in sight. Leave in the hole over night, or at least six hours. Dig it out, dish up generous portions, and gather round for a feast of the gods.

There are so many ways of cooking venison that they cannot be covered within the scope of this article. Steaks, roasts, stews—all the ingenuity of the woodsman-cook come into play here. As a first delicacy after the deer has been killed, I like the liver, fried with sliced dry onions and bacon. In your stews and potpourris use, if available, sherry wine or sherry flavoring. Steaks should be seared quickly, then cooked more slowly, and eaten hot. Roasts are improved if rubbed with a clove of garlic before cooking. Boiled marrow bones provide a palatable substitute for butter, if you happen to run out; although the butter in tins keeps well on a pack trip if reasonable care is taken.

Salads rarely appear on the woodsman's menu, although they are wholesome if you can pick up the necessary ingredients. A good salad is made of cold boiled red beans, mixed with chopped celery, green peppers, carrots or what have you, and French dressing. The dressing is prepared easily with a mixture of salad oil and vinegar, adding salt, pepper, mustard, A-1 sauce, horseradish or any similar condiments you may have along.

How about dessert? Well, if you still crave a dessert after partaking of the hearty dishes I have just described, you are a blame good man, pardner. My favorite period to a woods meal is one of the stronger cheeses (which now come in convenient jars), spread on hardtack or rye crisp.

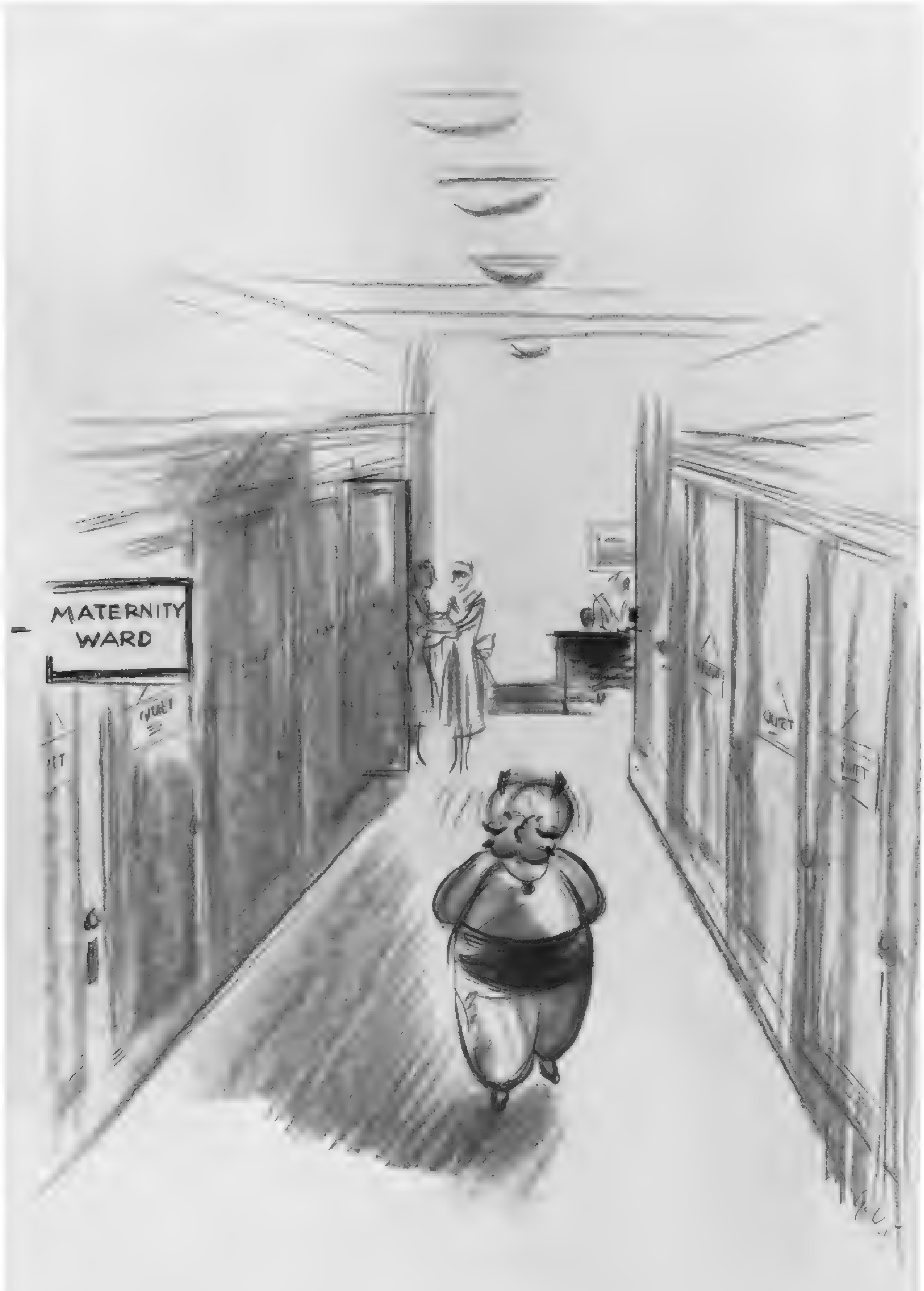
If you must have a sweet, try huckleberry grunt. It is called "grunt" because you will eat so much of it that's all you can do, according to Clem Klingensmith, son of an old time woodsman, and superintendent of one of the CCC camps up in the forests of Washington.

To make this delicacy, prepare dumplings similar to the dough-gods previously explained; or make your dumplings from the prepared flapjack flour. In the center of each dumpling place a generous portion of fresh huckleberries, which are plentiful in the high Cascades in the late summer, and some white or brown sugar. Have a pot of boiling water that has been sweetened with white corn syrup. If the water is slightly thickened with flour or cornstarch the dumplings will stand up better. Drop them in, cook, take out, and eat until you grunt.

A large variety of camp desserts also can be made using a simple cornstarch pudding as a base. Into this stir any of the following, according to taste: shredded cocoanut; canned pineapple, peaches or other fruit; dried raisins; sweetened chocolate; and so on according to your imagination and ingenuity. Good doughnuts can be made from the prepared flapjack flour, a little sweetening, some canned milk and water, and fried in a pot of deep fat.

When you have eaten to exhaustion, when darkness is creeping on, and the noises of the night are lulling you to well earned slumber, remember the first rule of the woodsman: Put your fire out, dead out. Puddle it. Feel for hot embers; then puddle it again.

"So long. And come again next year." #


MATERNITY WARD
QUIET
QUIET
QUIET

Reluctant Banes

Continued from page 52

We'll be right in front of the door in case you want us."

"*Yes, Dr. Wattles. I'll let you know if anything starts to happen before you get back.*"

I's gwy slip in 'ere whiles de mens is out de room. Po' suff'rin' lamb, she havin' a bad time fo' true. If only she lef' de whole doin's to me, de chile'd be layin' on de bed aside of her right now . . . Irene, how you is, honey? You maw is right yuh, waitin' to see de new gran you is gwy birth. I got a nice fiah goin' in de kitchen, an' we'll wake up de udder chillens an' show em dey new li'l brudder soon's ever you birth em. But do make has'e, gal. I mos' wore out wid waitin' . . . yes suh, doctor, I's fixin' to leave. I wouldn' stay in de room an' be in de way.

Lawd, do please let Irene have e baby soon now. She suffer so, an' de pains is pow'ful mean. Don' suffer her no mo', please Lawd. De Book say you watch de sparrow bird, sholy you can hear de pitiful way she takin' on now, wid de men doctors standin' round like it wasn' no shame lef' in 'is worl'.

"*Let's go, doctor. Here we are! Everything all set? . . . Hush your hollering, Irene, you should have let us give you ether, and it's almost over, now, anyway . . . Once more, now . . . stea-dy! . . . and that's that. A boy, too.*"

"*Doctor, does I hear my baby, my new baby, suh? I wants to hear em, doctor.*"

"*In just a half a shake, now. As soon as I get a little of this out of his throat, so that . . . and now the other clamp, Miss Steinweg . . . there you are, Irene. Did you hear that?*"

"*'Deed I did, suh. Cain' he holler loud, though? Do lissen at em! He bein' bad a'ready!*"

"*The scissors, Miss Steinweg . . . there . . . and the dressing. Wonder what he'll weigh? You can have him now, Miss Steinweg. Back in the kitchen, I reckon. It's warm there.*"

Lea' me see em, missy. Jes one look! I got de cloth spread on de kitchen table like you say, an' yonnuh de li'l basket wid de clo'es an' de pins . . . yassum, I po' de oil in de saucer to cool it . . . My, ain' he fine? Ain' he beautiful? De good Lawd sholy did answer my pray's, di'n' he, when I ask him please suh to gi' us anudder li'l chiny shooter in de fambly. Is you got everything you needs, missy? I got to wake de udder chillens, I cla' I does, an' lea' em see what a beautiful new li'l brudder de doctors done bring em, an' you too, missy. Dey gwy be so glad fo' em, account dey ain' knivin'-hearted, not one bit.

Cecil gwy be dat proud, too! He ever did want to have de same many boy chillens like he have gal chillens. Praise Jesus, Cecilia. Wake up, honey, wake up an' see de fine new brudder de doctors an' de nurse bring you, chile. You stan' right here whe' you can look good, an' I wake up Josephus. Looky yonnuh, Josephus! You is got anuder li'l chiny shooter to play wid now. And M'rie Ant'net, you got to wake up too. Knuckle de sand outen you eyes, so you can see de new li'l brudder. Ain' he a beauty?

You three chillens come march in de front room wid me an say thank you to you maw fo' givin' you such a sweet li'l baby. An' say thank you to de doctor. Go on, now. Whe' you lef' you manners at? In de bed, mebby? Show you raisin', chillens. Say thank you to de doctors fo' bringin' you de new baby brudder . . . Da's right. Da's de way. God'll love you fo' true, now. Hurry back to you bed. Lea' me tuck you in good. What you gwy do to de new brudder? You gwy min' him? Da's right. Da's my good chillens a-talkin'.

An' I wants to thank you too, doctor. I wants to thank you all both. Looky Irene smile! She done good, din'n' she? I ever did say it was better to have de men doctors dan jes have de womens to catch de baby. It ain' many famblies in de neighborhood got three autymobles standin' in front de do' when it happen. No suh, indeed.

Do looky Irene smilin'! Well, e got a right to smile. What you gwy name de chile, Irene? Gi' em a lucky name, fo' true. What dat you say? . . . Sho! Da's a nice name, de ve'y name I hear de doctors say, too. I like em fine. Reluctant. Da's a gran' name. Reluctant Banes. Praise Jesus!

Tempers and Tennis

Continued from page 49

Play for the title began at 2:11. Cochet soon broke two of Vines' services to lead at 4-2; that was the last commanding lead he had during the entire match. Vines hit his stride and won the next four games for the set, 6-4. At the start of the second set a loose page from a newspaper drifted out of the marquee onto the court. Cochet remained motionless and stared. A ball boy ran swiftly and scooped up the paper.

Cochet was making frequent trips to the umpire's chair at the end of even games and sometimes during games although by the rules this is not permissible. With the score at 3 all in the second set, Cochet stopped the play and asked, very quietly and serenely, that the multi-colored wraps draped over the wall of the arena be removed. When play was resumed Vines cut loose and won the set, 6-4; now he was leading two sets to love.

A deathly silence fell over the crowd of 15,000 as the third set began; Cochet had steeled himself for one final supreme effort. In the critical stages of this set as Cochet was about to receive service, he halted the play abruptly, walked over to the umpire seated high in his chair and complained that the clicking of the telegraph instruments was distracting him and requested that they be stopped. While this was going on Vines folded his arms over his racket, crossed one leg over the other and appeared rather bored. When Cochet resumed his position, Vines won that game and then quickly ended the match with a series of brilliant shots, the final point being scored with a service that hit the intersection of the lines with the speed and aim of a rifle shot. As that final ace came over Cochet never moved to reach it; the chalk flew, then he walked up to Vines and congratulated him. It was exactly 3:10. (Score 6-4, 6-4, 6-4).

The debacle was accomplished in the record time of 59 minutes. Afterwards Vines said, "I knew I had him broken up when he wanted those sweaters taken off the rail; I didn't even know they were there."

Just how "burned" Cochet was during the match was only found out after he landed back in France and we read his vigorous protests and criticisms in the cabled press dispatches.

It does not necessarily follow that one cannot play good tennis when he is angry. George Lott can get angry without losing his control. His anger only serves to clear his reactions, sharpen his eye, give him a new grip on himself and make him suddenly play better. In one of his pet duels with the superstitious Frank Parker, Lott was playing phlegmatically and being beaten. At last Parker annoyed him with his childishness, making the ball boys retrieve for him the same "lucky" ball with which he had just won a series of points. It finally rolled over near Lott who picked up the ball and asked politely, "Is this the one, Frank?"

"Yes," replied Parker. "That's it."

Thereupon Lott gave the ball a whack and banged it over the fence. He was sufficiently irritated that he eventually won the match.

Vines has the distinction of being the one player who lost his temper before he ever stepped foot on the court. So incensed was he at the treatment given his teammate in the Borotra-Allison Davis Cup match of 1932, held in Paris, that when he faced Cochet in the final match of the tie, his attitude was one of complete indifference. After a few questionable decisions had been called against him, costing him the first set, Vines started to throw the match so that he could get off the court and out of the country as quickly as possible. If they wanted to win that way, let 'em win. He dropped the second set 6-0, tossing six straight games.

While changing courts for the third set, Captain Bernon Prentice stopped him and a serious conversation took place. What was said exactly, no one will ever know; it was something about Vines not playing for himself at this time, but for his country and that no matter what the treatment or the result, it was up to him to give his best. Vines did not even reply, he walked to the baseline and began to play in earnest; all his anger had left him. He won the next three sets and the match (score 4-6 0-6 7-5 8-6 6-2), he ran Cochet for miles and miles, he returned Cochet's best shots for aces and when Cochet walked off the court, he was exhausted, physically and mentally—beaten and outplayed, for the first time in a Davis Cup contest since 1927. And this with a gift of two sets.

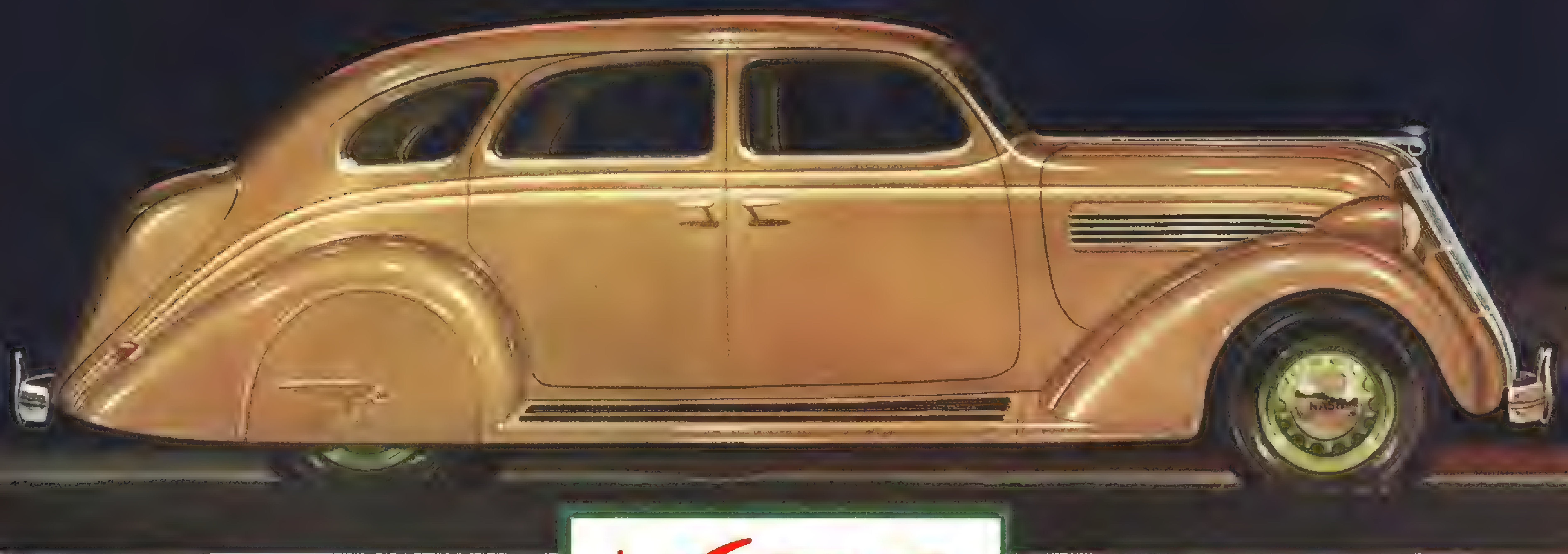
Jack Crawford, the Australian, possesses a fine tennis temperament in addition to his fluent and effortless strokes. When in good health he is a difficult man to beat. The crest of his game was reached in 1933 when he won the Australian, French and English Championships in succession. That siege of hard tennis extending through twelve months took its toll eventually and in the Fall when he faced Perry in the finals of the U. S. Nationals at Forest Hill, he was at the peak of his form mechanically, but a sick man.

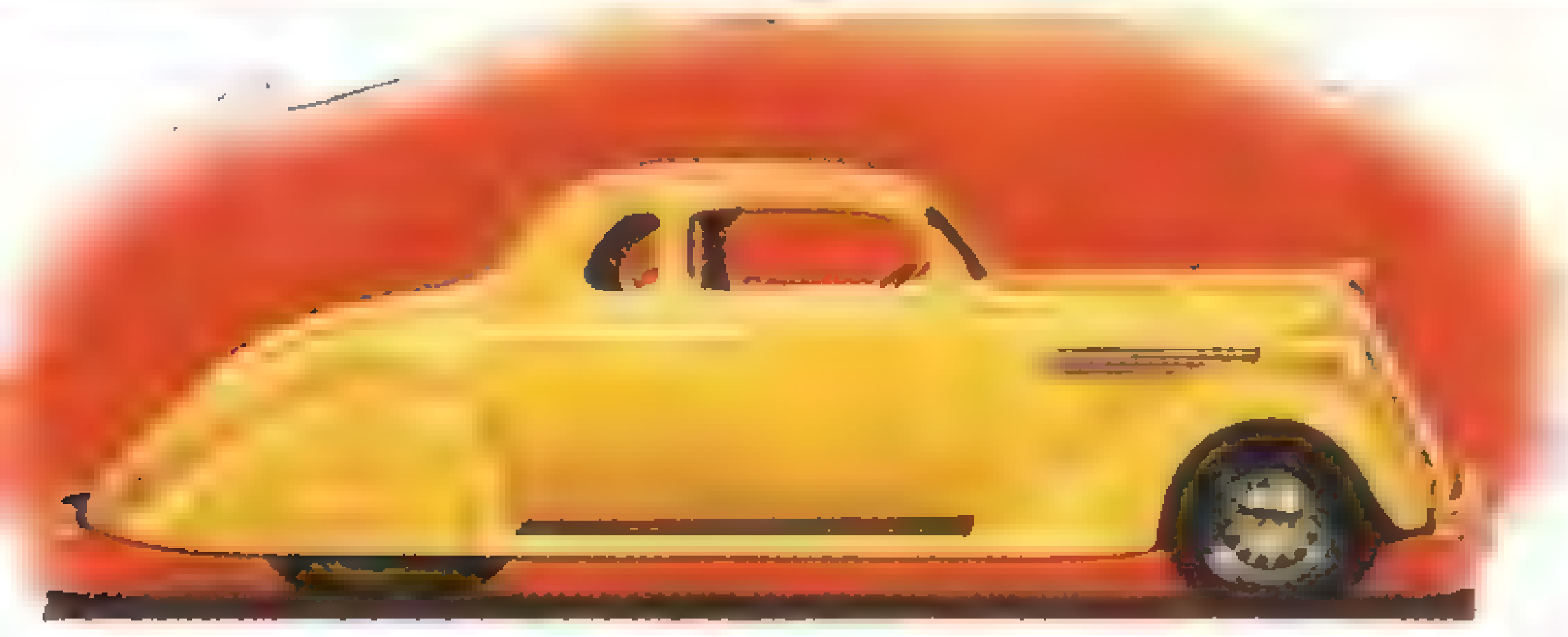
Even while winning two out of the first

Continued at top of page 125

NEWEST NEW CAR IN YEARS

NEW NASH "400"





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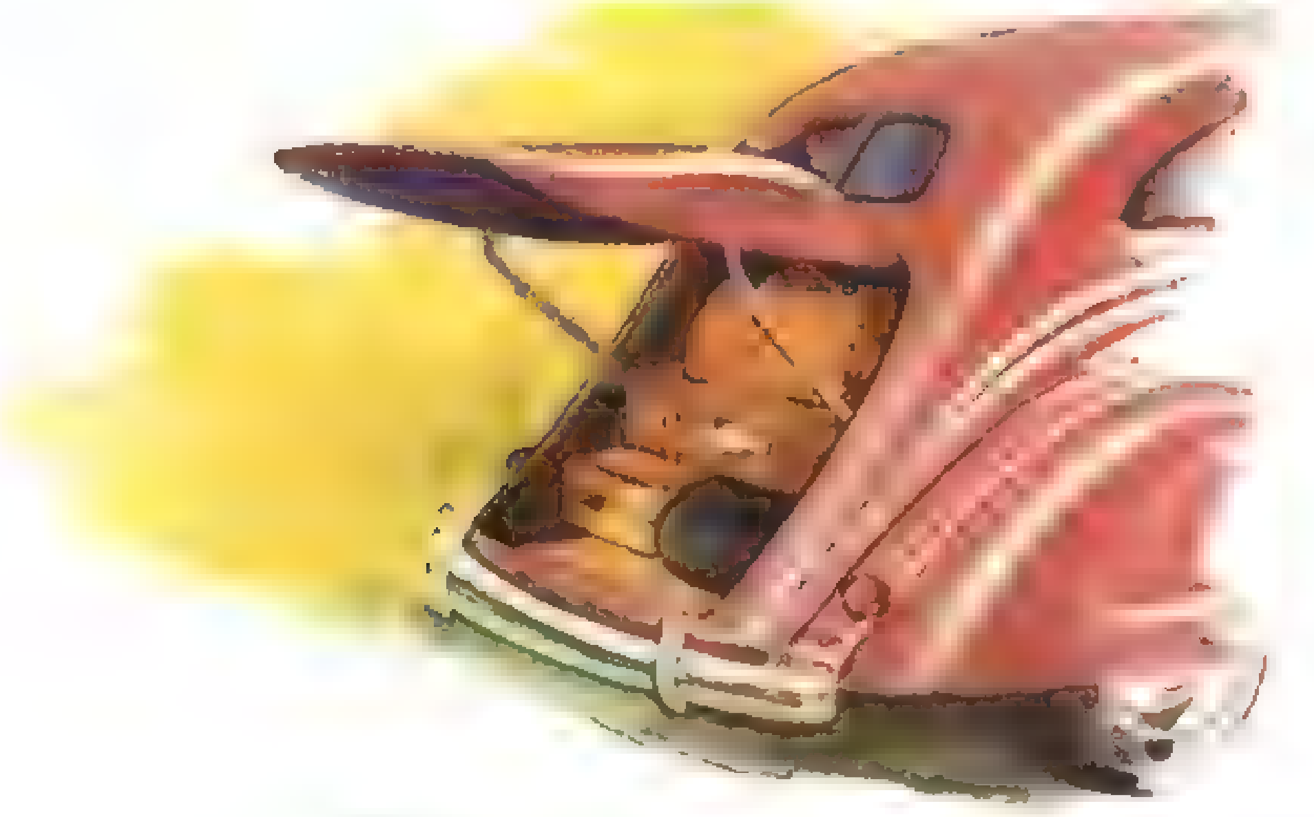

This shows the luggage compartment of the "400" Touring Sedan illustrated at the top of the page. A car to carry six and their luggage, all day, in comfort.

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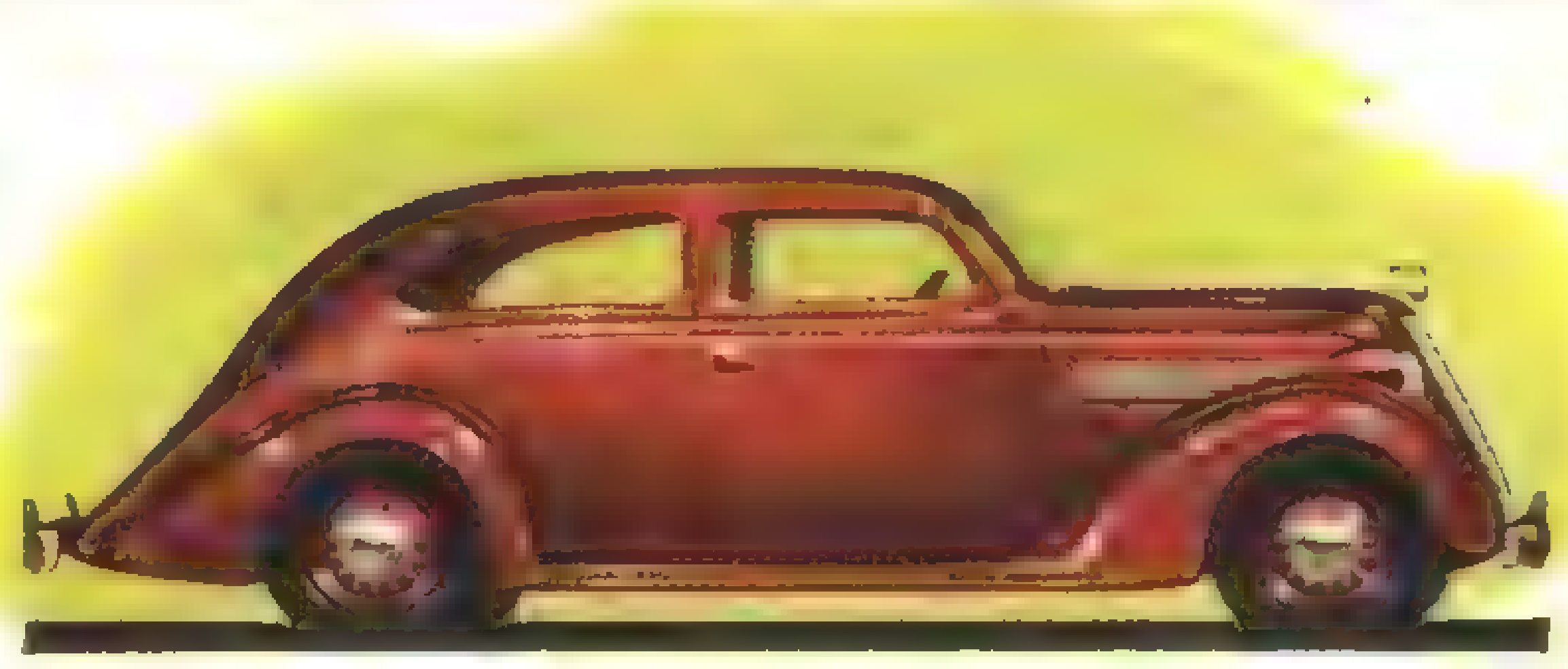
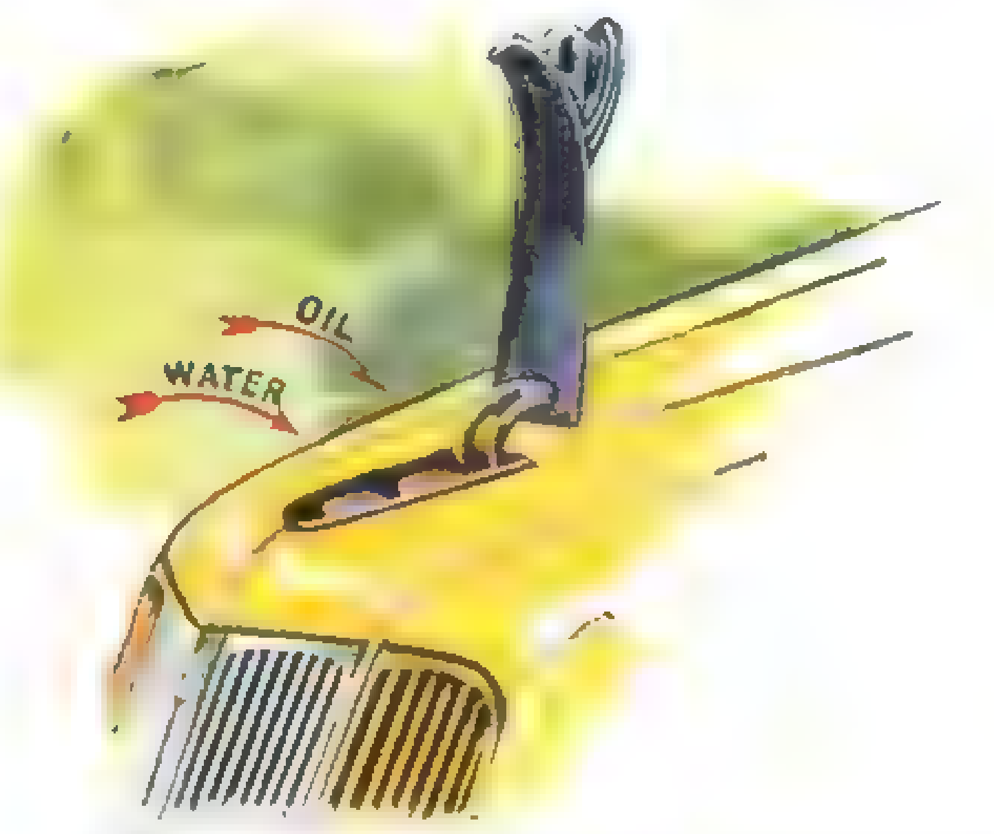
The new Nash "400", announced last month, is available in six body types —two six-passenger sedans, two six-passenger victorias, a three-passenger coupe and a five-passenger coupe.

NEVER before has one new car introduced at one time so many advancements of such basic importance. It is the first car to have a Monitor-Sealed Motor, finest motor development in years. All manifolds are sealed *inside the block.* A design so simplified, so clean cut, that several hundred previously necessary parts are totally eliminated. Results: Uniform efficiency regardless of outside temperatures. Gasoline saving! Oil saving! Easier service! Longer life! Prepare to be amazed when you drive a "400".



This is the Nash "400" Victoria for six passengers. Has one of the most commodious and easily accessible luggage and spare tire compartments ever built into a car. Located inside, just back of the rear seat.



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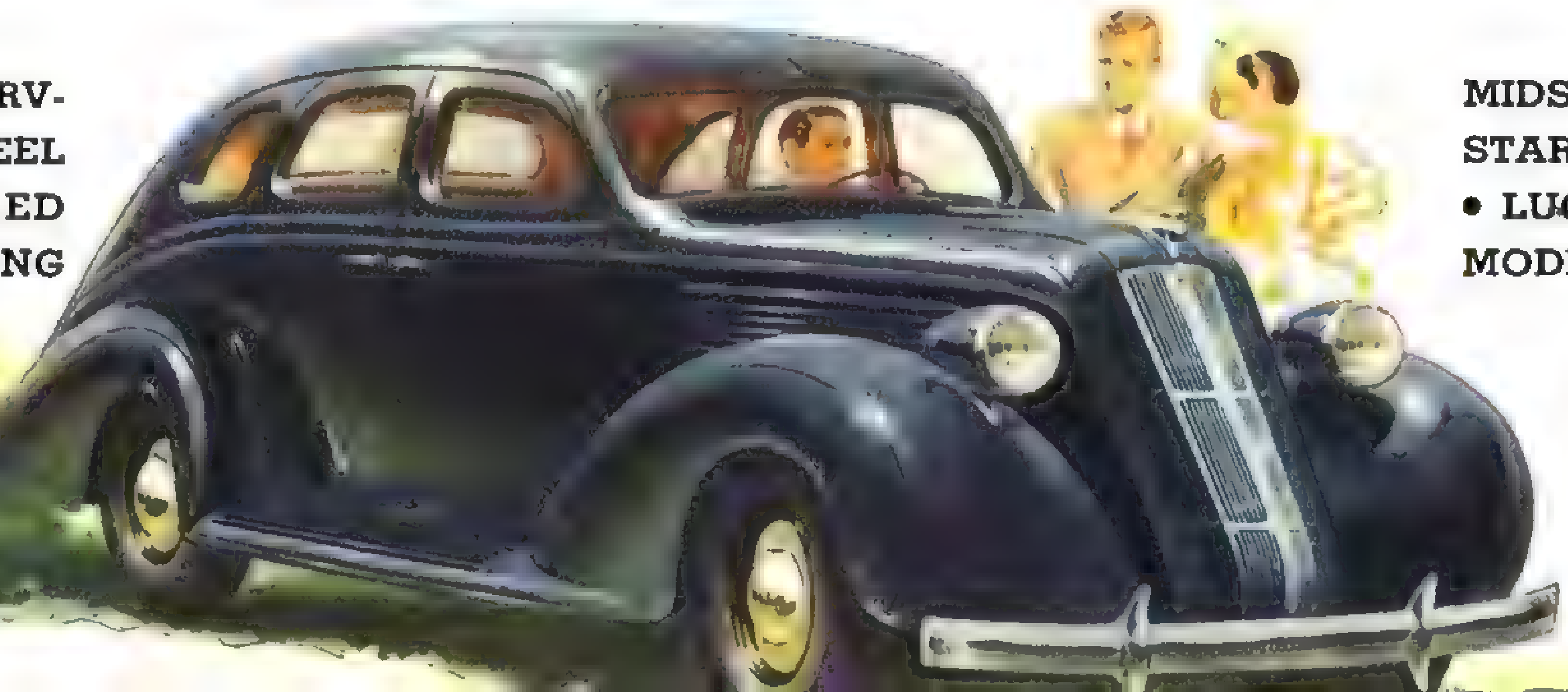

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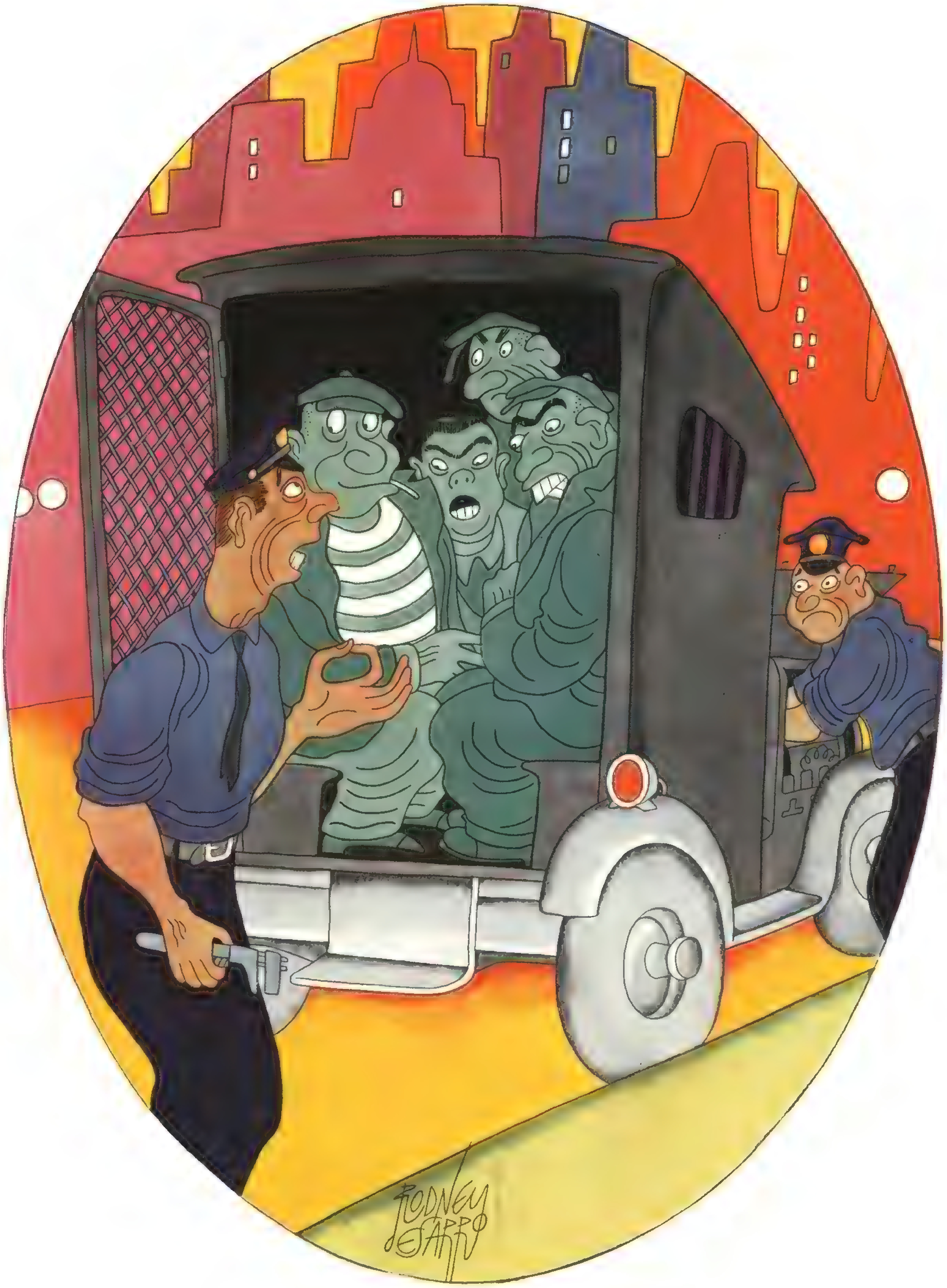
RODNEY deSARRO

"Do any of you gentlemen know anything about a carburetor?"

Tempers and Tennis

Continued from pages 49-122

three sets Crawford was in straits, allowing the elements, the sun and wind, to bother him. He simply could not contain himself, he clasped his forehead or tested his heart with the palm of his hand between rallies. It was a strange reaction watching the winner of a match crabbing himself continually, all the while scoring points.

Even worse than having your opponent break you up is to be broken up by your own self-reproach. Crawford did this and when the contestants returned to the court after the third set intermission, Perry won the deciding sets, 6-0 6-1, for the title. (Score 6-3 11-13 4-6 6-0 6-1.)

It must not be construed that in every tennis contest the participants deliberately set out to get each other's goat. Such could not be the case when one player outclasses another and the result is a foregone conclusion. It is when the champions meet and there is much at stake that these clashes of temperament occur. All champions have finished strokes but the winner is usually the man who succeeds in breaking up his opponent's composure first, and in so doing breaks up his game as well.

Fred Perry's recipe for breaking up his opponent sounds simple:

1. Bring opponent to the net and pass him
2. Return opponent's drives for placements
3. Serve a measure of aces

Mix well and repeat several times
Result—a sizzling adversary.

In Los Angeles last fall, after winning the United States Nationals for the second time and the two Pacific titles, Perry stated that he was due for a "let-down" and was going to take his tennis lightly until spring; a few days later the youngster, Gene Mako, beat him 6-0 6-2, in an exhibition.

Perry contends that no man can keep keyed up the year 'round, month in and month out, and do himself justice on the courts. In 1935 he plans to point for but three events besides the defense of the Davis Cup for England, The French Championships, Wimbledon and The United States Nationals, the three major titles of the tennis world. This may account for his lackadaisical play on his recent Australian tour.

Perry is an interesting study. Three years ago he had practically the same strokes that he has today; still, in 1932 he lost his five most important matches, all in the fifth set after he had commanding leads.

The chief difference in his game, the factor that has made him the foremost amateur player, has not been his stroke improvement but his control of temperament.

There is a valuable lesson in this—

"What's that? No dear, I'm busy writing." (That was my wife).

There is a valuable lesson in this for everyone, not only prospective tennis champions. How swiftly—

"No dear. Not now. No, no, no!"

How swiftly does our physical condition—

"How the hell do you think I can write if you keep on interrupting. I told you no and I mean NO. Now get out of here and stay out—or I'll knock your God damn teeth down your throat."

How swiftly does our physical condition respond to our mental state . . . . #

Mermaids on the Barrier Reefs

Continued from page 70

grabbed my arm and we went clattering down the ladder together.

"Come on! I'll show you some real sport!"

The engineman sent the barge shooting through the sea toward the reef, but there was no apparent need for haste. The dugong was practically undisturbed as we approached and waited until we were within fifty feet before slipping into one of the swells that broke against the glistening coral.

It was not difficult to understand why sailors of old were convinced that there were mermaids. That dugong was the most feminine looking creature I ever saw in the sea. Its body, considerably larger than a woman's, was nevertheless essentially the same in proportion. The animal's forward flappers were not unlike a woman's arms and were used in exactly the same cradling way when it nursed its baby from either of two pronounced breasts.

With the lower part of its body, terminating in a pair of caudal flippers, concealed beneath the water, it could easily be mistaken for a dusky woman, particularly from a distance. Indeed, it looked not unlike a laundress I one time had in Moorea. That poor soul had the elephantiasis badly, which left her only slightly smaller than the dugong; they had equally voluminous shoulders and breasts and they were precisely the same in complexion.

Of course, the sea mammal's features were not, strictly speaking, human; but neither, speaking just as strictly, were those of my laundress. Both, however, had the same gentle, hazel brown eyes and both the same sparse mustache. Tahua, my washer-woman, had a hair lip. So did the dugong.

As the huge creature slid into the ocean Pete jumped to the forward thwart and motioned for the coxwain to change direction as he followed its progress beneath the surface. I could plainly see the dugong swimming easily, still unafraid.

Its progeny, about three and a half feet long, trailed unconcernedly behind it, obviously convinced that the warm and aquatic world in which it lived was a secure place to be—but it had never before encountered boats driven by tireless gasoline motors.

Presently that omnipresent boat above became alarming. It flashed to its mother's side and nuzzled her with gentle insistence. The creature needed a fresh supply of air!

The old dugong must have assured her (it was a female calf) that it would be all right to pop up for a fresh lung full, for the youngster headed for the surface.

"Creep up, creep up!" shouted Pete, hastily shedding his ducks as he prepared to go overboard. "Get practically over it!"

As the boat approached the little one headed down again and Pete relaxed to grin at me. "It'll have to come up soon," he explained, "and then I'll grab it!"

"You're really going over the side?" I asked, incredulously.

"Sure!" he affirmed, cheerfully. "There's no danger, and that's the way the natives here catch 'em; they jump on their backs and hold their heads under water until they stop struggling. The dugongs always come around all right a little later."

"Hop to it, Pete," I encouraged him. "The Department knows the name and address of your next of kin, and I'll take the dirty postcards out of your trunk before we ship it to your survivors! What's the old lady do while you're kidnapping her only cheeild?"

"Nothing, I guess. I never heard of them doing anything. Anyhow, what can she do? She's harmless."

"Yeah?" I doubted. "She'll be the first female I ever heard about that's harmless, if she is." But it seemed as though Pete might be right about it at that, for when the young dugong came to the surface a moment later, gasping for air, its mother continued on its course disinterestedly.

Pete flashed over the side and surged onto the baby's back before it could escape, his arms locked under its tiny forward flippers. But he had been a bit slow; the creature had managed to get enough air for its immediate needs and it shot for the bottom, taking Pete with it!

He immediately wrenched one arm loose and tried to restrain the flippers of his quarry with the other while he started fighting to regain the surface. The two of them whirled about in the water frantically—and then the mother dugong paused twenty feet away, appraised the situation, and shot to the assistance of her offspring! With a single sweep of her huge flippers she encompassed both the youngster and Pete, and started away from there!

"Great God!" whispered the coxwain, apprehensively, peering over the forward gunwales, and without hesitation he shot into the water after his skipper! Down, down he went, to finally clutch the old dugong and wrap his legs around her. Viciously he dug his fingers into the beast's eyes. Frightened by the intense and surprising pain she gave a tremendous flirt with both her flippers, and Pete was free! The coxwain grabbed him by the hair and hauled him to the surface. He was not unconscious, but very near it, when we pulled him over the side.

He soon recovered completely and grinned weakly at me, "I didn't want that one, anyhow, he defended. "It had halitosis!"

"Well, you were down there with it long enough to find out. What do we do now?"

"We go back to the ship—unless you want to try for one."

I didn't, so we went back to the ship. But on the trip Pete's ebullience returned and he obviously was doing some heavy thinking.

"How about really getting one of those confounded things?" he finally suggested, seriously. "If those half wild black boys around Torres Strait can do it, we certainly should be able to."

"But those niggers spear 'em, and net 'em," volunteered the coxwain, evidently thinking Pete's method left something to be desired.

"Yes, they do now, but only because they're so scarce. They used to get 'em by

Continued at top of page 126

Mermaids on the Barrier Reefs

Continued from pages 70-125

holding their heads under until all the fight was gone; and if those gooks did it, I can!"

I grinned at him with skeptical encouragement and softly whistled "Anchors Aweigh."

He just shrugged and said, "All right. You watch for one through the gun sights and if you pick one up, we'll go out and get it."

So most of that afternoon I spent with my eye pressed against a telescope and just as six bells were struck I picked up a dugong in about the same place as before. As I watched a young one clambered up onto the coral reef beside it and I suspected it was the same pair we had previously seen.

I hailed Pete and we shoved off. When we arrived within a few yards of the creatures it was evident it was the same pair! The old dugong seemed as unperturbed as it had been in the morning, but the youngster was obviously exercised. It slipped into the sea, swam down the face of the reef, and then darted back to its still waiting parent, which it nudged nervously with urgent warning.

We were no more than ten feet away before the old dugong decided it might be better to go away from there and take the baby with her, but Pete had formed an opinion slightly at variance with hers.

"I'll just grab that little one right here!" he growled good naturedly. "Stand by if she drags me into a crack in the reef anywhere!" Before we could remonstrate he had dived over the side in pursuit of the youngster.

It was swimming along between its ponderous mother and the face of the cliff-like reef, slowly, as the old one was apparently quite certain of her ability to take care of herself under water. However, Pete slipped over her back and grabbed the youngster by the tapering body where it was no larger 'round than a man's ankle, just ahead of the caudal flippers!

It gave a tremendous lunge, but it got nowhere, for Pete had clutched a branch of elk horn coral that protruded from the reef at the same time! Not more than six feet beneath the surface, he clung to the desperately struggling little one and slowly dragged himself and it up the face of the reef while the mother dugong frantically dashed about before him, in sudden realization that her baby had been captured!

Pete's head popped from the water with a gasping grunt, but he still had the little dugong by the tail. We did not need to bring the barge alongside. It was already there and our difficulty was in fending it away from the jagged edge of the reef with inadequate boat hooks.

He suddenly released his hold on the coral and threw his scratched and bleeding arm over the barge's low gunwale. "Hey, you stupes," he bellowed, "give me a hand! This coral will skin me alive!"

"We dragged him into the boat and then he hauled the little dugong in after him, despite its furious efforts to escape. Oddly enough, as soon as its tail left the water it ceased struggling—possibly because it realized instinctively its danger if its head were held beneath the surface too long.

We rolled the creature off the thwarts and Pete, too busy gulping for air to talk, grinned at me happily while he looked his captive over. It squirmed awkwardly about the floor boards, puffing and blowing ludicrously.

"Well, there it is!" exulted Pete.

"Good boy!" I enthused, "and there the old lady is, too. She'll come on board in a minute after her youngster if you don't watch her!"

The mother was swimming alarmingly close to our barge, snorting excitedly, looking for her youngster. Our efforts to drive it away, or even run away from it with fully opened throttle, were futile. She swam along, her head well out of water, and the expression in her eyes was strikingly pathetic.

Pete watched her speculatively for a while and then shook his head deprecatingly. "No wonder these things are almost wiped out," he lamented. "I've heard they demonstrate more affection for their young than anything else in the sea, but I never expected to see anything like this. Suppose we were after the big one—what chance would she have?"

"None," I agreed.

He turned to the engineman. "Shut off the motor," he directed, and as the barge lost headway he lifted the baby dugong in his arms so that it could see its mother. Immediately it began to wriggle and squirm and the old dugong fearlessly swam alongside. Not only was there a complete lack of alarm evident in her manner, but there was not the slightest trace of resentment. Only enormous concern for the little one. It wanted its baby, and nothing else.

"It seems to know its youngster is gone, sir," said the coxwain.

Pete was scratching the flanks of the little dugong reassuringly, and it turned its head to look at him. They exchanged a long look that seemed actually intelligible to all of us, and then Pete grinned at us apologetically.

"Let's fool that old dame and give her back her baby?" he suggested, and with a final pat he let the youngster slip into the sea. Still unperturbed by our proximity the old dugong thoroughly investigated the little one to be sure that nothing required her ministering attention. As we shoved off for the ship we could see them swimming back to the reef, two of the relatively few remaining individuals of a once numerous species.

"We'd better not say anything about that on board," Pete indicated apprehensively. "The crew will think I'm a sissy!"

We grinned at each other with understanding approval.

"But," he defended, unnecessarily, "who could possibly have kept that little one, anyhow?"

Nobody answered. We didn't know the answer to that one. ⧺

Wings Over the Seas

Continued from page 79

bors and there are large bodies of water, such as Long Island Sound, to serve as natural landing fields for flying boats. After all, three-fourths of the surface of the earth is water. And these big ships are "able," as seamen say.

Equipped as they are with wing flaps and controllable-pitch propellors, they can take off with a full load within a minute, in less than a mile, and land in much less space. Almost all the world's ocean and inland-waterway ports have such natural landing fields as are required, for big flying boats, usually within a few minutes' walk of the business center. This factor is likely to be of increasing importance. Thus a passenger en route from the center of New York City, Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis and most any of our other large cities, might board a flying boat or an amphibion and be seventy-five or a hundred miles on his way before he could otherwise reach a flying field.

When over the water the big ship has a decided advantage over the land plane in that as an almost sweeping rule it has no mountains or other obstacles in its course, therefore, even when visibility does not exist, pilots trained and equipped for blind flying have merely to watch their altimeters and other instruments and drive ahead. They are safe in storms of extreme violence because they have great reserve power, more power to the square foot of surface than the power of all but the most extraordinary of storms. Two years ago, while riding in one of these big planes, as we approached Jamaica we followed a hurricane and from the windows could watch it play havoc beneath us, devastating buildings, destroying, as we learned after landing, more than one and one-half million banana trees, piling vessels on the shore. A few minutes later we met a waterspout, the deadly fear of mariners, but, from the scenic point of view, enjoyed this unusual sight. And all the while, because, of course, our plane was not anchored to the land and was not subject to any buffeting by enormous seas, it rode easily and, inside it, we suffered no discomfiture whatever.

Further, we know that with each increase in size these big air boats improve in air characteristics or weather-ability. One reason is that they are, much more than land planes, characterized by large reserve power combined with extremely heavy wing loading (suggestive of ballast in a vessel) to each square foot of wing area.

For this there is an interesting analogy in Nature. The albatross, the largest of sea birds, has a wing loading of nearly three pounds for each square foot of its wing area. On the other hand, the condor, a land bird of about the same size whose habitat is the Andes Mountains, carries only about 1½ pounds to each square foot of its wing area. Also, by the way, the albatross is different from the condor, quite as the flying boat is different from the land plane, in what we designers call its high aspect ratio. That is, its wings are contrastingly long and narrow. Nature made them so. And the wings of flying boats are made so because wind thrusts are often formidable, strains resulting from them are very great and the less airplanes react to them the safer and more comfortable they are.

Now, with these findings and explanations to go on, may I, as an engineer, make a few predictions, without seeming fantastic?

Within a few months big seaplanes with

Continued on page 128

DICK POWELL, WARNER BROS. STAR IN "GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935"

SMART STYLE for SUMMER

Rarely does a new dress accessory gain the immediate acceptance that has greeted the Ascot Guard—inspired by English models, originated and made only by HICKOK.

If you're one of those who find a wrist watch a little uncomfortable in warm weather, there are styles which immediately adapt it for pocket use. The change is made in a few seconds—simply remove the wrist watch strap and attach HICKOK adaptor. Changed back again just as easily.

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DISTINCTIVE JEWELRY FOR MEN

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STYLE LEADERSHIP

Wings Over the Seas

Continued from pages 79-126

the basic characteristics of the Clippers will be flying on regular schedule over the Pacific, carrying mail, and in due course, passengers. And within a year, I feel certain, they will be flying the Atlantic. The engineering problems have been solved, as I have indicated. And, as a consequence, the distances are no longer prohibitive. Thus the distance from New York to Bermuda is 763 land miles, from Bermuda to the Azores 1,824, from the Azores to Lisbon, Spain, 1,245, and the distance from San Francisco to Honolulu, the longest run necessary on a trans-Pacific flight to the Orient, is 2,408 miles.

I wish to emphasize that such routes cannot be established in a day. After exploratory flights, such as Colonel Lindbergh made over the North Atlantic route, have been made, two-way radio stations, of which Pan American has nearly a hundred on its present routes, must be established. Harbor services must be organized, beacons, buoys, ramps, hangars, repair shops, fuel supplies, spare motor and plane parts, warehouses, accommodations for passengers, facilities for handling mail and freight, all must be provided. Crews must be selected and trained. And, even then, emphasis for a time rightfully will be on mail rather than on passenger carrying, until things are working smoothly.

For these and engineering reasons, the planes used in oceanic flying will gradually, rather than by leaps and bounds, be increased in size. At the present time we are working on a ship of about 115,000 pounds gross flying weight, i. e., one about three times as large as the *Brazilian Clipper* and her sister ships.

This ship will provide really luxurious accommodations for crew and passengers, fifteen or so individual cabins with from two to five berths each, a spacious lounge, dining rooms for both crew and passengers, showers and wash-rooms for both, a bar, of course, possibly a small library, promenades and an observation deck and, in short, everything conducive to a pleasant voyage, and a paying voyage. It is being designed for six 1,000-horsepower motors. It will be, from wing tip to wing tip, about 400 feet and 200 feet or so long. It will be not only a travelling hotel and power plant but also a powerful radio station, the best of sightseers and something of a recreation center too.

Looking ahead still further, I can see no technical limitations to further increases in the size, speed and all-round efficiency of such big craft and confidently expect to see them of 200 tons or more in regular use.

And, lest there be readers who are apprehensive about it, let me say that trans-Atlantic and trans-Pacific air liners will *not*, as many people suppose, fly in the stratosphere. Only a few years ago many of us were excited about the possibilities of stratospheric flying, at 50,000 feet or higher, where the air density is only about 14 per cent, or one-seventh, that at sea level. Close study of the conditions of such extremely high flying points to many limitations which, though as an engineering matter they can be overcome and in the case of small scientific exploration and military planes indeed have been, dissuade one from expecting passenger flying in the stratosphere. For one thing, the rarefied atmosphere at such a height as 50,000 feet excludes the possibility of life without an ample supply of oxygen, therefore a sealed cabin in which the air is artificially purified and provided with oxygen, at just the right pressure, is necessary.

This, as everyone knows, is the method used in stratospheric airplane and balloon flights, which latter have exceeded 60,000 feet.

But, as a matter of regular passenger airplane service, this matter involves difficulties. The engineering and maintainence of a large sealed cabin, with a large number of wires, controls, conduits and the like connecting the cabin and cockpit with other parts of the ship, presents an engineering problem which, at least, is difficult, bothersome and, in case of neglect or accident, full of danger. The heavy pressures involved would mean, among other things, sacrifice of large windows, with the result that sightseeing, one of the main pleasures of flying, would be eliminated and passengers and crew would have the feeling that they were flying blind in a sealed metal box, like a submarine under water.

Stratospheric flying also implies radical changes in the present proven methods of feeding air, fuel and oil to the motors, complicated further by the necessity of taking off at sea level or thereabouts, climbing to and descending from very high altitudes.

For these reasons I predict that oceanic flying will in the main be between about 12,000 and 20,000 feet. Within this range passengers and crew can be entirely comfortable or, if necessary, can quickly accustom themselves to high flying by inhaling a little oxygen. Thus the planes now flying passengers over the Andes, above 20,000 feet at times, are provided with oxygen tanks, with small tubes and valves, which each passenger can readily adjust to his liking, at each seat.

Within this range, from about 12,000 to 20,000 feet, a plane flies approximately 30 per cent faster than when near the earth with the same use of power.

Oceanic passengers will need to have nothing to fear on the side of safe navigation. As I have already pointed out, existing instruments are adequate. And I feel certain that soon, by use of radio, infra-red rays, or otherwise, blind landing will be made wholly safe and practicable. Meanwhile, because of his great range and speed, an oceanic air pilot has the advantage that he can be informed when still far out from land if harbor conditions at his destination are good. If they are not, he can select the nearest port where they are good, and conditions are never bad, for example, all the way from Halifax to Norfolk. Nor need he fear collision until air traffic has greatly increased, and then it will be a simple matter to allocate planes flying in one direction to certain altitudes, such as 3,000, 5,000, 7,000 feet and so on, and other planes to theirs.

About power:

The rapid development and outstanding results obtained with the aircraft gasoline engine is to my notion sufficient indication that it is here to stay for some years to come. It is frequently used to drive high-speed planes from 50,000 to 60,000 miles without overhauling and, particularly when you take into consideration its weight, less than 1½ pounds to the horsepower, it compares favorably, I think, with any other power unit and, when geared, as it is now, it is highly flexible. The main objection to it is its fuel load on a long stop flight. In course of time possibly ways will be found to adapt it successfully to the use of heavy fuel oil. Meanwhile, although Diesels for aircraft have been built, to demonstrate their great operating economies in small planes, I judge that they will remain substantially heavier than gasoline motors because of the heavy pressures, therefore heavy construction, involved in their use. Nevertheless they have great promise for big ships, for various technical reasons, among which are a reduction of fuel consumption per hour for power given, therefore a reduction of at least one-fifth in fuel load and space, lower operating costs and final elimination from the plane of any remaining fire hazard.

About floating islands, or ships, anchored at intermediate points on long sea hops, to refuel and service passenger planes:

It would seem that the fast, long-range seaplane makes these unnecessary. As a purely temporary expedient with which to hold its ground politically until it can develop planes of speed and range sufficient to make it unnecessary, *Deutsche Lufthansa* has anchored the old German tanker of 5,124 tons, the *Westfalen*, in the South Atlantic midway between the Cape Verde Islands and Rio de Janeiro to assist weekly planes now flying to and from Berlin. The *Westfalen* is equipped with the most powerful catapult ever built, to launch the large but slow Dornier-Wahl flying boats used. But finding and landing at such an anchorage obviously involves hazards.

All these predictions, explanations and findings may be warranted because they are answers of a sort to just such questions as are frequently asked.

Further, I judge that, to most people, there is interest in any new step of Man's age-old struggle to overcome distance at the greatest possible speed, because each advance in the long view means so much to us individually and as a nation.

Today, fast trans-continental planes race the sun westward, over the routes conquered with so much human labor and suffering, in covered wagons, only a few generations ago. And before long, no doubt, such planes will travel at nearly the speed of sound.

Soon too, I *know*, we shall be crossing the oceans, with all this means to us, in palatial air liners much larger, just as dependable, quite as fast. The prediction isn't new; even Tennyson foresaw such "wonders that would be," and Kipling suggested them also, in his *The Night Mail*.

Today, however, for the first time in all history, the fancies of even such poets are definite engineering and commercial practicalities.

And, if Man's struggle to overcome distance and time teaches us anything, they are therefore inevitabilities. ###

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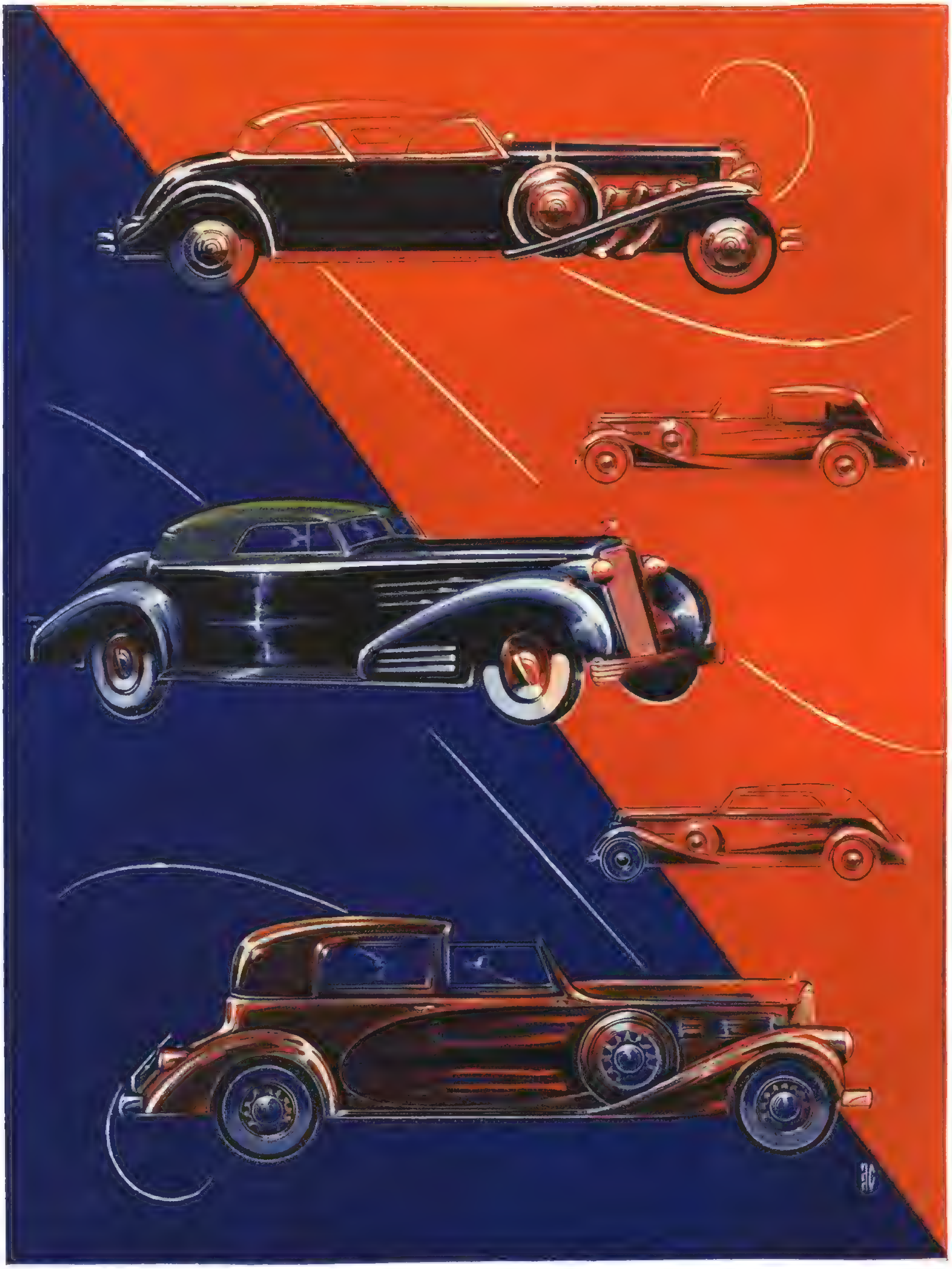
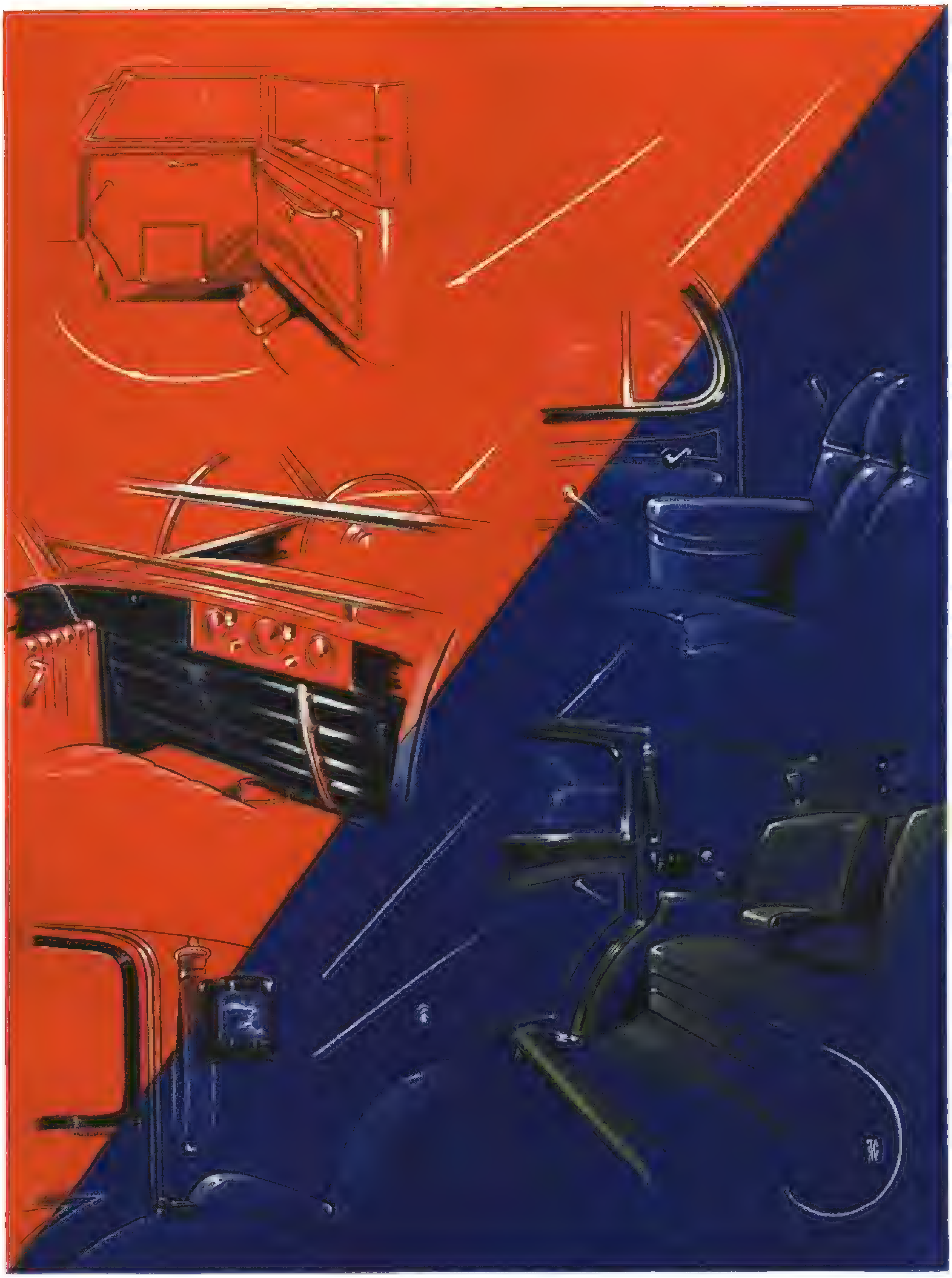


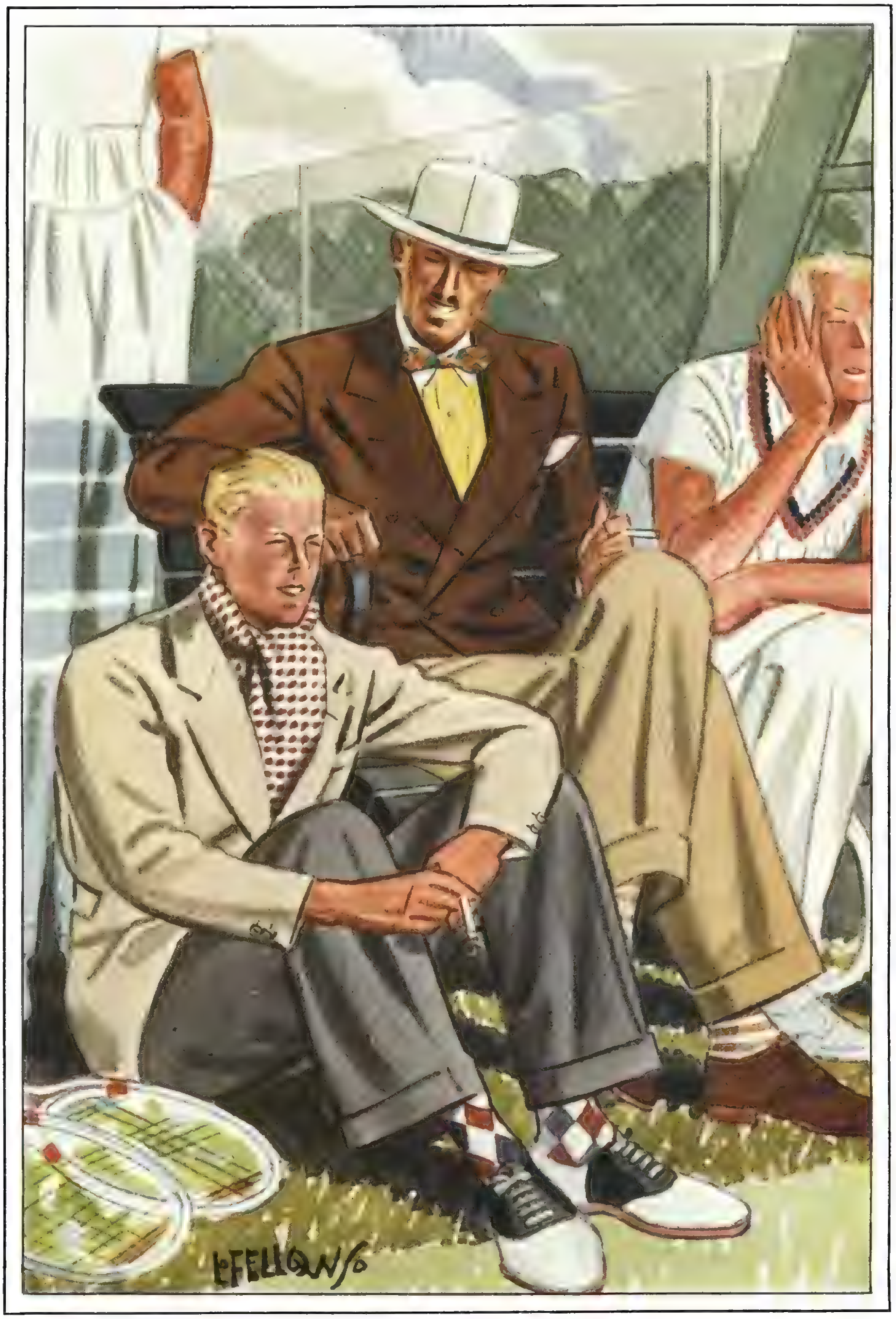
DETAILS OF THE CURRENT CUSTOM CARS

Shown at the top of the left hand page is a five passenger convertible sedan body on the latest three hundred twenty horsepower super-charged Duesenberg chassis. Next below is a town car by Le Baron on the Packard Twin Six chassis. At the left in the center of the page is a five passenger close coupled convertible Victoria by Fleetwood on the Cadillac V-16 chassis. Next below is a five passenger convertible by Le Baron on the long wheel base Lincoln 12 chassis. Sketched at the bottom of page 130 is the metropolitan town car by Brunn on the Pierce-Arrow chassis. Detail sketches revealing characteristics of the various interiors are shown on page 131. In the illustration in the upper left hand corner, showing the interior of the Le Baron convertible on the Lincoln chassis, note the partition back of the driver's seat, also the very neat hassocks. In the sketch at the top right, showing the interior of a Fleetwood body for the V-16 Cadillac,



Sketched by ALEXIS de SAKHNOFFSKY

note the semi-concealed mirror in the slot in the wall. Left center in the sketch showing the interior of the tonneau compartment of the Duesenberg five passenger convertible, note the instrument board for the rear seat passengers, including compass, speedometer and clock, as well as the general effect afforded by the chrome decoration, attractive hardware, etc. At the lower right, showing the interior of the Brunn metropolitan town car on the Pierce-Arrow chassis, note the streamline effects of the arm rest, the attractive foot rest, and the substantial looking vanity case and woodwork on the door. At the lower left, the detailed drawing of the interior of the Packard town car shows a recessed vanity compartment, including a mirror with a hooded chrome shield over it, and the usual accessories, set back of the door. Also note another distinctive as well as practical detail, the neat smoking set which is built in just ahead of the arm rest.



THE COURT DRESS OF THE GOOD AMERICAN

It may be different with debutante sisters and daughters, but as for the male of the American family, jubilee year or no, this is the only court dress he knows. The players' costumes are self-explanatory. Of the two spectators shown in this scene, the younger is wearing the popular combination of single breasted linen jacket and grey flannel slacks, distinctive touches to the general effect being afforded by the light weight wool muffler of wine and white hound's tooth checks and the diamond pattern light weight wool hose. The hound's tooth muffler is a prime fashion feature at the moment. The shoes are white elk with black saddle. Jacket and trousers of brown and cream gabardine, respectively, a pleated yellow shirt with starched collar, India madras bow tie, horizontal striped wool hose, brown reversed calf shoes and a wide brim Panama hat comprise the other outfit.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

High Altitude Athletics

Continued from page 67

slip, it is wise to play safe at all times and be sure that you take up a belaying position you *know* is substantial.

Relying on the rope while climbing is Cardinal Sin Number One in the mountaineer's book of ethics. You must go ahead as if it weren't there, never putting so much as a fraction of an ounce of your weight upon it. Its purpose is that of a safety device and nothing more.

Yet it is a marvelous thing what this hempen strand does for one. You know the dangers of a fatal slip are reduced to a minimum.

The psychological effect is immediate. Confidence leaps back full-fledged. With a rope around your middle you can climb places you wouldn't even dream of tackling without one and still not so much as lay a finger on it for support.

It is in descending that the rope serves its most useful function. As every boy knows, it is quite possible to get up a place then not be able to get back down unaided. You use the rope for this. It is convenient. It is speedy. And it packs with it a thrill no roller coaster in the country can equal.

It is called rappeling. You find the middle of the rope, loop this over a projecting rock (or *Piton*), and drop the two ends over the cliff's edge. You straddle the rope, facing inward, pull it diagonally across your back, over your shoulder, across your chest and out behind.

Now for the fun. Fall backwards into space. You won't go far—just far enough to catch your breath in a wad in your throat. Your hand on the rope which plays out behind and beneath you acts as a brake; the friction of the rope between your legs and across your shoulders keeps you from gathering too much speed. (Catch on why you want a soft rope?) You brace your legs against the cliff to keep from spinning around like a top. The nearer you come to a right angle position with its face, the better luck you'll have.

Then just drop . . . down . . . down . . . as fast as you care to let yourself go. In a few minutes you'll be at the bottom of a precipice it took you hours to climb. And, unless you foolishly let go of the rope with both hands you'll be there sound of wind and limb and eager to try it again.

The rope? You get it down by pulling on one of the ends. If you're lucky it comes free. If you're not, you have to climb all the way up and loosen it. Consequently you are very careful to attach it where it won't stick. Also, don't loop it over a sharp rock which will cut it while you are in mid-air. Such carelessness would be regrettable indeed.

Next to the rope the ice-axe is the most stable part of the mountaineer's equipment. A handy little thing it is, too. It's a staff about hip-high with a steel point on the bottom. The business part consists of a double head, one end of which is a long, stout point; the other presents a broad cutting surface, adze-shaped. It is indispensable for chopping steps in steep glaciers or in the ice tongues which lick up the couloirs.

I've also heard that the ice-axe is used in cliff climbing, where the climber, who has run out of approachable hand holds, thrusts the point of his ice-axe into a crack far over his head and shinnies up the wobbling staff. This always seemed to me to be carrying things a little too far.

The ice-axe also serves as an aid to glissading, as sheer and swooping a form of excitement as can be found—skiing possibly excepted. This is sliding on your feet down a snow field. You use the axe as brake and rudder by dragging it in the snow, very necessary where the course is littered with crevasses and boulders. On long, unbroken slopes it is possible to get in some tremendous runs.

And that's about all there is to ordinary climbing. But mountains are tricky things. Sooner or later some overhanging rock or precipitous slab is bound to intrude and wreck an otherwise feasible route. You hate to let these things beat you, and yet it is often impossible to negotiate them without mechanical aids.

To your rescue comes the *piton*, an iron spike from 4 to 7 inches long with an eye about an inch in diameter at one end. This you can hammer into cracks in the rock, using it occasionally as a hold, but more often as a support for the rope where no belay is possible.

Of course you can't actually untie the rope and thread it through the *piton's* eye each time you want to use it. So you employ *karabiners*. These are elongated rings with a snap fastener in one side. You snap the rope into the *karabiner*, the *karabiner* into the *piton*, and there you are. With practice, steady nerves, and care it is possible to take along a few *pitons* and *karabiners* and climb a bulging precipice the natives long ago wrote down as hopeless.

Practice is the key-note of mountain craft. A gradual progression from difficulty to difficulty gives you the *feel* of the thing, just as continual work with a horse gives you that delicate sense of balance so necessary for rough riding.

The beautiful part of it is that you don't need a towering peak to become a proficient scrambler.

The New England climbers have the right idea. Deprived of lofty mountains, they utilize the next best things. On Sunday mornings they throng to stone quarries, to sea-side cliffs, to river bluffs—to anything just so it is rocky and perpendicular. They carefully select the worst looking spot they can find and then go up, using the full regalia of the mountaineer on the way. As a result they learn to the fine point of exactness all those details of cliff scaling so dear to the heart of a technical climber.

This is *not* mountain climbing, however. In the first place any peak, no matter how softly rounded, presents problems all its very own, problems no Palisade on the Hudson can begin to touch. Foremost of these is the factor of altitude, a thing which will wreak havoc with sea-level lungs, and which, if you try too violent exercise without first becoming acclimated, will make your sweat taste of every cigarette and cocktail you've inhaled for six weeks previous. That leg which was so steady at 400 feet will palpitate in the most extraordinary manner at 14,000.

You can get used to this, though. Only don't do as so many are wont to: break out the first day at a dead run for the highest visible point. You'll get there a lot quicker if you take a few preliminary ambles up the ridge back of camp.

In the second place, mountaineering is not the social sport its winter cousin, skiing, so often is. At the best you are likely to find yourself stymied in some decaying mine camp with a before-dawn breakfast of sodden pan-cakes and a coal tar product masquerading as coffee.

Even this is true only for those mountains which are fairly close to human habitation. The best game (which, incidentally, includes a number of yet unclimbed pinnacles, notably in the Wind River Mountains of Wyoming and the Needles in Colorado) generally lies farther afield. If you are lucky you can bribe a packer to take your equipment in via mule train. If you're not, you'll have to take it in on your own back—an onerous task, believe me.

This means, of course, that you have to do your own cooking. The better you are, the better you'll fare in all respects. It's also a good idea to have a knowledge of foods that are well-fortified and withal readily and easily assimilated. I used to hoot at this theory, under the impression that the magical properties of fresh air and balsam scents will allow a man to eat baked shoe leather and thrive.

But many a digestive disturbance under some rain-swept boulder has left me a sadder, wiser man.

Another bit of wisdom is always to study your peak carefully before tackling it. Be sure to pick a route which leads all the way to the top, or else you're apt to find you've bit off more than you can chew and have sweated up a blind alley into a terrific jackpot. When repelling make certain your rope reaches to the bottom of the cliff. Otherwise you'll end up in an acutely embarrassing position.

Despite the fact that the possibility of tragedy abounds on every summit, still mountaineering is not dangerous except as the climber himself makes it so. The majority of deaths arise not from the sport *per se* but from the nature of those who attempt it. Mountaineering's sometimes thin margin of safety allows of neither carelessness nor inexperience.

If, however, you stick to elements within your control, you'll find all the adventure, exercise, and scenery you want. If your sense of balance is something beside a part of your ear and if you *always* give the mountain credit for being a worthy opponent, then there'll be no disasters to send your relatives into a dither of horror. In the meantime common sense will soon enough teach you to test holds for solidity and whether or not it is safe to step onto any particular spot. This much done, technical skill follows as a matter of course.

And if you don't have common sense it won't make any difference how technically correct your climbing is. As a matter of fact you'll probably end up being run over by a street car. So you might as well go fall off a mountain and have some fun while you're doing it. ##

Pim and Pooh

Continued from page 81

evening hunts. Pooh was a good dog and came when you called him. Every evening we had a mock execution. Quick as a flash, Pim would be at hand to let himself be caught, while Pooh the traitor wagged his tail. After a little while though, Pim grew to knew what it meant for him. He used to get terribly excited. He would dance up and down on some high branch, shake the limb till the leaves flew, only to give in at last to come to the rescue of his friend.

Schiller once composed a poem to Damon. But Pim was greater than the Greek. He repeated his sacrifice daily. Pretty soon it was enough just to call Pooh at sunset for Pim to come galumping. Sad-eyed, chattering, gnashing his teeth, he would let himself be locked in his cage. In this way the two of them grew up together and got to be inseparable. Together they went on journeys of discovery in the bush, together they high jinked, and invented their games.

The grandest of the games was a kind of race. The clearing in front of the house stretches out about half a mile. Then comes the bush, all interlaced with lianas. Pooh had learned from Pim how to find his way in the undergrowth, to crawl beneath the creepers, climb up on old tree trunks and leap down again. It was his only chance of getting ahead in there. He never really liked it. The dark was uncanny to him and as a dog he wanted elbow room. He wasn't an ape to climb the lianas, to jump from one branch to another. That was all very fine if you could do it. But being a dog did have its advantages. In the open he covered the ground faster than the ape could with his short legs and long arms that always seemed to be getting in the way. The dog could tear straight ahead. He didn't turn somersaults, didn't get all out of breath.

The difference was annoying to both sides. So the race was invented. Pim would slink away from the house until he got to about the middle of the clearing. Then he would stand up to yell some bad words back to Pooh, who never waited to argue about it, but, ears flopping, would tear after him. If Pooh caught up with him, Pim would get a good hiding. The next minute they would stroll quite peaceably back to the house together. If Pim reached the bush first, Pooh would have to crawl in after him, slither through lianas, climb tree trunks, and face the terrors of being shut in the dark.

Not all of their games were so harmless. One morning at breakfast I caught sight of them off in the distance. Pooh had his head in the air. Very affected, very self-conscious, he was stepping high, vainglory written all over him. I couldn't see what he was carrying, but it looked like a log of wood. Pim was capering beside him, every now and then with one hand to the ground. With the other he held on to one end of the queer looking log. On they came. Pooh, tail wagging, laid a fat, full grown puff-adder at my feet.

One of the deadliest of our African snakes, the puff-adder is hardly ever more than a foot and a half long, but it gets to be as thick as a fighter's arm. On account of its shape, it can't give chase. It just lies in wait on a forest cut or path, looking for all the world like a fallen branch. Its bite is always fatal but if you can evade its first attack you have it at your mercy, for its strength is fairly spent with the one effort.

Gone was any appetite that I had had for ham and eggs. I gave vent to my feelings in a lecture—Bad! You mustn't touch! No matter where you find it. Even if it does look dead. Puff-adder I tell you, puff-adder! The rottenest, meanest, deadliest.

You'll just drop dead, that's all . . . No, you can't have it. Drop it! . . . Don't ever dare to touch another . . . Bad Pim!—bad Pooh! Now get out of here! Both of you!

They made off—disgruntled, blighted. They had counted on a different reception, a little praise, recognition. Hardly out of reach, Pim jabbered his protest. I buried the snake, and proceeded to forget about it.

Two days later, Hamisi confided the news that Pim had brought him a puff-adder. My first thought of course was to see if they had had the nerve to open the grave. But the peace was undisturbed. What was the mystery then? Where were they finding these puff-adders?

I was soon to have the answer when taking a walk over the farm, the two of them with me as usual. Pooh was baying idiotically into a deserted wart hog hole. Pim was a little ahead of me, loafing through the tall grass. Suddenly he leaped high, took a few quick steps forward, and began to bounce up and down like a rubber ball, beating the air with his long arms, chattering like mad. Pooh, already bored with what he had been doing, came tearing up to bark furiously at something in the grass. Pim began to pull up sod and lumps of earth, to grab for stones and pieces of wood—anything possible to pelt whatever it was they saw.

Scenting trouble, I ran over to them. And there was a big puff-adder, erect, ready to leap any second. Pim kept on throwing everything in reach. Just when I had made up my mind to do something about it too, the snake flew through the air. Pim hopped to one side, and the big fat sausage flopped down with a thud on the earth. Quick as a flash Pim set to work again. Grabbing a stick he belabored the adder, that now lay helpless in the grass. Pooh stood by in yelping ecstasy. And when it was all over—when Pim had laid hold of the reptile, in his rage to hurl it again and again to the ground, he took his part in the fight and bit deep into the lifeless body.

Once more the conquerors, bearing their victim, set out on a march of triumph. They would, I am certain, have dragged him three times around the walls of Troy. But well as I understood their feelings, I wanted to do something to put an end to the mischief once and for all. So this time, Pooh got a thrashing, Pim a box on the ears, and the adder described a semi-circle into the brook.

But a lot of good it did. Though no more adders were laid at my feet, Hamisi told me that every now and then they would still bring one home. More capital punishment was out of the question, lacking *corpus delicti*, and they took great care that I shouldn't have it.

In such and other sins and follies—drinking out of ink wells, killing chickens, breaking dishes—these two lived the first years of their lives.

Pooh did get to be enormous. He was bigger than his mother and still growing. Almost as big, Pim was stronger and much more intelligent. Many a time I feared for Pooh when they got into one of their fights. The poor fellow always got the worst of it now. Though at the start, Pim would sometimes good naturedly let Pooh throw him, he could always have the upper hand whenever he wanted it. The match would end as a rule by Pim getting a throttle hold on Pooh, choking the eyes out of his head. Then with Pooh stretched on the ground, his sides heaving and tongue hanging out, Pim would sit close by, quietly waiting for him to come to. Later in absolute harmony, they would saunter off together to think up some more trouble. At times, when I couldn't stand it any longer, I used to interfere, chase Pim away from his quarry. But no good ever came of it. Pim would retreat, scolding, only to get hold of Pooh for revenge later on, when he was sure of being undisturbed. Pooh never escaped the ordeal. So I gave up. It must be said in Pim's defense that he never was the one to begin. Swaggering, Pooh would always gambol up, give his friend a smart nip in the ribs or run him down, or provoke him in some other way, until he got what was coming to him. He never seemed to object to it. And Pim never really injured him. Just the same I always felt uneasy for fear that some day, not out of meanness, but because he himself didn't know how strong he was, Pim might end by murdering his brother.

Besides being really devoted to the dog, Pim was very attached to Hamisi who returned his affection in full. He always had something good saved up for Pim to eat and always forgave him his bad turns. Under the circumstances maybe it wasn't very

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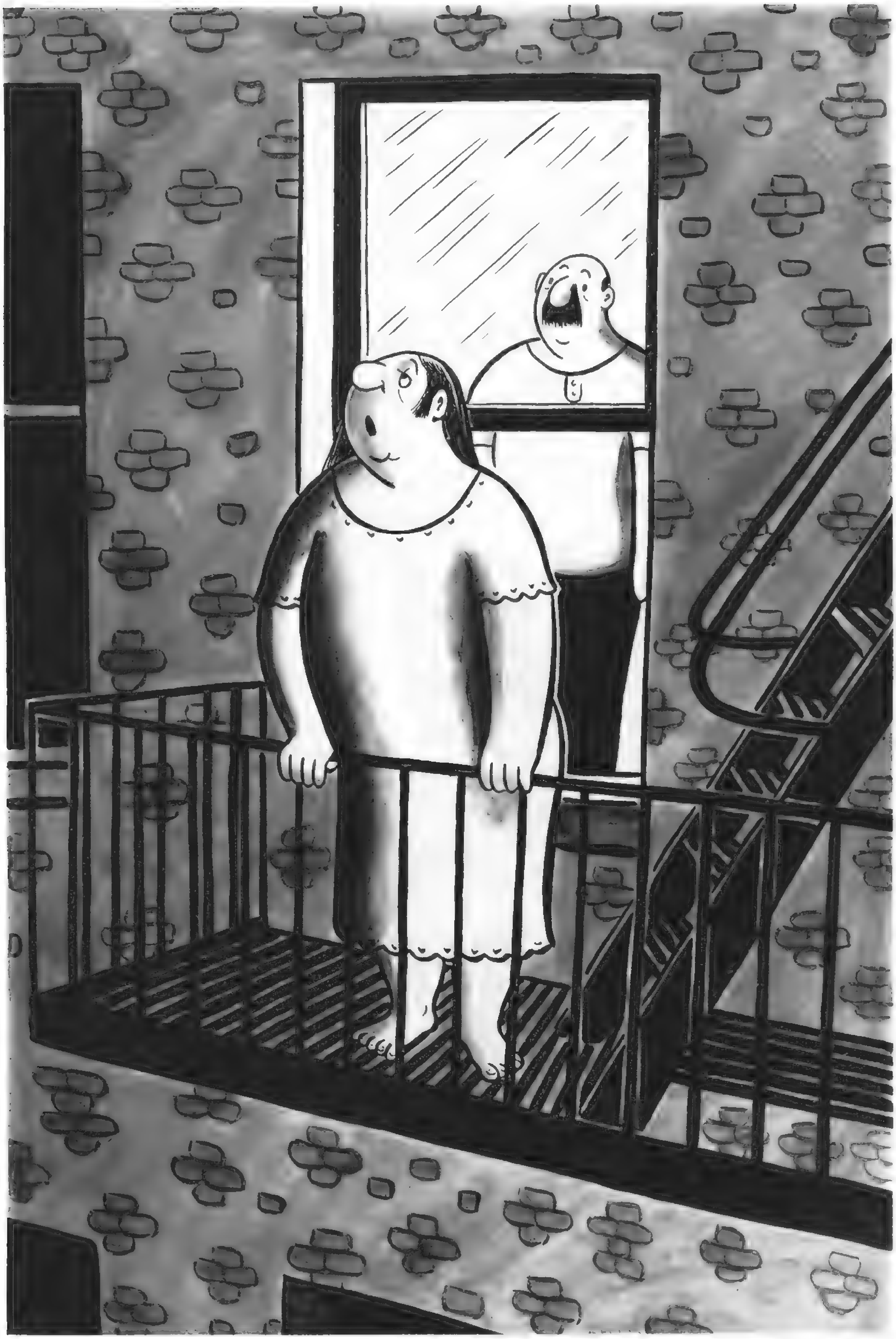
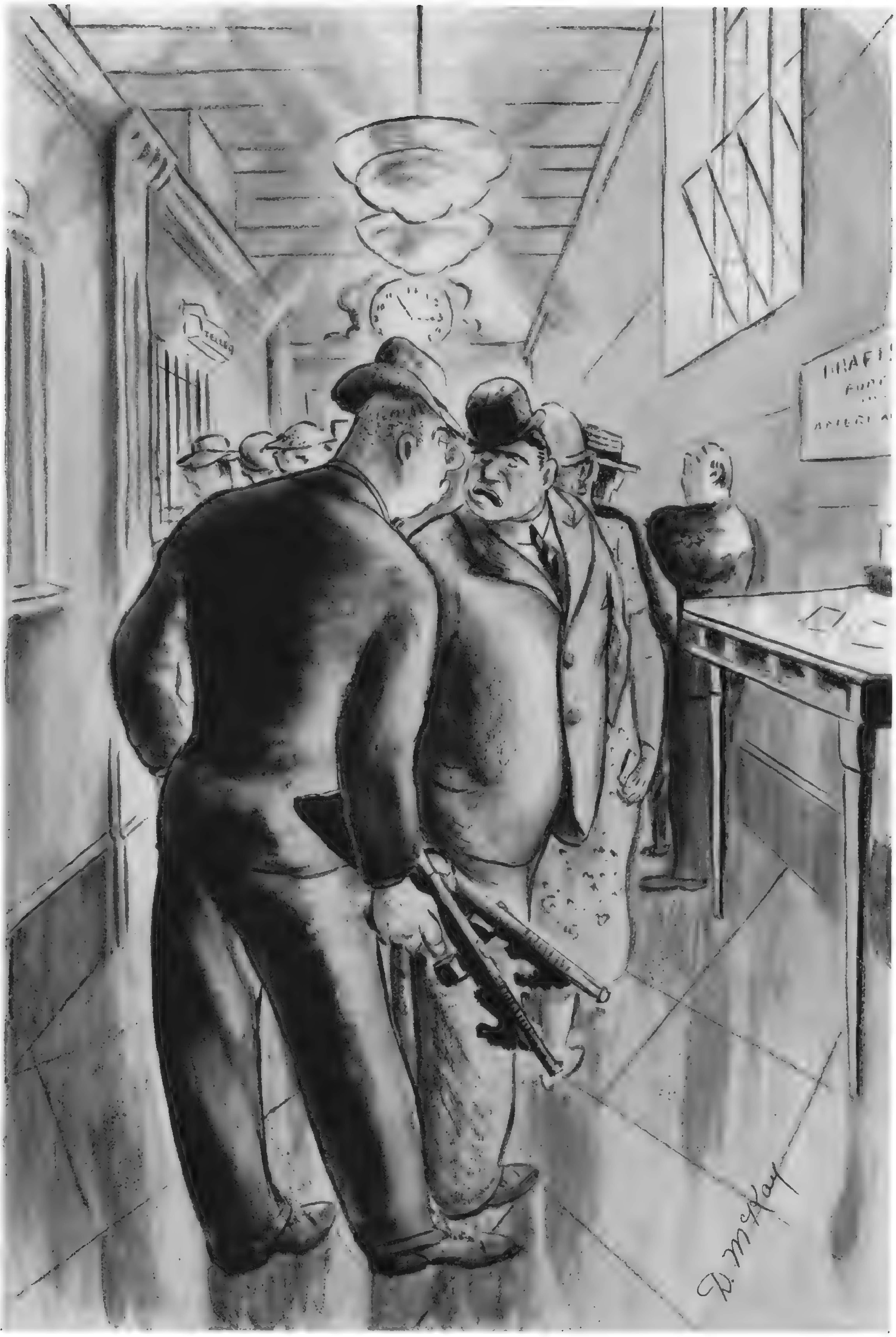


"O, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?"


TELLER
DRAFTS
D. McKay

"Jese! I hope dey don't run outa money before we get to the window!"

Pim and Pooh

Continued from pages 81-134

noble of Hamisi to lay the blame for everything on Pim—for every torn table-cloth, every broken dish, every theft in the storeroom—but such is nature in the raw. And Pim was hardly ever punished, for in spite of Hamisi's air of innocence I couldn't be sure that he wasn't the culprit himself. But when it did happen, I know that Hamisi managed to ease his conscience towards Pim, rewarding him handsomely from my supplies. So I was the loser in any case.

It was the year when we were having a terrible time with the drought. The rain had been due for weeks but not a drop had fallen. The hunched up mounds were black from grass fires. Dispirited, the trees drooped their leaves. Our brook narrowed to a wretched little trough in the middle of a broad bed of sand. If now and then a cloud would appear on the horizon, long before it came over us the sun would consume it. Out in the steppe our biggest watering place was dried up, and the thirsting cattle would wander in droves or alone across the country.

At this time a weird unrest seemed to come over Pim. He sat for hours way up on the highest limb of the old cedar tree before the house, giving out clear little longing calls. At times, apparently without any reason, he would scramble down to cling to my hands. Distractedly, he would try to tell me of his trouble. In the middle of a game with Pooh he would stop, raise himself upright, as if to listen. Then he would climb, as if life depended upon it, back to his place in the tree top. For Pooh it was really too hot to play, so he didn't take this queer behavior too much to heart. He would just stretch out in the shade and try to sleep.

As the days passed Pim's nervousness increased. He even lost his appetite. He would sit up in the cedar nearly all day long. And one fine morning he was gone.

Ever since he had grown big enough to take care of himself, he hadn't been sleeping in his cage. With his sharp teeth and strong arms he could really have given a hard time even to his mortal enemy, the leopard. So for months he hadn't known the shame of his prison. He had been sleeping as a rule in one of the papaya trees near the drive.

I first missed him when he didn't come to help me with breakfast. Pooh came, but he lacked the whole-hearted interest of other mornings. His gaze, instead of fastening to my plate, shifted from time to time. The prod of his cold nose seemed not so much the usual request for bacon. It was more the demand that I bestir myself to do something about Pim. I began trying to reassure both of us by simply saying there was no cause for worry at all. Pim had gone for a picnic in the bush. He had been delayed and would probably come back to us any minute. But somehow I wasn't convinced of my own story.

When Hamisi came to say that he hadn't seen Pim that morning at all, then I was panic stricken. We started to search the grounds. In my imagination I saw the body, torn by the leopard, lying under some bush. I depicted the horrible struggle.

But thinking it over coolly, there was much to refute what I feared. For instance, there were no signs of a struggle near the papaya. We surely should have heard something if there had been one in the night, for Pim wouldn't have let himself be carried off by the leopard without a sound.

Only one possibility remained. Pim had heard the call of the wilderness and had followed it deep in the night—had forgotten me, Hamisi, and even Pooh, to return to his inheritance. There was nothing very comforting in the thought, for I felt sure that, free, he wouldn't live to enjoy life very long. Pooh was even more disconsolate than I. He wandered about all day, as if trying not only to find his friend but to understand the fate that had taken him away.

People living in cities have animals too, and care for them possibly as much as we who share our lives with them out here. But their company, their talk is all we have. And as our comrades they are rather more our equals than a Pekingese in the rococo drawing room of some lonely woman . . .

That night rain fell. Not much, but enough to cool the air a little—to make it possible to stay outside. Soon after breakfast I started off to wander through the coffee trees. The poor wrinkled leaves had already begun to smooth out and to shine dark green. Pooh came with me of course. He seemed to be cured of yesterday's sorrow. He nosed around the country as usual after hares and dick-dicks, stirred up cranes, and chased them in full hue and cry, when they flew low, croaking and rustling their wings. Now and then he would come back to me and go to heel in perfect form, till something new attracted his attention, when off he would tear again.

Pretty soon we came to the end of the Shamba, the land under plough, to the place where the brook falls over some rocks down into a hollow. Normally it makes a beautiful deep green swimming hole, but that day the fall was so infinitesimal that it almost faded away in mid air. It had been the scene of some glorious battles. There Pooh had revenged himself for much ignominy. He loved the water, while Pim distinctly feared it and could only be pulled or pushed into the pool against his will. But as he plunged then into what water there was, to cool himself after his hunt, Pooh didn't seem to be weighed down with memories. When he had enough, had shaken the water out of his coat, rolled himself in rotten leaves, we strolled off again in the direction of the house.

Before you come to the coffee crop, the path leads across a bit of land that I had cleared to use for setting out young coffee trees. The old roots had all been dug up, cut, and piled neatly around the little clearing. But the drought had done for the plan. The land was fallow. A pity. Now the termites were already at it, rebuilding their demolished strongholds. It was an ideal stalking ground for Pooh. Under the crowns of the felled trees, an oribi was often to be found, lying sound asleep. And lately an old wart sow had taken to bringing her young there. Pooh couldn't get close to her of course, but he had all the fun of stirring her up and seeing the young ones run for the bush, squealing. The sow would follow after them, grunting, turning back every now and then.

Under the circumstances, I wasn't surprised when Pooh, yelping his delight, bolted away from my side. I didn't even look up, but just kept on boring with my stick into a termite hill, hoping to find the queen and to thwart the founding of a new state. It was only when I heard a familiar chattering that I turned around to look. Pooh was trotting back, and with him was Pim the truant, for all the world as if nothing whatever had happened. But when he came close to me, Pim did a little dance, just to show how glad he was, before hanging on to my leg and starting to tell me all about it. I was much too happy to see him to have the heart to scold. Hand in hand, we sauntered home, Pooh cavorting all around us, and barking himself hoarse. All the way to the house, Pim was telling me about his adventures. He seemed so pleased to be with us again, just the same as ever, that I forgot the worry and sadness that we had had on his account. If only I had understood what he told me, how different everything might have been.

The first thing at home was Hamisi's noisy welcome. Then came the feast and the merry-making, in honor of the prodigal son. Instead of the fatted calf, we had bananas, sugar, corn cobs and nuts. And from the kitchen, Pim appeared with an open can of California peaches, having, as Hamisi declared, stolen them . . .

Pooh, during all this time, felt very much neglected. His efforts to call attention to himself and to start a wrestling match fetched him a box on the ears by his friend. Much injured, he took to the shade and pretended to sleep, holding his eyes tight shut.

Luncheon brought the three of us together again as usual, on the verandah under the big red and white striped umbrella. During the afternoon the sun beat down as hot as ever, cutting out any idea of a walk. I lazed in a wicker armchair with a book, waiting for the evening. Pooh snored. Pim clawed the fleas out of his hide. The rays of the sun singed the land, and the air flimmered, the shine of the white flagstones hurt. The letters began to dance before my eyes. I closed my book and my lids, and fell asleep.

When Pim's shouting awoke me, the sun was low. Among other things one learns in the bush to wake up instantly, to give up that wonderful twilight state that usually precedes return to reality. Often too much depends upon the few short seconds. When I opened my eyes, Pim was standing up out in the clearing, calling to Pooh, who was already chasing away as hard as he could go. At the edge of the bush—something I had never seen before as long as I had been on the farm—a big herd of black apes was loafing around. And there was Pooh answering the call of his friend at top speed. Realizing his danger, I grabbed my stick and ran after him. All the time, Pim was getting closer and closer to the herd, turning somersaults, yelling, then standing up to call again.

Most of the apes retreated into the bush before the strange animal they saw tearing towards them. Screeching, the mothers grabbed their young. Barking their fear and anger, the aged limped along after. A few of the young ones, their curiosity getting the better of fear, here and there stopped still, standing up to look at the nearing enemy.

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Pim and Pooh

Continued from pages 81-134-137

Then falling back on all fours, they ran all the faster to make up the time their curiosity had cost them.

But one old male was not in so much of a hurry to leave. As if he wanted to cover the retreat of the herd, he stayed behind, barking, grunting, going back step by step, always stopping to look around for the others. Just before the bush, Pim caught up with him. But the old fellow didn't understand his leaps and bounds. He just kept looking at Pooh, now only a few yards away.

Pooh came full tilt, obviously in high feather to have won his race again. From the force of contact, the old ape was bowled over. By the time Pooh, recovered, came dancing along to Pim for the usual sparring, the stranger stood ready to take up the struggle in earnest.

A second later they were at each other, for as soon as Pooh came into the reach of his long arms, the ape went for him, silently, murder in his eye. His first bite tore a gash in his flank. Pooh yelped and snapped for the chest of the old fellow, who in turn dug his fangs into Pooh's neck. And there they were rolling in the grass.

Pim stood by, screaming. He tried tugging at the ape and when he saw that it didn't do any good, he ran to meet me, crying in a pitiful sort of way. By the time I reached them, both of the fighters were covered with blood. At the first blow, my stick broke across the old ape's back. I shouted to Hamisi, who had run after me, to get my gun. And then I did what I could to separate the two, hitting with pieces of wood that were lying around. But it was no use. Each had a terrible hold on the other.

Gasping, otherwise silent, they rolled over the grass. When a piece of flesh, where teeth had been buried, would give way, the jaws would snap deeper down in the body. Both turned and strained for the throat of the other, but as yet neither succeeded. That would be the end of course. For one second, the ape loosed his great yellow teeth from Pooh's flank to snap at my stick, only to dig them, groaning, into the neck. Pooh had taken a firmer hold on his chest. With the strength of his great arms, he pulled Pooh's ears, clawed his eyes and tore at his nostrils.

The two of them rolled into a little hollow close to the bush. I was still trying to separate them, no matter which one I hit. It was impossible to aim, they were so mixed up. Pim had joined in coaxing and crying, pulling and shoving. We both had one idea—to get them apart before they reached the bush. We knew that once in there, Pooh would be done for. The ape's arms seemed to be working with less power. His breathing thrashed his sides. With tremendous effort he lifted his heavy form, pressed away from Pooh with all four limbs, tore, reared, and was free. But before he could quite reach the bush, Pooh had him by the throat. The old ape's one idea now was to get away. Pooh, jaws locked in his fighting spirit, was dragged in with him.

That really finished it.

For a while, in the underbrush, in the tangle of lianas and logs, the struggle flared up again. I could just see the two bodies wind together, unwind, join. I could hear their rattling, gasping, coughing—accompanied by the uproar of the apes that were watching the fight from the trees. In his despair, Pim was clambering up and down the branches. Once he came back to me, tugged at me, crying out and gnashing his teeth. By this time I had almost sickened. Powerless to save him, I had to listen to Pooh, not five steps away, fighting for his last breath of life. I threw myself against the bush. The flexible lianas, thick as an arm, would give way an inch or two and then hold stronger than a steel grating.

At last Hamisi came with the gun. Lying out flat I could see the two animals. Their movements had grown tired, but still they were fighting, clinging. It was impossible to hit one without the other. Finally the brown body loosed itself from the yellow. I shot, and kept on shooting. I only noticed later that I had emptied the whole magazine.

When the sound of the shots died away, the voice of stillness was very audible in that virgin forest. It was broken only at intervals by a terribly tired rattle.

Working with a pocket knife, hands bleeding, we tore a passage through the undergrowth. Pim reached his friend long before us. We took quite a while to cover the few yards that separated us from the dying. When we came, Pooh was dead. Pim's hands were crimson. Never have I seen in any countenance an expression of despair to equal his when he held them, stained as they were, before his eyes. Despair and horror.

We dragged the torn body into the clear. We knotted and slung a bier, and carried Pooh home. The same evening, we buried him down by the swimming hole.

By the green light of the lamp, Pim and I sat late into the night and thought of Pooh. From time to time, he would look at his hands, turn to me, and press himself against me, chattering softly. My fingers stroked his big head. "Poor boy. It wasn't your fault. You couldn't help it." When I went to bed, long after midnight, I gave my hand to Pim for the last time.

The next morning he was gone. But he used to come back from time to time, so long as the herd of apes was in the neighborhood. He would wander around, as though he were taking leave of all the things that were familiar to him. He would climb the old cedar tree, scuttle across the gravel in front of the house, tear a ripe papaya from some branch, saunter through the garden, then disappear again into the bush. He wouldn't let anyone touch him, not even Hamisi.

At last the rains began. The steppe greened again, and the droves of beasts returned to their old grazing grounds. The herd of apes went away too. Pim went with it, and only Hamisi really believes that some day he will come back. ⧺

Yesterday's Girl

Continued from page 108

"No, I don't think so, but then he doesn't take me wholly into his confidence. He's nice to me, you understand, but intellectually I don't quite rate. Well, if you'll excuse me I'll go and do something about those drinks." He got up and went to the kitchen.

In a moment she was at the door, leaning against the door casing. The hand on her hip held the cigarette and the other hand she placed high up on the casing, a Dietrich pose. Smoke was trickling slowly from her nostrils; her eyes were half shut, her mouth slightly open, showing the edges of her front teeth. "How you coming, boy?" she drawled.

"Hey listen, where did you get that drawl anyway? You never used to do that."

"Oh, so you *do* remember a little about what used to was!" She smiled slyly. "Well you see it's this way. I got it from someone I know, an awfully nice boy; you'd have liked him."

A lemon rolled under the sink and he crawled after it. "Sorry," he said. She ignored the interruption.

"He was from the South," she continued. "Oh, there *have* been others; you know a gal does get around and meet people."

"What?" Oh yes, yes of course—say, how about some Five Fruits in this one?"

"All right. Gee, I'm sorry you two couldn't have met."

He was fishing lemon seeds out of one of the glasses. "Huh, who?"

A momentary flush of anger appeared on the girl's face, then she said, "Let it go."

"Ah, here you are!" He handed her the drink. "Better taste it," he said. She did. "All right?" She nodded and they went back into the other room.

Hardly had she got satisfactorily arranged on the divan when the bell over the door buzzed and he went and pushed the button on the wall beneath it. "I don't know who this can be," he said.

She looked annoyed. "Don't you love people who barge in on you without telephoning?"

"Maybe they won't stay long."

It was the Brennings. Doris Brenning was pretty. They were on their way to a neighborhood movie and just thought they'd drop in. They wanted to miss the shorts. After several drinks they found they were too late for the last show and stayed on.

After they'd gone the girl said, "I know people like that but I don't encourage them."

He said, "Oh, they're all right," and carried away their glasses.

* * *

The Brennings had been gone almost two hours. The girl was still on the davenport and the man in the chair opposite. "How did you happen to think of calling me up, anyway?" he said.

She puffed, blew. "Oh, I don't know. I've been running around hectically, hither and yon, and tonight I suddenly got the bright idea of treating myself to a nice quiet evening for a change." She sighed, smiled.

"I'm afraid that's what you're getting," he said.

"That's what I wanted," she insisted. "I could do with a lot more of it. In fact, if I don't get a lot more of it I'm going to

Continued on page 140

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Yesterday's Girl

Continued from pages 108-138

have a nervous breakdown or something."

"Well, you'd better stay home sometimes then," he suggested.

"Oh, I always promise myself—but you know how it is."

"No, I'm afraid I don't, quite—not that it matters, but if I wanted to stay home I'd stay home, that's all."

"Well you always did have will power, Tom."

The telephone rang and he got up and went into the curtained-off foyer to answer it. "Hello? Oh, hel-*lo!*—when did you get back? Huh? Yes, I am right now. Yes, I think so. Yes. All right—hey listen Grace—listen—" He laughed. "Don't forget, will you? Of course I do, you know that. Gee, I wish so too. Yes, all right, good-bye and don't forget, please. Huh? Don't be silly! Good-bye dear." He tried to check the last word but it was already out.

When he came back into the room she was lighting a new cigarette. "I hope I'm not keeping you from anything," she said.

"No, not at all. Would you like another drink?"

"Why not?"

He went into the kitchen and mixed one hurriedly. Then he came back and handed it to her.

"Where's yours? Aren't you having one?"

"No, I'm skipping this one," he said.

"You're not trying to seduce a poor gal with drink, are you?" She heaved, and wriggled into a more horizontal position.

"No, nothing like that." He sat on the arm of the chair he'd been occupying, fingered his glass on the table beside it.

"By the way, Tom, before I forget it how about taking down my phone number?"

"That's an idea." He went to the telephone stand and came back with his address book. "All right." He balanced it precariously on the narrow arm of the chair.

"Here, you'd better let me do it." She reached for the little black book. Placing it on her knee she started to write. "Oh, damn!" she pouted, "the pencil broke."

"I'll sharpen it for you," he said, and left the room with it. She took the opportunity to peruse the book and was surreptitiously closing it when he returned.

Taking the pencil she reopened the book and wrote her name, address and telephone number, underscoring it all. "Now don't lose the book," she said as she returned it.

"I won't." He put it on the mantel.

"How's old Grace Evans? Seen her lately?" She busied herself with a stray lock of hair.

"That was Grace I was just talking to," he said.

"No kidding! I'd like to see the gal sometime. I'll always have a warm spot in my heart for that woman. She used to be such a comfort to me." She tilted her chin toward the ceiling, looked reminiscent.

"A comfort?"

"Yes. I mean I used to count on her so. I mean when I'd forget and make two dates for the same night or something I could always count on old Grace to fill in and save the day—I mean night." She laughed. "It takes a real pal to do that, believe me, and Grace did it for me more than once." He didn't say anything.

"You know, I used to think Grace would be almost attractive if she'd just do something about her hair and complexion—because she really *was* bright. Most people couldn't see it; it used to make me so angry. But then most people don't look. They expect to see everything right on the surface, you know?"

He still didn't say anything.

"Oh, heavens!" She rose up on her elbow as though animated by a sudden apprehension. "Don't tell me *you're* interested in *Grace!* Oh, goodness—I hope I haven't said anything—"

"Not at all; you didn't say anything."

She sipped her drink, squirmed, recrossed her chiffon stockinged legs, showing them to better advantage. "Uhm—m." She patted a yawn. "I suppose I ought to go."

He patted a yawn, said, "Excuse me."

"What time do you suppose it is?"

He looked at his wrist watch."It's twelve-thirty."

"Heavens! I must go as soon as I've finished this drink." She took another small sip, flipped ashes from her cigarette, indolently. "I suppose the busses have stopped running by now."

"No, I don't think so. I believe the last one leaves Washington Square about one o'clock." He walked over to the mantel and ground out the fire from his cigarette stub, slowly.

"Does your radio work?" she asked.

For a moment he didn't answer, then he said, "Yes, it works. I don't know what's on, though. Want me to try? What would you like?"

"Oh, something soothing." She stretched her arms up over her head, twisted, sighed.

He turned the dial. A selection of brief, weird noises occurred, reoccurred; then there was a low, faint fox trot. In a moment it was louder, too loud, then it was just right.

"That must be Guy Lombardo's orchestra," she said. "I adore him, don't you?"

"Is that who it is?" he said.

She heaved, humped her chest, shifted her position, closed her eyes. Her lips she held partly open, showing the edges of her front teeth.

The man went over to the tall window opening on Ninth Street. Holding back the thin mesh curtains he looked out. Several times he glanced back at the girl and each time she writhed, but without opening her eyes. The room was stuffy and smoke filled.

He must have stood there fifteen minutes, then he turned and walked to the center of the room. He looked sleepy. The ash trays were overflowing. He picked up a newspaper, unfolded it and emptied the ash trays into it. Then he carried it into the kitchen where he put it in the garbage can under the sink.

Coming back he looked at the empty glasses. He picked them up and carried them into the kitchen. The girl still lay inanimate on the davenport. He went over and shook her gently but not too gently by the shoulder.

"Oh—oh, Tom." Her eyelids fluttered and her eyes opened. She stretched, sighed and said, "I just dozed off, I guess." Then she sat suddenly upright, as though the thought had just occurred to her and said, "You know, I could sleep right here on this couch. Have you got an extra pair of pajamas, Mister—er—what did you say your name was? I'd curl right up here and go to sleep and never disturb you a bit!—what do you say?"

He didn't answer right off, then he said, "Sure, you can have the pajamas, but I couldn't let a guest sleep out here. You can have my room. Come on, I'll get them for you."

She followed him into the bedroom. The bed was neatly turned down and his pajamas laid out. His slippers were on the floor beside the bed.

"I see he doesn't neglect you, anyway," she said.

"No." He opened a drawer and took out another pair of pajamas which he handed to her.

"Gee, they're kind of big, aren't they?" she said, holding them up to her in front of the long wall mirror. "Even if I roll them up. But you know, as a matter of fact, during the hot months I got in the habit of not wearing any at all. At first I felt *so* indecent—but comfort before decency, that's my motto now." She handed him back the pajamas. "Never mind," she said, "I think I'll just not wear any."

"Just as you like." He laid them over the back of a chair.

* * *

He awoke with a grimace. Bright sunlight flooded the room and caused him to cover his face with his hand. Then as he gradually uncovered it and looked about him, his eyes came to rest on the bedroom door. He made another grimace, worse than the first, and turned over, his face against the back of the davenport.

Suddenly he sat upright, felt with his toes for his slippers and, working his feet into them, reached for his bathrobe. Arising with an effort he started for the bedroom door, but sank down again, his head in his hands, and rested.

Getting to his feet again he passed the bedroom and went into the bathroom. Coming out he went directly to the kitchen where he drank two large glasses of water from the faucet, not waiting to pry out ice cubes. Then he came out and without hesitancy walked straight to the bedroom door and knocked on it. Getting no answer he knocked louder and opened it. No one was in the room.

He entered and glanced about hastily. Everything was in order. He went over to the bed. It was neatly made and turned down; and only very close inspection revealed that it had been occupied.

His eye lit on something pinned to the bureau scarf. Unpinning it he saw it was a note with a two-dollar bill attached. Separating them and holding the bill in one hand, the note in the other, he read:

> Dear Tom—
>
> I've decided not to inconvenience you, after all. I hope the attached bill will reimburse you for the drinks and cigarettes. Give my regards to old Grace.
>
> Love,
>
> Betty.
>
> P. S.—You needn't bother to phone me. I've moved. #

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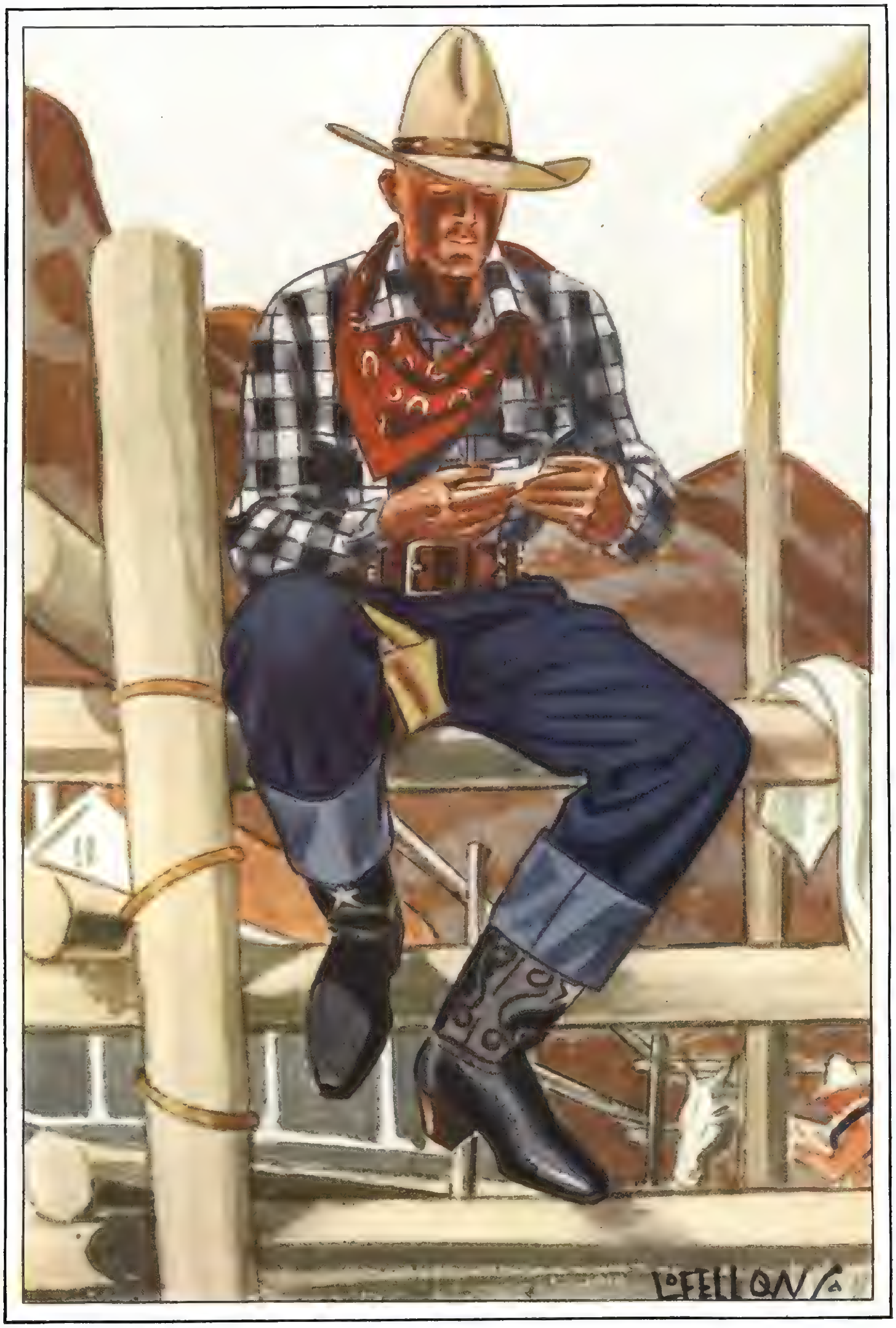


PERSONAL: TO THE BOYS ON THE BAR-B-Q

So you guys don't care for our pretty pictures of the sissy Eastern styles, nohow? Now the question before the house is does this Eastern visitor to your parts look any funnier in your clothes than you say you look in his? That is, we assume that he's an Eastern visitor—our first guess is that Mr. Fellows must have had in mind the growing popularity of the dude ranch as a place to spend the summer vacation. Our second guess, if it's anything to you, is that Mr. Fellows was drawing an ad for Bull Durham and picked it up by mistake when he was wrapping his latest batch of fashion drawings for us. Be that as it may, the shirt is the lumberman model in plaid wool, the trousers are blue dungaree, and the cowboy boots are—but who are we to tell you about boots? Ask your travel agent. We do know, though, that a fancy leather waistcoat is missing.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

Two Great Women

Continued from page 86

of. The peculiar value of *The Thin Man* was that, inside the framework of hard drinking and quick shooting, an attractive, sexual comedy was being played, and this was all the more notable because the players in this comedy were man and wife who happened to be passionately in love with each other. This is doubly against the movie tradition, which ever since the days of the first vamp pictures has denied that love exists between those who are married, and equally denied that physical passion has any part in love. The love of Bill Hart for his horse had more of a throb than the loves of the Gables and Montgomeries and Coopers for the Dietrichs and Crawfords and Shearers.

The Thin Man was not on the approved list of the new censors. It was, if I remember, placed in that odd category of being "offensive in spots." Since then Miss Myrna Loy has appeared in two pictures sufficiently similar in tone to make you expect a similar emotion.

But both were entirely sexless. All her remarkable attractiveness was put to the service of being a good pal. Perhaps it is only coincidence that Claudette Colbert's picture after *It Happened One Night* had almost the same lack of quality. In fact, it is one of the most popular situations of the movies that a man and a woman, being good friends, are totally unaware of any physical attraction existing between them until one or the other gets entangled in an affair, usually bloodless enough, but leading to engagements and marriages, with another person, at which the awareness of love comes to one and all. Indeed, the only picture I have seen recently in which the passion between the sexes is definite and explicit was *Bordertown*, and the masterly characterization which Bette Davis gave in that picture made an indication of how the movies propose in the future to treat sex. For Miss Davis played the part of a woman who was driven first to murder and then to mania by her love for a man, implying—inasmuch as sane and non-killing women express virtually no passion—that you have to be thoroughly deranged to care for love at all. #

The Sea Chest

Continued from page 51

Presently Chips and the mate rose, tried to dance the polka; then wandered cheerily away down Pacific Street. It was a cold raw misty night. Bye and bye the chill wind sobered them. "Where in blazes is my sea chest?" asked Chips. They returned to Limerick Katie's. It was three in the morning. The place was in darkness. They banged on the door. The bouncer opened it. "I'll take care o' the blighter. Go get your chest," said the mate, and took the bouncer by his throat.

While the mate attended to the bouncer Chips went into Katie's parlor, found the chest, and dumped out of it the fancy silk robes that Katie's girls donned when business started in the evenings.

Arm in arm, Chips and the mate wandered cheerily down to the waterfront; Chips with the chest on his shoulder. By the waterfront he set it down. Leaning against each other, seated on the chest, they sang, drowsily:

"As I was a'walking down Paradise Street
To me way, aye, blow the man down!
A trim little damsel I chanced for to meet,
Oh, give us some time to blow the man down!"

Presently, huddled together for warmth, they fell asleep. At daylight a gruff voice wakened them. "I've got to go out on the tide and I want a mate," said the gruff voice.

"I'm it, sir," said the mate. "But you got to take my pal. He's a carpenter." The sea-bound skipper said, "I've got a carpenter."

"Take it, or leave it," said the mate. "All right, then," said the skipper, "I'll sign him on as carpenter's mate."

Aboard the big ship *Mushoola* was the skipper's pretty niece, who had joined the ship on the preceding day. She'd never been aboard ship before. On her first day aboard she stayed below, exploring the cabins. It was not till the *Mushoola* was passing out to sea that she came on deck. The crew were setting sail. The chanteyman was singing:

"Oh, where are you going to my pretty maid?
And away, Rio!
Oh, where are you going to my pretty maid?
And we're bound for the Rio Grande!"

When she went below for dinner, the skipper's pretty niece was all a'tremble with excitement. "I was a fool to bring her to sea," thought the skipper. "I bet she's fallen in love with that confounded young second mate."

The second mate was a six footer; straight as a ramrod. Five and twenty. Big blue eyes. A mop of tawny yellow hair. Muscled like a young lion. The girl had not yet seen him. He'd been busy on the fore deck; too busy to notice her. But that night, when the stars were waking, they met on the poop. He smiled down into her face. She gasped. Not a word passed between them. The skipper was close by, in the chart room. The girl went down to the saloon, seated herself at the piano, and began to sing. Hearing her through the cabin's open skylight, the helmsman let the ship fall off her course. Rapt in the song, the second mate failed to notice the helmsman's error. But, coming from the chart room, the skipper saw it at once and swore roundly at the second mate. Hearing his angry voice, the girl ceased her song. But late in the night she came on deck, and, standing in the shadow of the sails, began to sing softly. Stepping from yet darker shadow in the lee of the chart room, the second mate asked, "That song for me?"

"Yes," whispered the girl. Coming on deck half an hour later, the skipper found her leaning against the second mate; with his arm around her. He ordered her to her cabin, and kept her locked there for two weeks. But he couldn't lock up his second mate: nor could he lock up the girl's song. Desperate at last, he asked the mate, "Mister, were you ever married?"

"There's never been any but the port girls for me, sir," said the mate.

"What about it? What do you advise?" asked the skipper.

"You're skipper, sir," said the mate. "You can marry 'em. If I was you, I would."

"By gravy, I believe you're right, mister," said the skipper. And at noon he ordered the crew assembled on the quarterdeck, fetched the girl, and sent for the second mate.

When the skipper had read the marriage service the carpenter's mate brought the rosewood chest as a gift for the bride. The carpenter said, "I'll make ye a teakwood cradle. It'll be ready by when ye're needin' it." The second mate and the girl went red as beets. Into the chest one sailor dropped a pair of silver earrings taken from his own ears. One put in a mat woven of ropeyarns, tied with many fancy knots. Another a hammock made by hand of fine amber line. Another the model of a clipper ship on which he had spent his spare time for two voyages. One gave a coconut shell beautifully carved by a Marquesas native; one a straw basket woven by a native of Pitcairn. An old whaling sailor gave the tooth of a sperm whale, covered with dainty scrimshaw work. A young sailor gave a walking stick made from a shark's backbone. Another gave a purse made from the webbed foot of a snowy albatross. With nothing else to give, an old sailor put in a plug of black baccy for the groom. The mate gave a month's pay, and the skipper five twenty-dollar gold pieces.

During the afternoon the cook made a great sea pie and a big plum duff. At sunset all hands sat down at the main hatch, the bride and groom together at one end. The skipper served a tot of hot grog all round. At the end of the wedding dinner the chanteyman sang, "Oh, where are you going to my pretty maid," and all hands came in on the chorus.

That night the skipper turned his cabin over to the bride and groom and lived thenceforth in the second mate's.

Six months later, having made a slow run owing to light winds, the *Mushoola* was a day from port. On the poop sat the skipper's niece, sewing. At her feet was the rosewood chest, open to receive the little garment she was sewing. Presently the second mate beside her blew his whistle. "Take a good pull on those topsail halliards," he ordered. As the sailors laid hold on the rope the carpenter came from his shop, carrying a teakwood cradle. The chanteyman started a chantey:

"Marry in haste and repent at leisure,
Oh, roll the cotton down!
Marry in haste and repent at leisure,
Oh, roll the cotton down!
And that old theme is a landsman's measure,
Oh, roll the cotton down!
But a sea-bred child is a sailor's treasure,
Oh, roll the cotton down!" #

The Murderer

Continued from page 64

been eating vegetables or fresh fruits.

We went through Sarbisheh, a village of mud huts, many and many of them, with round roofs like bee-hives. The air over the houses trembled with the late April heat and the black roofs seemed to arise and swell and quiver like gigantic blisters.

"It's too early to stop," said I. "Let's go on."

"There is no other place for miles, sir," said Ahmed. "Sir we always stop here, my old uncle and I."

"It's too early," said I. "Why stop here? Come, let's go on."

"That will be three krans more, Sir, if we go on. Three krans?"

I took three krans out of my inside pocket and gave them to him.

We drove on and on, through the real desert. It was after sunset when we reached a long shallow lake. Two tamarisks stood on the yellow clay shore, nothing else, not a single blade of grass. The rest of the shore was as flat as the lake itself. We stopped here. "But watch, sir," said Ahmed. "Bad place. I have seen two camels lost in the wet sand here. Don't walk in the wicked wet sand!" I was flattered and pleased and surprised by his solicitude. The water was smooth as glass, but there were white ripple marks along the blue slimy shore as delicate as the lines on a moth's wing. Far out over the lake some birds were flying, barely visible through the dusk.

We stretched our blanket on the warm sand and drank from the canteen. Then we lay down under the tamarisks.

Ahmed lay on his belly, chin resting on his palms, and gazed at me. "You are a strange man, sir," he said quietly. "Not like the Englishmen or the Europeans." The old uncle lay huddled under the other tamarisk. We could hear him snoring, and now and then a bird fluttering waterward over our heads.

"I am not an Englishman or a European," said I. "I'm an American."

"But they are even worse!" sighed Ahmed. "Aren't they?" he added, hesitantly. "They have no god!"

"How do you know that they have no god? Who told you?"

He thought he had offended me. His voice grew silky. "Oh, many have said that, sir, but perhaps they were wrong. Have they a god after all? Tell me . . ."

But of course I couldn't tell him since I didn't know. "Look Ahmed," said I, "do you believe in a god?"

"Sir, there are different gods for different people, aren't there? Yes? And I believe in a god."

"Do you believe in Allah, and in Mohammed his prophet?"

"Yes, sir."

"In Buddha too, by any chance? What do you think of Buddha?"

"Oh I know that Buddha exists, sir, since many people believe in him. But I don't believe in him, you see. He is not my god."

"And Christ?"

"Christ is like Buddha. A fine god, but not mine." He rose and brought a long bottle from the back of the truck. Then he lay down again. "Sir," said he, with a certain elegance, "here is wine for you."

"Thank you, Ahmed," said I. I was touched.

"Two krans, sir? Please?"

It was a very strong sweet wine. We continued to talk about god. Then Ahmed told me stories about the bandits of Baluchistan, and before the bottle was empty his syllables began to tumble weirdly across each other. "Are you afraid of the bandits?" said I. I was feeling tipsy too, though most of the bottle had gone to Ahmed.

"No, no," laughed Ahmed. "I know them too well! They are foolish, crazy men. I know many of them. I have several cousins that are bandits. They are very stupid, oh sir, how stupid they are! Fierce, but how stupid!"

The moon was out and the air was growing sharp. The lake looked icily smooth.

"Sir," whispered Ahmed, and I could smell his breath across the shadow of the tamarisk, I could see his eyes glittering like stars. "How much will you pay me to be your servant? Two hundred krans, sir? . . . I will be a good servant. I will do everything. Two hundred krans?" I began to laugh. "But I need no servant, Ahmed."

"One hundred and eighty krans, sir? I will do everything. I will travel with you to America. . . ."

"But your poor old uncle!" said I. "Would you leave him?"

Ahmed simpered. "Oh, sir, he is not truly my uncle at all!"

"Oh, Ahmed, I don't need a servant at all! I wouldn't know what to do with you!"

"One hundred and fifty krans, sir? Oh *please*. I will be your slave."

"Nonsense," said I, laughing softly.

"One hundred krans," he whispered unpleasantly.

"I don't want you, Ahmed."

I rose beside the tamarisk and made water toward the stars. I was feeling dizzy and irritable. "Oh, sir," wailed Ahmed stupidly. "Shut up!" I cried. He rose and stood beside me and made water toward the moon. "Very well, sir," he said. "Very well." His voice was unnaturally quiet and constrained, his eyes were hard with fury.

* * *

The land grew wild and frightful as we travelled toward Duzdab. The desert was as desolate as a plateau on the moon. Once we got stuck, and Ahmed had to pile twigs and brush under the rear wheels to get out again. Once we drove through a narrow gully, steep cliffs on either side that almost met over our heads. We crept across a sunken quagmire six miles wide: foot by foot we ploughed through the soft slimy bed and when we reached firm land again the sun, high and hot a few miles back, had disappeared, the great Sea of Sand was in shadow, the moon was rising again.

We drove on another hour, and then Ahmed and his sad old uncle stopped at a tea-khane to quench their opium thirst. I waited outside. Peculiar music came from the lonely hut: two strange instruments and a voice even stranger. "What was that noise in there?" I asked when Ahmed reappeared.

But Ahmed was very quiet and aloof. "Lovely sad songs," he replied absently. "Lovely songs about love and sadness."

It grew chilly. "We cannot reach Duzdab tonight," said Ahmed. So we stopped at a tamarisk grove and built a fire. Far away we could hear the jackals howling.

"Without the fire," said Ahmed stiffly, "the jackals would come and eat you. But I shall protect you, sir."

"Thank you, Ahmed. Perhaps I'll give you another kran for that." But he remained cool; he refused to smile. And when I wandered down the road a way he did not come along as usual.

He was fast asleep when I returned. Tucked so deeply in his blankets that I could see only a few black curls. And soon I was asleep too.

Or rather, almost asleep. I could feel the frosty touch of the night against my cheeks and my eyelids, I could hear the embers hissing and singing softly and far away the weeping jackals.

And then I heard another sound: or so it seemed. I opened my eyes, and there was Ahmed squatting nakedly above me, staring at me wildly, right arm raised against the starry sky.

I could see the flash of the knife catching the moonlight. I sprang, my arms moved upward. The cold soft side of the knife slid along my left forearm, and with my right I caught Ahmed by the throat. Then I shook my blankets free and pinned him to the ground. He wasn't strong, and he hardly resisted at all. The knife dropped promptly from his hand when I twisted his wrist.

"Ahmed!" said I.

He remained quiet.

"Ahmed!" I repeated. "I'll kill you for this!"

I could feel his warm brown chest rise and fall with sobbing, I could see his lips working and the tears glittering on his eyelashes.

Suddenly he burst into a loud fit of weeping. "Oh, sir, sir," he cried, "oh forgive me, forgive me, I shall be good forever!" The night was cold, but sweat ran down his forehead and glistened on his shoulder blades.

"Look, my brother," said I, very sadly. "Sit up. Tell me what's troubling you."

He sat up. I held the knife in my left hand and with the other slung the loose blanket over his shoulders. "Come, tell me."

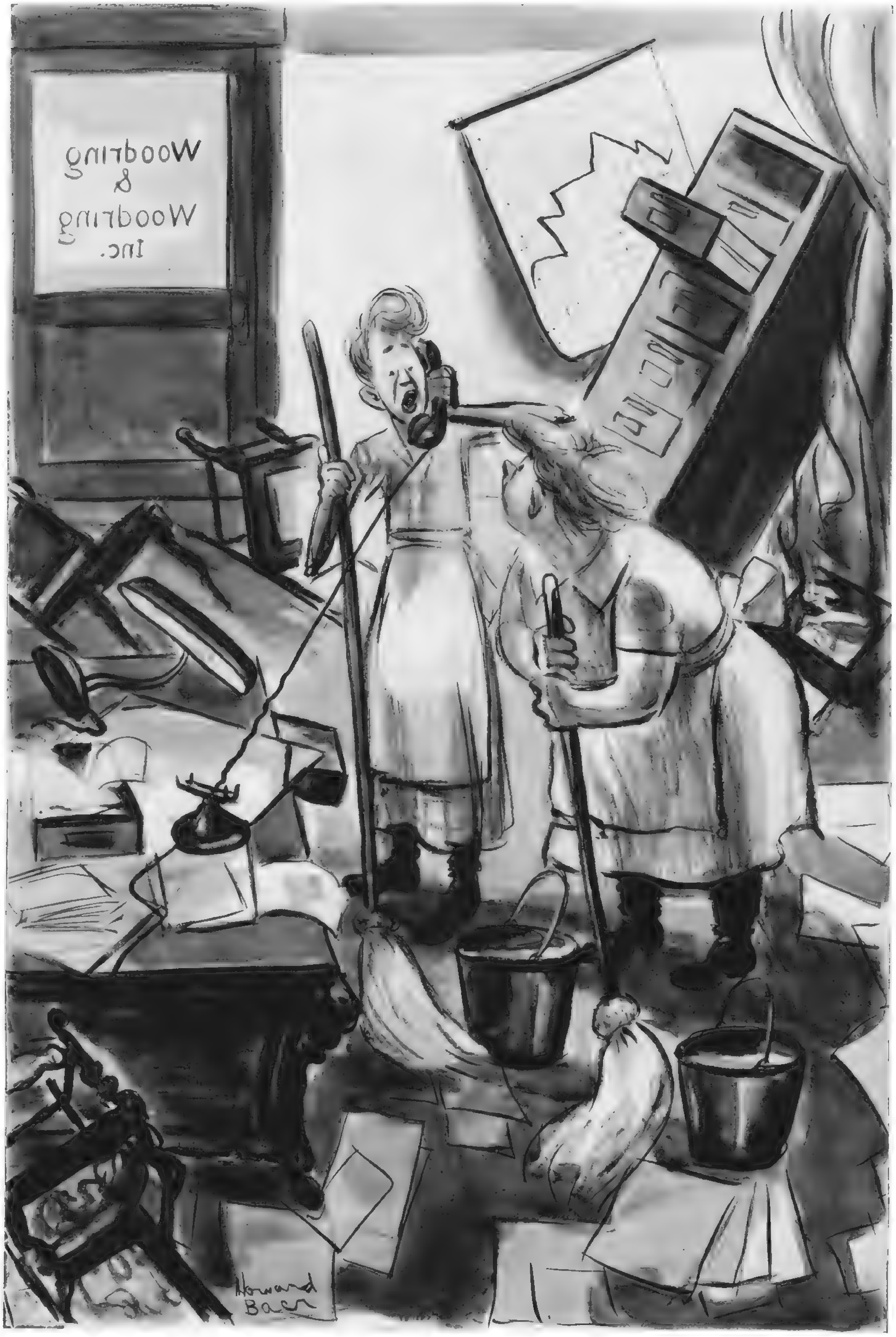
He kept on sobbing quietly. I could feel his body trembling with fear and wretchedness. He put his hands up to his eyes. "Come Ahmed. Behave. Stop acting."

He looked at me. "Oh sir, I am very sorry, I am a very evil man. Be my friend, sir, and I will always be good again. I will be your slave always . . ." He began to sob again, and buried his head in my lap. I could see him peering at the knife in my left hand.

"Very well, Ahmed, we'll be friends and shake hands." His hand was wet and tremulous. "Now lie down and go to sleep and behave, or I shall kill you."

He lay down and closed his eyes. And so did I. But I couldn't go to sleep. I felt the knife cool against my hip deep under the blanket, and strange thoughts went racing through my head. The moon looked like a silvery knife, the stars were the tears of the wicked ones, the tamarisks were the fingers of those tortured by desire, the earth trembled softly with remorse.

And finally it was dawn, and the hills grew red, and the air grew warm. ⧺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"Mr. Woodring? . . Mr. Woodring, to settle a bet, what the hell came off in your office today?"

Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

The forlorn fowls of Spring come flopping through the theatre leaving only a smell

by JOHN V. A. WEAVER

• THEATRE •

Glimpse List

MUSTS!

Anything Goes. Standing-room now available for the ace musical, with Victor Moore, Ethel Merman, William Gaxton, Cole Porter songs.

Awake and Sing. Bronx cheer for capitalism. Group Theatre's excellent production of Clifford Odets' good play.

Ceiling Zero. Slambang melodrama about a flying tomcat. I'm not so crazy about it, but you'll probably be. Commercial aviation romanced.

Kind Lady. Psychological thriller. Grace George and Henry Daniell head a fine cast in a nerve-racking good one.

Personal Appearance. Gladys George shows how Hollywood cuties use that personal touch. A long, loud laugh.

Petticoat Fever. Dennis King and Leo Carroll in an Eskimooey-mooey farce. Very funny.

The Children's Hour. Not for children, but for you, if you're at all adult. Best serious play of some years.

The Old Maid. The Pulitzer Prize-winner—but don't let that scare you off. Really pretty good.

The Petrified Forest. Leslie Howard in a brilliant melodrama. Able assistance from Humphrey Bogart.

Three Men on a Horse. Fine kidding of race-track fans and greeting-card addicts. Whinnies of laughter.

Tobacco Road. Georgia whites' scandals. (Reprinted by request.) Finishing second year.

GOOD ENOUGH

Fly Away Home. Conservative father handles ultra-modern brats.

If a Body. Burlesque horror-play.

Post Road. Kidnaping comedy, with Lucille Watson.

Something Gay. Something dubious, but Tallulah Bankhead worth the trip.

The Bishop Misbehaves. Walter Connelly, Jane Wyatt in an old-fashioned plodder.

The Great Waltz. Oh, go ahead. I can't stop you.

Waiting for Lefty. Very fine, but try to miss the curtain-raiser, a dull anti-Nazi preachment.

TAKE A CHANCE

The Hook-Up. Is making fun of radio funny? If you think so, see Ernest Truex and Helen Lynd in this one.

LaFayette Players. All-negro repertory.

Well, well, well, the theatrical season has gone into its customary late spring nose-dive, although to less abysmal depths than usual. Meanwhile, the Pulitzer awards have met with unprecedented hooting and jeering. As practically exclusively prophesied in these columns, the committee, poor wretches, bestowed their theatrical benison upon *The Old Maid*, and could, I think, have done much worse, although easily better.

Enterprising journalists managed to pry statements out of sundry managers regarding the award. Mr. Shumlin, whose *The Children's Hour*, the nearest thing to a masterpiece we have had in some years, was snooted, made a remark to the effect that the choice seemed to him the worst possible of all the plays on Broadway, and that he really couldn't understand how the winner ever got produced at all. Mr. Moses, who did produce it, administered a justifiable rebuke to Clayton Hamilton, who had objected that the play being an adaptation, was ineligible, by replying that Mr. Hamilton had been a Pulitzer judge for 17 years, and had thrice voted for adaptations, including *The Green Pastures*. Mr. Crosby Gaige seems to have finished off the subject until next season's farce by quoting a Latin phrase which he then translated as "Like attracts like," and added that, the name of the choice being *The Old Maid*, the committee had been irresistibly attracted.

As to the new offerings, one expects very little in the way of pleasure after mid-April, so what was one's surprise to encounter a smashing hit called *Kind Lady*. This is a horror-play, in the sense that the horror is psychologically induced, by a dread-making situation and magnificent characterizations, rather than by mysterious gadgets and claptrap. It was adapted by a movie-scenarist named Chodorov, out of a story by Hugh Walpole, whose *Man With Red Hair* was an earlier scalp-lifter, though not so expert as this. There are, it is true, plenty of holes in this tapestry of terror, and perhaps your mind picks at them after you have left the theatre, but while you are there you share helplessly all the agony of a nice little rich old lady whose benefactions toward a gang of suavely evil crooks results in disaster. As they close in upon her, under the supervision of the oily, heartless ring-leader—played with supreme effectiveness by Henry Daniell—you identify yourself completely with her, and feel yourself being swindled, robbed and cut off from the world by apparent insanity. Grace George scores a triumph in the role of the hapless victim. The rest of the cast has been chosen with unfaltering skill, special bouquets going to Thomas Chalmers, Elfrida Derwent and Alan Bunce. The setting, lighting and direction are object-lessons for stagers. If you enjoy goose-pimples, don't miss this harrower.

I wish I could be quite as enthusiastic about *Ceiling Zero* from my own particular standpoint; from yours, as an audience-member, probably keenly air-minded, I'm sure I can be. It is a very mechanical piece of contrived melodrama about the business and "romance" of commercial aviation. I suspect that my chief cause for griping lies in the build-up given to the chief character, a screwy aviator addicted to mad escapades in the air and in the hay—a sort of flying tomcat. I doubt whether a combination of Clark Gable, Lindbergh and Solomon could help falling short of the praises heaped by the other characters upon this reputedly overwhelming Don Juan. I was also just a trifle disenchanted by the dialogue given the master-lover; most of it didn't seem very cajoling. In one passage, for instance, the cutie who looks up to him as the greatest living pilot—and is endeavoring to fend off his amorous inclinations—begs him to teach her how to do loops, etc. His reply, unless I can't read my notes, was "Say, just stick around me, baby, and you'll be on your back most of the time!" This gives you some idea of the general subtlety of the humor, which throughout is aimed somewhat below the shoulders. I also consider it unnecessary for a he-man to hug other he-men and sit upon their laps just to show how virile he is.

Furthermore, after viewing the almost unabated worriment of the boss, played with anxious gruffness by Osgood Perkins, I don't think I'd like to travel via his air-line. However, to give the show its due, it has a great deal of excitement in it, and several scenes, wherein planes try to fly through fog, radios go wrong, and crack-ups occur amid frantic efforts to assist, certainly frazzle the nerves. I believe that a lot of the effectiveness can be traced to the direction of Antoinette Perry, whose daughter, Margaret, is highly attractive as the pursued virgin. There is immense verisimilitude in the plot and action of the play, as witness the identical recent crash of a transcontinental liner, due, according to reports, to its damaged radio. The public likes the play, and you're the public, so—

Continued in center of page 160

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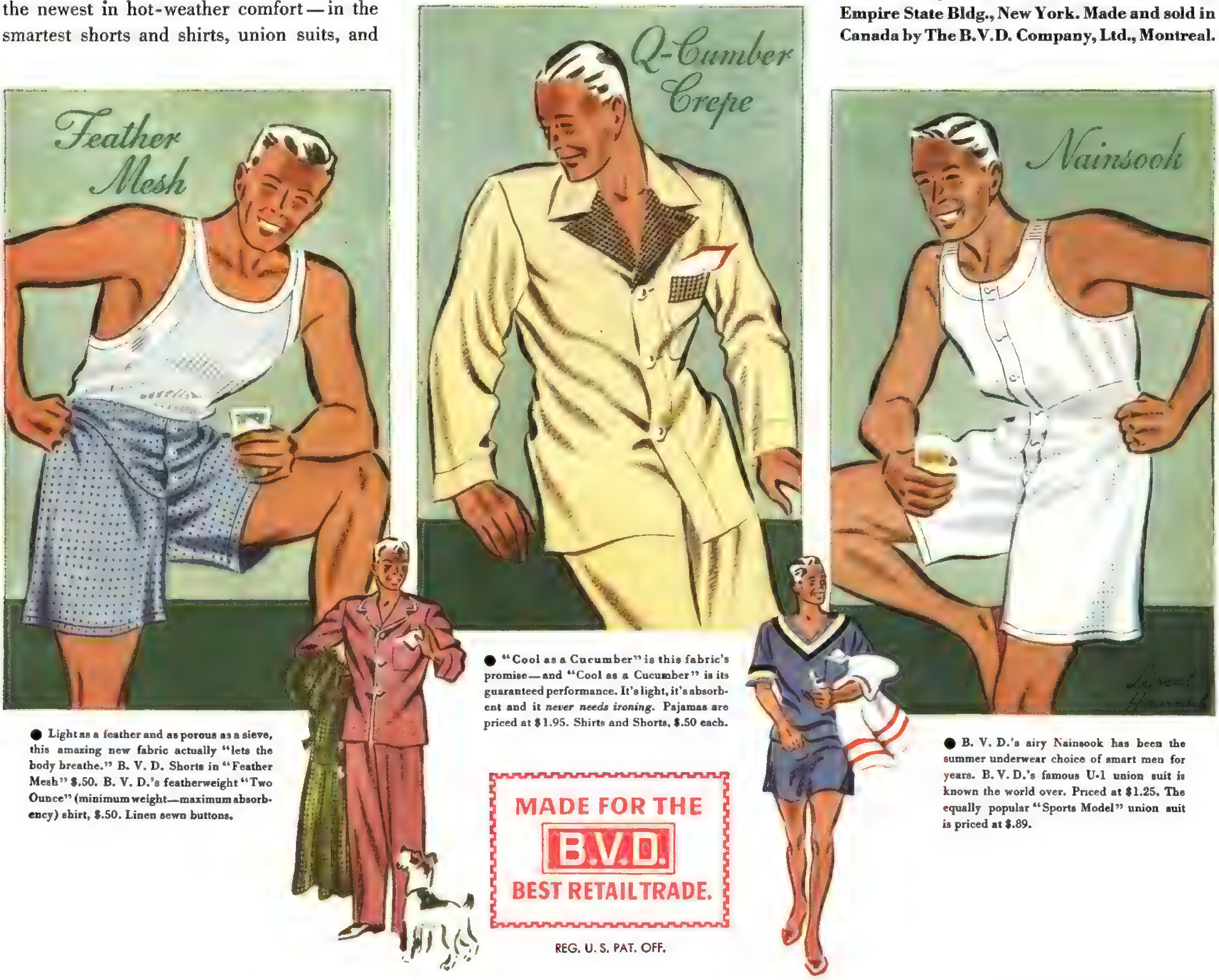

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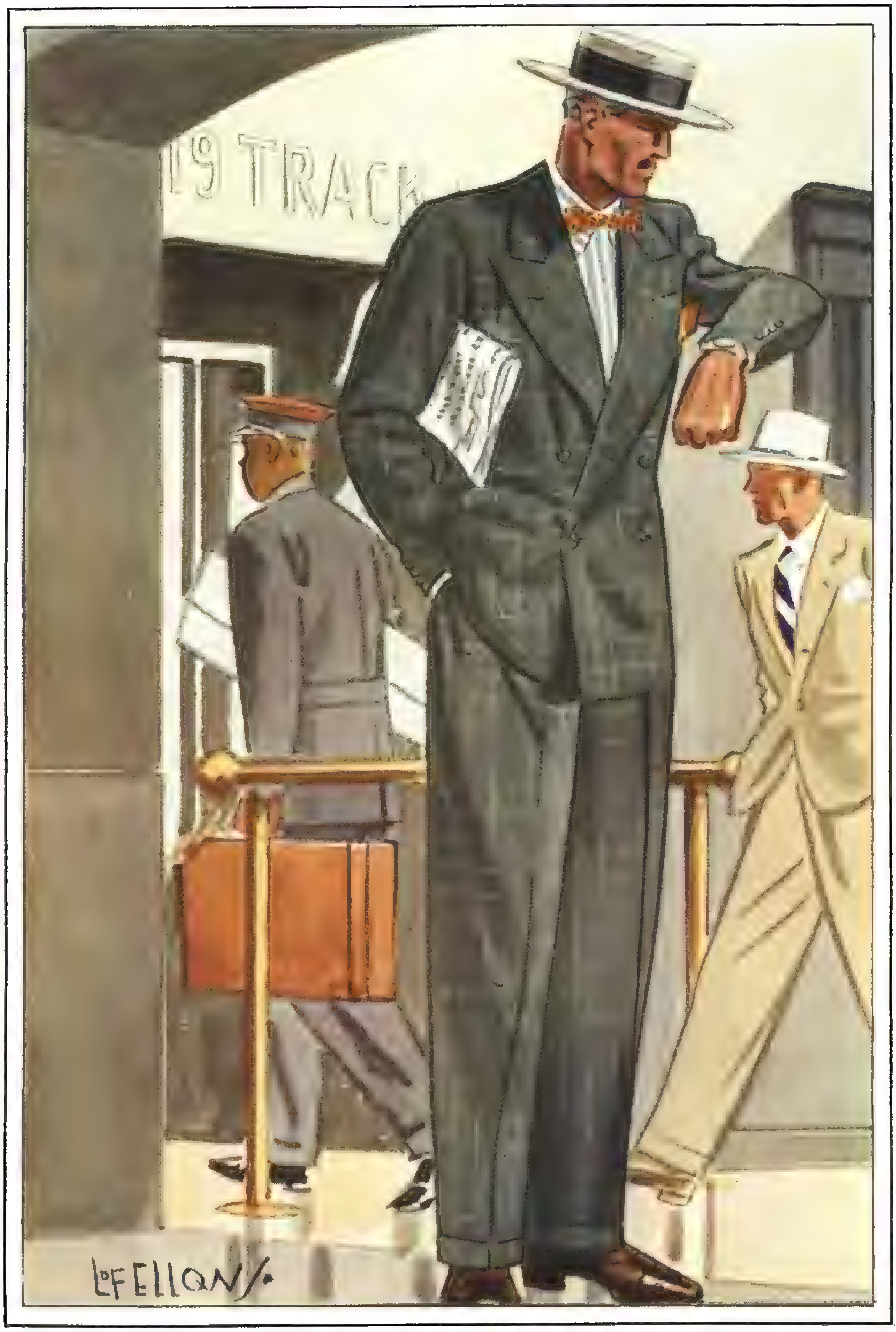


TOWN CLOTHES FOR THE SUMMER COMMUTER

The big thing is to dress in such a way that you won't look out of place at either terminus of the daily train ride. That summer time difficulty of the country-dwelling city-worker seems to have been solved very neatly in this instance. The suit is a double breasted worsted flannel in Lovat green with a faint grey overplaid, made in the prevailing English model with the long lapel roll to the bottom button. Note, however, that in this case the jacket carries only four buttons instead of the usual six. On Saturday, say, these trousers will go well with a jacket of linen or gabardine, while on Sunday, for example, this jacket may combine with white or grey flannel trousers—assuming that this fellow stays in the country over the weekend. The madras shirt has even candy stripes of grey and white, the square end bow tie is of foulard, the shoes are brown calf, and the hat is a sennit straw.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

The Music-Box Review

A French horn player helps a French mountain melody turn modern in an old fashioned way

by FRANK BLACK

• RECORDS •

To make a twenty-five minute symphony out of a French mountain tune is almost as incongruous, to me, as the existence of a Bishop named Goldstein or a Rabbi named McLoughlin, but here it is, and done well.

My hat is off to a great French horn player (that isn't necessarily his nationality), if I must mention the most impressive part of the performance of Vincent d'Indy's *Symphony for Orchestra and Piano* based on a French mountain tune.

The noted pianist, Marguerite Long is the soloist with the Colonne Symphony Orchestra of Paris, all of which is under the baton of Paul Paray; but I still think the French horn player rates three stars!

In this work d'Indy gets some new tone colors from the combination of the woodwinds and the solo piano. The writing is tremendously effective and so is the scoring for piano, even if harmonically and atmospherically Delius did it better in *Brigg Fair*.

There is a great deal of English horn and bass clarinet in the first movement, both of which d'Indy does very well by. (I don't know why it's called English horn, because it is neither English nor a horn—only an oboe's uncle.) The whole business is real French writing, all in too good taste. The recording, which is imported, is very good.

The slow movement starts with piano solo, very successfully scored in combination with the strings, and after a great climax (I am sorry to introduce this again) the French horn player has a solo with that lovely tone of his. Then d'Indy goes completely Gershwin with cross and syncopated rhythms, and kept it up so long that I started to get pretty mad about it, but, after all, it is only French Gershwin.

The third movement is best of all. It has plenty of fire and life. The above mentioned horn player is still with us and makes some really gorgeous sounds. I like mountain music, and if this is the way the French feel about a mountain song, give me the mountains.

In a few spots the piano is too loud for the solo flute, but mostly there's a good balance. Listen and you'll like it. You can almost see the inside of the orchestrator's brain ticking. The balance of the score and instrumental effects are all one could desire. It's too bad that d'Indy lived at the time of Debussy and Dukas, and I really believe he is suffering from that competition now. He is so modern in an old fashioned way. He never would have done anything in bad taste; he never would have blown his nose in his beard. But I give Columbia three cheers for offering a work, recorded this well, which has not been done to death by every orchestra in America. Add this to your collection if you want to be up to the minute on the lesser known important French works, and when you want to hear a good French horn player you'll listen to this opus over and over.

COLUMBIA—No. 68281-D.

* * *

Eugene Ormandy is among us! Here is a blond young man of medium height, who, while he was directing a radio hour had the courage of his convictions and talent, and entered into the promised land of conductors, the symphony. He knows his way about orchestrally; he is not a charlatan, but very serious; instrumentally, he knows all the answers; he conducts with the score in his head instead of his head in the score, and is now the head man of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. I think Minneapolis is very fortunate. He has built that organization into a real orchestra with a fine sense of ensemble and good tone.

Now for Vienna—you'll love this music. In it are grace, line, life, Hungarians, monocles, heel-clicking officers, dainty ladies, and all the rest of the pre-war trappings.

Must I sell you the *Blue Danube Waltz?* Most conductors so over-interpret this charming music that they make of it what it isn't, but not Ormandy. To him it is dance music, pure and simple (musically not so simple at times). The melodies, of course, are lovely, but—I know I don't have to sell you the *Blue Danube Waltz.*

Next comes *Fledermaus* Overture—*The Bat* to you—(not that I'm such a good linguist, the translation is on the label). This sounds as I imagine Strauss' orchestra sounded when he conducted, which is the biggest compliment I can pay Ormandy. What a waltz! Of course, the melodies that were poignant in that era are just pleasing now, since we've become used to Debussy's whole-toned sighs and Wagner's gargantuan gestures of resignation. The finale is especially well played at a very fiery pace.

Next, the *Tales from the Vienna Woods.* How simple and how beautifully conceived! Strauss must have written this first and named it afterwards because the atmosphere of the introduction would have suggested the name. Never mind any anecdotes today, Black, so I won't tell the story about Brahms being a Strauss fan and having only one fault to find with one of Johann's melodies, the fault being that he (Brahms) didn't write it himself. In some spots the bass violins lean on it a little, but then again, this is a waltz so why shouldn't the players enjoy it too?

Not so well known, but very obviously named is the *Acceleration Waltz,* and that is just what it does—starts slowly and goes on from there. This is a little cheaper in musical inspiration than any of the others, but the orchestra plays it well, and Ormandy keeps control of the situation at all times.

Gypsy Baron overture. This way of setting a mood in the introduction today seems a little childish to the young, modern boys. It is fresh air music, and our composers today work in the dimly lit corners with the windows shut, so music like this seems very unimportant to them. After you're half way through the record you begin to pop the question, "What, no waltzes?" Well, at last there is one, and it's swell, but it doesn't last long, that is, not long enough.

This is all typical Strauss, and all pre-war Vienna, but I know you'll love it. You will find that the waltzes have many touches of inspiration, whereas in the overtures the finales are at times almost banal, and a little Suppé-ish. When you've played this entire album you'll perhaps realize that what Bach is to a fugue, Strauss is to a waltz and, I was going to say, "more," but I better not go into that at this writing.

VICTOR—MUSICAL MASTERPIECE SERIES—No. M-262.

* * *

Do you want a collector's item? Are you assembling any early Americana, musically? Then you better get the Boswell Sisters' performance of *Alexander's Ragtime Band.* It's done with orchestra, and outside of the tune, there's nothing 1912 about the setting. I think the Boswells are grand purveyors of this type of thing. Their instinctive rhythmic feeling and their innate sense of nuance (which might sound a trifle highbrow) makes you want to play parts of the record over a second time to find out just what they did in this or that particular spot.

Our old friend *Dinah* is on the other side. There is a very elaborate introduction and a lot of charm in the solo voice. Then comes the number itself with the most insidious guitar interpolations of the nicey nice type (I don't mean nancy nice). They are grand, and

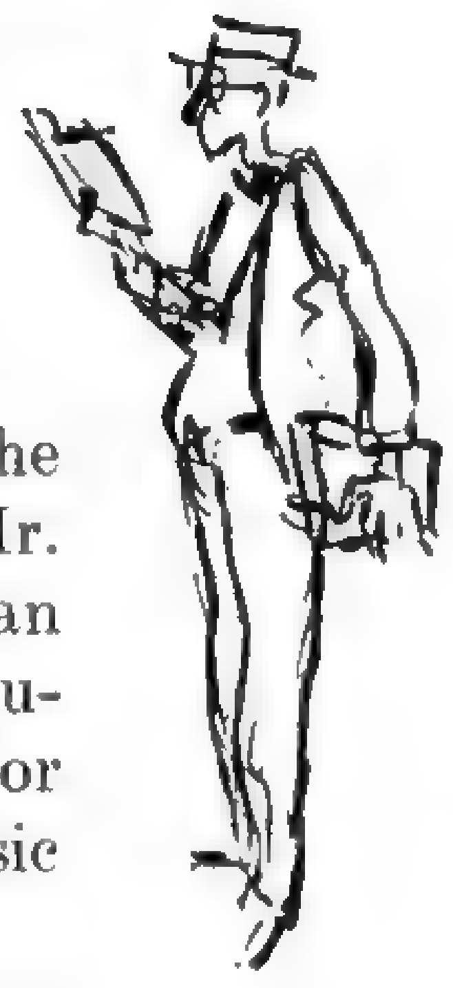
Continued at top of page 173

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Of a superior literary work that can be explained only as tap dancing on the minor keys

by BURTON RASCOE

▪ BOOKS ▪



TOPS

Tortilla Flat. (Covici-Friede, $2.50.) By John Steinbeck—A *capriccio* in retarded minors. Will explain what I mean (if that seems opaque) in review below.

Roll River. (Scribner's, $2.75.) By James Boyd—Some obvious and well-worked situations against a background pretty fully exploited; but, blither my shimbers or maul my marlin spike or whatever it is that sailors say in the sailor books when they are swearing, this is good, solid, satisfactory entertainment. I knew what had happened to Fitz-Greene Rankin about 200 pages before his wife did, but that did not prevent me from reading on, eagerly, to see if my hunch was right and learning how people act, in books, in this suspense.

Fully Dressed and in His Right Mind. (Knopf, $2.00.) By Michael Fessier—A first novel, in the Machenesque *genre*, by an Esquire discovery. Reviewed below.

Anthology of World Prose. (Reynal & Hitchcock, $3.50.) Compiled and edited by Carl Van Doren—The world's library, or very good essence of it, in one volume of 1750 pages. If you become really familiar with its contents you can, even if you left school in the eighth grade, put almost any hand-picked group of Ph.D.'s to embarrassed disadvantage in any discussion of what is good in literature. And it is a one-volume library of the world's best entertainment. Referred to again below.

Ripeness Is All. (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50.) By Eric Linklater—A comedy of ideas carelessly draped over a cock-eyed plot. Reviewed below.

RECOMMENDED

Judgment Day. (Vanguard, $2.50.) By James T. Farrell—This is the last and by long odds the best of the novels in the Studs Lonigan trilogy of the boyhood and youth and young manhood of a member of a neighborhood gang in the Chicago streets. Although it might be used as passionate propaganda in a Save-Our-Youth movement against dissipation and crime, this story of a sturdy, resourceful and energetic lad who was burned out before he was thirty has solid merits both as document and as drama.

Saraband for Dead Lovers. (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.) By Helen Simpson—Are you old enough to remember *Graustark?* If you are, didn't you love it, even if your head told you it was a lot of tosh? Well, this is a modernized and sophisticated *Graustark*, with a pretty dish of historicity thrown in; for it is about the true love of the young and beautiful Princess Sophia-Dorothea for the dashing Count Königsmarck of Bohemia. Sophia-Dorothea was real enough: she became the queen, in a loveless marriage, of the Hanoverian prince who was established as King George I of England. The count is an invention and the intriguing mistress of Augustus the Elector of Brandenburg is an elaboration. She, like the Livia of *I, Claudius*, is the *dea ex machina* of heartless intrigue who brings woe to lovers but nevertheless guides the destiny of dynasties. Miss Simpson's parodic use of *The Letters of Madame* is a literary triumph. More people should know the letters of that magnificent old battle-axe. She was Elizabeth-Charlotte of Bavaria, Duchess of Orleans, and both her husband and her son were fags in the dissolute court of Louis XIV of France, and her indignant letters to other stout principled Bavarian women like herself about the goings-on at the court of the "Sun King" are an instructive delight. Appleton published these letters in 1924 in a translation by Gertrude Scott Stevenson.

The Man Who Had Everything. (Harper's, $2.00.) By Louis Bromfield—This is Bromfield's best, most deeply felt, novel to date. It is the story of a successful man and of the long misery attendant upon that success.

The Spirit of London. (Lippincott, $2.75.) By Paul Cohen-Portheim. Preface by Raymond Mortimer. Illustrated with 145 photographs. Contemplation of these superb photographs is an aesthetic and instructive pleasure.

It is a pathetic exposition of a down-at-the-heel industrial democracy, a very Charlie Chaplin among nations, snatching at cigar butts in gutters and lighting them with borrowed matches with savoirfaire.

* * *

Bill Robinson, the tap dancer, is animated perfection. He is so good, so flawless, that it would be a bore to watch him perform more than twenty minutes. For weeks, after watching him and hearing the delicate graduations of the timbre of his tap as he climbs the stairs, your brain may repeat, in memory, what your coördination will not permit you to demonstrate.

Fred Astaire begins (or seems to) a dance with his hands. It moves from there through his shoulders and his body and then you see it is in his feet. You become aware, as you look at those dancing pumps making music on the floor, that both in precision and caprice of grace-notes with the outer edge of his shoe, Mr. Astaire is a composer-musician who is the equal of, if not superior to, any Cole Porter or George Gershwin whose music he uses.

To take another tap dancer, the late Jack Donahue, there was a man who was a shade short of being the genius in his field that Robinson and Astaire are. But he did something which both Robinson and Astaire are incapable of doing: he danced *against* the beat of the music, like Nijinski and Pavlova. He improvised every second. He had no routine. Ginger Rogers, an apt chorister, can dance with Fred Astaire; and Shirley Temple, that astounding prodigy, can climb a stairs in rhythmic clippy-clip with, and under the direction of, Bill Robinson. But not even so good a dancer as Marilyn Miller could dance *with* Jack Donahue. While the orchestra was making one kind of music, he was making another kind with his feet. I liked his music better than I did that of the orchestra.

That is all to try to explain what I mean when I used one of those short-cut phrases like "a *capriccio* in retarded minors" to describe *Tortilla Flat.* I wasn't trying to go highbrow on you or be Waldo Frankish or Lewis Mumfordish. I wasn't even trying to pull a Maxwell Bodenheim. If you have ever monkeyed around with a piano you understand what I mean. A *capriccio* is something light and lively and unconstrained in music. Minors on the piano are the keys you use when you want to inspire very elevated thoughts or jerk a tear. If you slow up or retard your minors you get something like the *Funeral March* of Chopin or *The Death March* from *Saul.*

Try writing, or composing, something fanciful and capricious in retarded minors. Sure, I know, what you are saying is "It's easy: all you have to do is put on a set of false whiskers." But it is not that easy. It is not easy to do what John Steinbeck has done. I think he would be the last person in the world not to take a respectful bow toward the shade of the late Anatole France and toward the very animated presence of Robert Nathan; but *Tortilla Flat* is Steinbeck's own extremely fine achievement. It is a novel about the doings of some paisanos in Monterey, California. A paisano, we are informed on the jacket, "is a native of California whose ancestry includes most Mediterranean and some American Indian strains and whose means of support are all invisible; a sunny-eyed, lovable, unmoral pagan."

What people are and what they do are things for you to have opinions about and you

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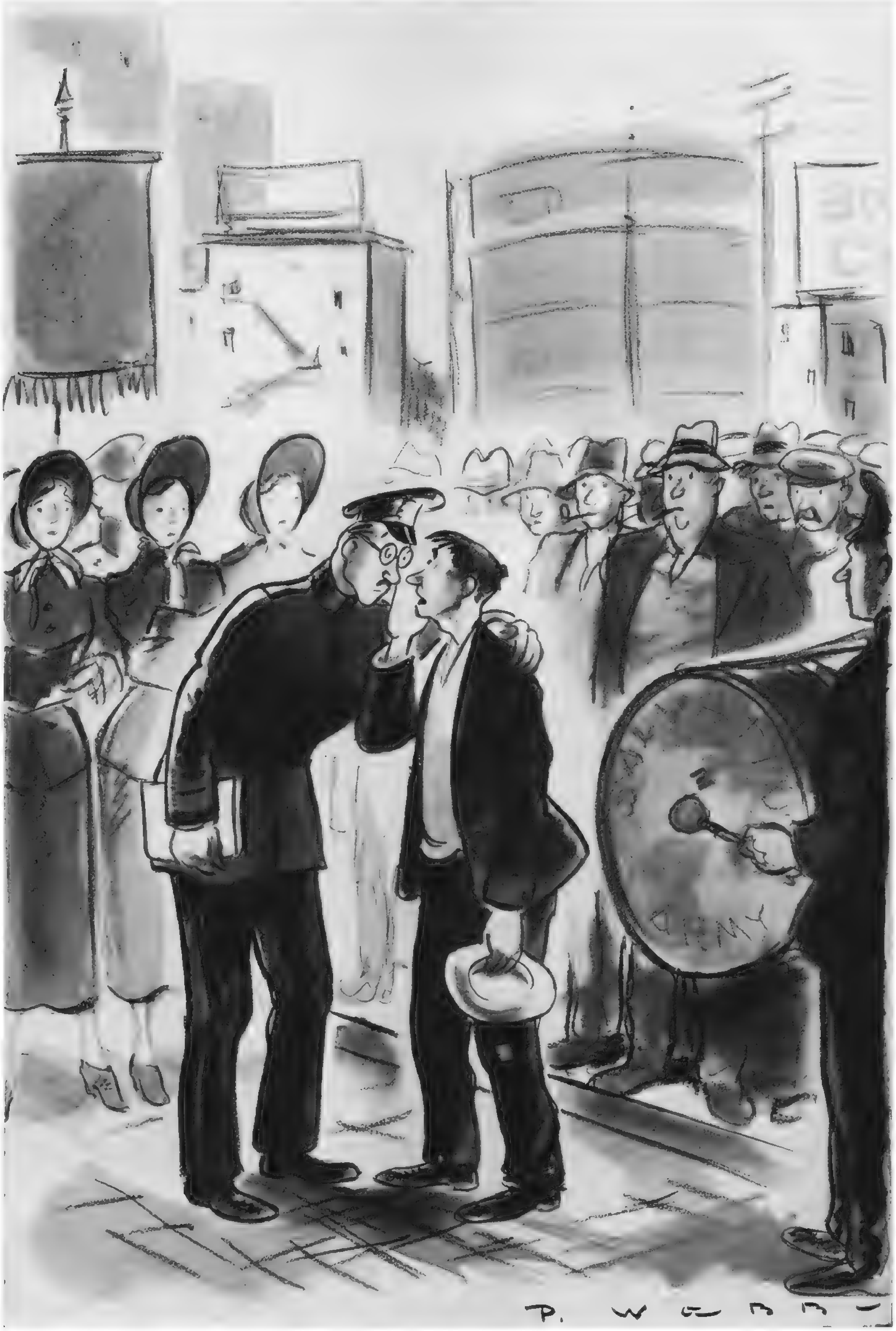

"I'd rather not tell about the loaded dice episode—I recognize a few o' the guys I played with"

The Candid Cameraman

Remarks on the rise of the villain as hero and a note on the decline of Mae West

by MEYER LEVIN

• MOVIES •

A Man's Guide to the Movies

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

The Informer: Ranks with *Black Fury* at the very top of this year's product. From Liam O'Flaherty's novel of the Irish revolt, with part of the revolt suppressed through Hollywood necessity. Victor McLaglen in a thoroughly grand performance as Gyp Nolan, who betrays his pal to the British for twenty pounds, squanders the money, and repents before the revolutionary tribunal. The story is told in sheer cinema terms, with remarkable atmospheric handling. Full credit to director John Ford for the effect of the whole, and for such remarkable touches as the scratching sound of Frankie McPhillip's finger-nails slipping from the window-sill when he falls, shot by the British.

The Man Who Knew Too Much: This picture ran a few months ago in New York but seems to be getting released in other spots now. Remarkably tight and fast British-made melodrama, with Peter Lorre, the famous murderer of *M*, as a smooth, clever, polite fiend contriving an assassination that will precipitate international conflict. A sort of British *G-Men* plot, proving that calmness in crisis is more terrific as a suspense medium than the constant rattle of machine guns.

GO ALONG TO SEE

In Caliente: For Dolores Del Rio in a practically naked bathing suit, and in some neo-classic dancing garments that will arouse the manly nature. Pat O'Brien, Edward Horton, and Glenda Farrell clown through this number, which should do for the tourist trade in Mexico what Broadway Bill did for horse-racing. *Lady in Red* is a swell song, and *Muchacha* has a crazy lyric that goes "in the language of the gringo I'm so hotcha. Muchacha. . . . I'll watchya . . . just like a cat would watch a little Cucaracha. . . ."

The Flame Within: Sorrowful Ann Harding as a lady psychiatrist. There doesn't seem to be anything for her to be sad about but she finds it in the person of a young dipsomaniac. The film has some real tantrum scenes, speedy, clipped dialogue, and a "different" quality due to the tangential relationship of the characters and to the high tension acting of Lewis Hayward. Irritating at times.

Mark of the Vampire: Bats, castles, crypts, dead walking vampires, a white lady in the fog, and all the trappings of the horrifiers. Trick ending.

Werewolf of London: Henry Hull in a monster-chiller.

GO ALONG (with misgivings)

Age of Indiscretion: Busy publisher, bored wife, his secretary, her society-man, who shall keep little David Jack Holt? Paul Lukas, Helen Vinson, Madge Evans, May Robson.

Goin' to Town: The decline of Mae West. They should never put her in riding habit, or else she should have worked off that fat, first. Alas, in this she only wears her gorgeous type of gown during one or two short scenes, the rest of the time she looks, to put it simply, like a very ordinary double-chinned dame. Further, the whole pattern is vulgarized to the point where the picture seems a bad imitation, almost a parody, of the Mae West formula. The quips are labored, the gags weary. For instance: "Cigarette me, Cossack," an attempt to revive the used up "cigarette me, big boy."

Our Little Girl: Busy doctor, bored wife, his secretary-nurse, her society-man, who shall keep little Shirley Temple? The rest of the cast is mediocre and the story flat and stale. Shirley is still cute, especially in the scene where she meets a hobo while running away from home. That idea could be extended into an entire picture. The mistake has been to build her pictures from an adult instead of from a child point of view.

Richelieu: George Arliss in one of his lesser vehicles. Full of mannerisms instead of character.

Thunder in the East: Confused and pretentious drama with the good actor Charles Boyer as a Japanese admiral who has an emotional bellyache leading to the usual harakiri scene, and Merle Oberon as his wife. Highly praised in the general press, but I couldn't get the hang of it. The motivation is ultra-absurd; it seems that by making a character a Japanese the slightest pretext can be labelled "honor" to give him an opportunity to slit his middle. Plot: A British officer, attached as an observer in the Japanese navy, makes love to a Japanese wife. Later, in the naval battle, the Japanese officer, when wounded, morally forces the neutral Briton to take over and direct the fire of the Japanese ship. I'm still trying to get the connection. Boyer's performance seemed sullen and monotonous, he seemed to be trying to keep his dignity as an actor while burdened with an absurd role.

SPECIAL CATEGORY

The Scoundrel: Hecht, MacArthur, and Noel Coward proving themselves cleverer than any other three people in the world, to their own satisfaction.

I SYMPATHIZE

We could go back to the good old classroom example, the *Book of Job*, and point out that the desire to tell one's troubles is at the base of story-telling. Sometimes it takes the form of wish-dreaming: telling about what we haven't got; and that of course is the appeal of the vast majority of motion pictures with gauzy gals and people who live in modernist interiors. Other times, there is a straight sympathy appeal: oh, listen to my troubles, and none of them my fault.

Now, the recent films offer some interest variations on this theme of sympathy. Any character can be made sympathetic; if the character's behavior is bad, we have only to show how uncontrollable traits within himself, or how the pressure of circumstance, make him what he is. There is a profound willingness among people in general to believe that basically, the human heart is good.

The extreme form of this sympathetic generosity is played upon by the latest type of horror picture. *Bride of Frankenstein* and *The Werewolf of London* present lonesome, sad monsters, who would be good, and human, if they but could. The German actor, Peter Lorre, who is now walking around Hollywood with a green skull cap over his bald-shaven head, has a very high concentration of that attractive-repulsive quality. In *M* and in *The Man Who Knew Too Much* he projects the dreadful beauty of a soul suffering under the compulsion to do wrong.

The strongest and most intelligent use of this type of sympathy is evident in that truly masterful photoplay, *The Informer*, and it will be interesting to compare our feelings toward *The Informer* with our feelings toward that brilliant double-negative known as *The Scoundrel*, or even with our feelings toward the jittery dipsomaniac in *The Flame Within*.

In *The Informer* it is the forces of circumstances that converge on the simple-minded, good-hearted bully, Gyp Nolan, driving him to betray his companions in the Irish revolt, from the first instant when we see him staring heavily at the poster in which the British offer twenty pounds reward for information about Frankie McPhillip, our sympathy is with this poor boob of a Judas. We see the entire weight of the world bearing down on him, to hound him into a path he would not willingly pursue. His motive, from the very beginning, is to escape the

Continued in center of page 164

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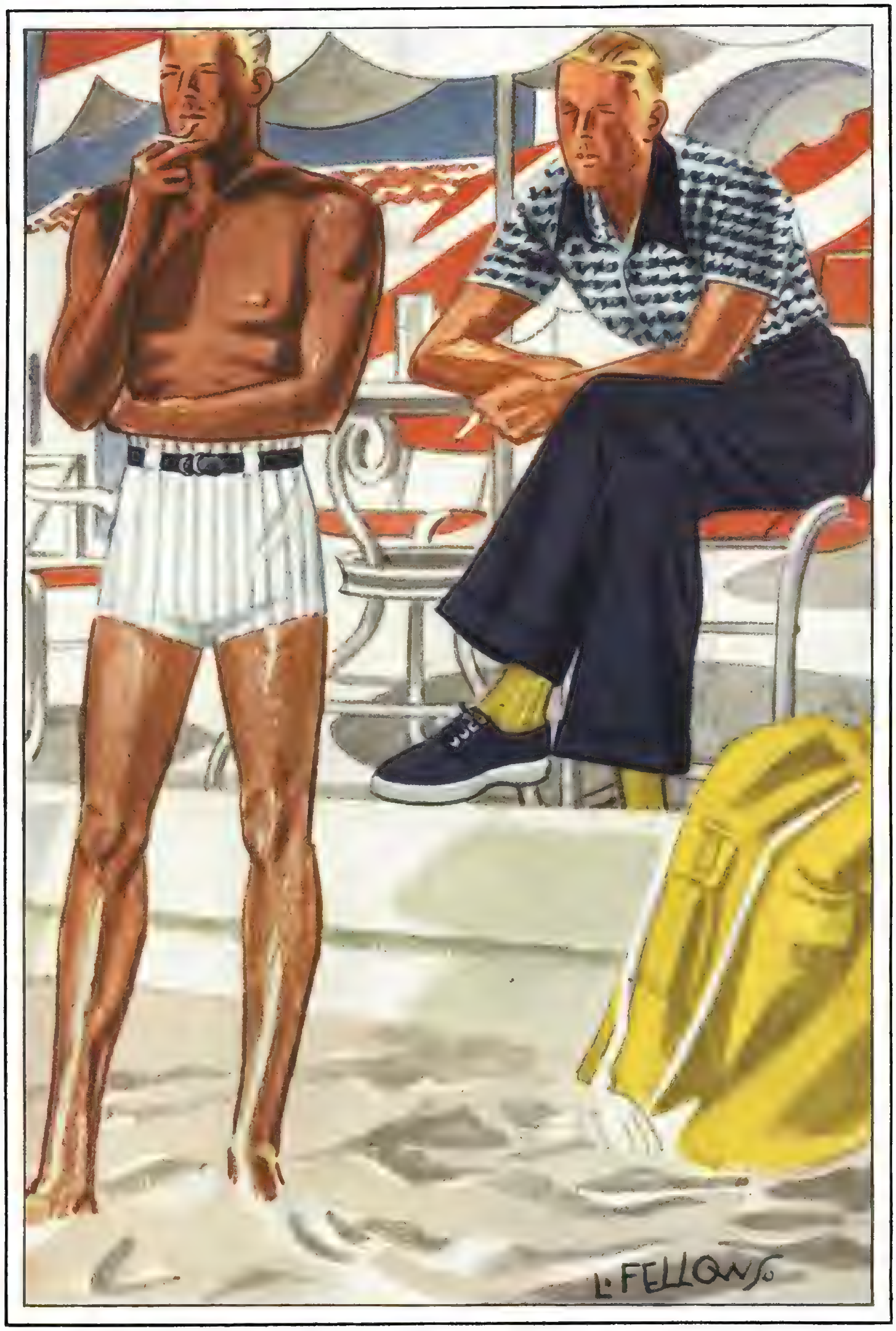

BLUE SNEAKERS ARE NEW FOR BEACH WEAR

It is in bathing suits and their various concomitants that there have been more innovations in the past few seasons than in any other branch of the tradition-bound masculine wardrobe. Men will indulge in fancies of color and cut at the seashore that would make them rear up on their hind legs in dismay anywhere else. And yet, despite the general truth of the foregoing, we must record the fact that blue is still the most popular single color. So you see here, on the white ribbed swim trunks at the left, a blue belt, and a whole rhapsody of blue on the man in the background, from the hound's tooth polo shirt to the washable beach slacks and the canvas sneakers. (They're new and very good!) Yellow, the second ranking color, gets a break in the light weight ribbed wool hose and in the terry cloth robe which the man at the left has presumably just taken off.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

Sigmund Freud at Eighty

Continued from page 45

alive than ever. He had outstared the Gorgon; he had turned *her* to stone. Freud is one of the great unmaskers of the human motive. Once again, at the price of his own happiness, he has vindicated the right of man to know himself.

Today, despite such inglorious spectacles as the banning of *Within The Gates* in Boston, the censors permit us to read the novels of Lawrence and Joyce, of Cabell and Caldwell. Classics are sold openly in drug-stores, at one dollar, the sale of which only a few years ago brought fines of a thousand dollars and long terms of imprisonment. Books may be purchased at regular prices containing photographs less "innocent" than formerly adorned high-priced, prohibited erotica. Behind this enlightenment stand such Olympian forces as Havelock Ellis and Sigmund Freud, who performed yeoman service in opening up the closet of Bluebeard. That closet, we were taught, was populated with rotting corpses. A little fresh air and tonic sunlight re-revealed only a rack of outmoded, empty garments, fit for scarecrows and much too long devoted to that very employ.

Is Freud artist or scientist? The whole doctrine of his psychoanalysis is densely strewn with literary implications. Its terminology began with a detonating reference to Greek tragedy, and its effects upon literary, artistic and even musical criticism have been as widespread, almost, as upon mental therapeutics. Yet Freud has resisted the imputations of artistry. In the preface to his epochal book on *The Interpretation of Dreams* he disclaims the title of poet—that is, in its wider German significance as a creative artist—and asserts that he is a researcher into the secrets of Nature. (May not artists, too, be researchers into secrets of Nature?) I know that Ellis once wrote a letter to Freud in which he referred to the Viennese Jew as an artist in the domains of science. Freud was prompt to deny that he was primarily the artist. The truth lies not so much in the middle as at both ends: Freud is artist and scientist in one, with, beyond a doubt, a strong leaning toward the artistic.

To Ellis, the great discovery of Freud is this: that "spirit is as indestructible as matter . . . Freud's work is the revelation in the spiritual world of that transformation and conservation of energy which half a century earlier had been demonstrated in the physical world . . . The human soul will never again be to human eyes what it was before Freud explored it. He has revealed the possibility of new depths, new subtleties, new psychic mechanisms."

Those who have seen Freud since his illness find a hardened countenance bespeaking grimness and unyielding power. In his younger days he was an uncommonly sound sleeper and, as Stefan Zweig so pertinently suggested, a sound waker, too! Wednesday evenings used to be signalized by a Socratic seminar at the Master's home. Are not question and answer inherent in the psychoanalytic method, with its prolonged secular confessional? Freud is among the great questioners and answerers. Saturdays were for long devoted to cards.

Freud's family life was in the Jewish tradition of devotedness, though hardly hedged in by orthodoxy. There were six children; Anna, who has remained close to her father's interests, has become an authority upon child psychology. At one time Freud joined an international Jewish organization, on the theory that such membership counteracted the inferiority feeling that was bound to afflict Jewry. Sense of belonging to a great structure supposedly contributed what in others was supplied by the sense of nationality.

Renown came late to Freud. Even at fifty he was lecturing to empty halls. This did not diminish his uncompromising spirit with others, or, just as importantly, with himself. So great is the impact of his personality that even his biographer, Franz Wittels, printed in 1933 a long revision of the life he had published ten years previously. In parts it reads like a recantation, with *peccavi* echoing between the lines. It was a brave document to print, for the world is still full of those who imagine that opinions, like the ink that perpetuates them, are indelible. How many critics, alas, are bound to printed opinions that they long ago abandoned!

Freud hardly ranks with the great optimists. Skepticism lies at the very root of his method. His fundamental pessimism, indeed, is one of the traits for which political radicals have begun to attack him, since optimism, especially in the U.S.S.R., is not only in the air, but amounts to a party tenet. Optimists naturally are those who see means rather than ends. Perhaps they are wiser than the pessimists, who behold inevitable ends. Yet it is true that when Freud speaks upon civilization as mass there is much in Marx to serve as a balancing corrective. Will he turn out to have been a Columbus, who set sail for the Indies and discovered an America? Surely his personal influence appears to be far greater than the scientific hold of his theories. This much is incontestable: he is one of the few Olympians of our time—for in our day, too, there are giants; he is one of the few noblemen of the spirit who have had the courage to look into the dark and secret places of the heart.

His very name sounds like a banner: Sigmund Freud, which without violating Teuton etymology means Joy (Freude) from the mouth (Mund) of victory (Seig).

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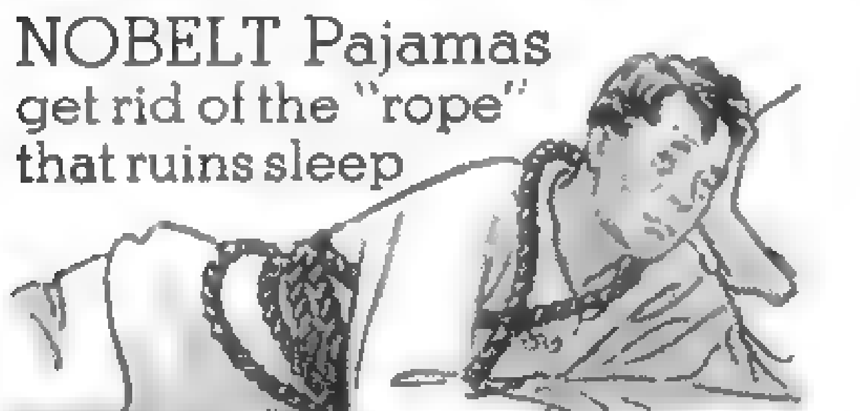
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Washing the Hands

Continued from page 39

the evening with the minimum of hand-washing. It isn't the passage of time that bothers most of us; it is the mental hazard; the knowledge that hand-washing is impossible makes the need seem more urgent.

But the heater of the car broke down and I got caught in a traffic jam and had to sit in the cold till I was chilled to the bone. I had almost decided to break the engagement when I had a brilliant idea. I stopped the car a few doors away from the house, lifted the hood and smeared grease over both hands. Then I drove up and went in, explaining my delay as due to engine trouble.

Let me make myself perfectly clear. I didn't say anything about washing my hands. I needn't go into details. You will just have to take my word for it that they were not the kind of old ladies you could talk to, about washing hands. I held out my greasy paws and they rose to the occasion in perfect accord. They escorted me upstairs to the bathroom. One went ahead and switched on the light. Another rushed off for some of those embroidered atrocities they call guest towels. The third sister put in the plug and filled the basin. I thought for one awful moment they were going to wash my hands for me but they finally left me and stood at the head of the stairs and waited for me. I finished washing my hands, dried them on the slippery-elm towels and quietly locked the door. Then I turned around and had my first good look at the bathroom. In addition to the wash-basin and soap holder it was equipped with a large bath, a towel rack, a bathroom scale, a couple of ample mirrors, a medicine chest, let into the wall, and a framed, hand-embroidered motto which read "Cleanliness Is Next to Godliness"—and that was absolutely all.

The architect, with that diabolical perversity that is so common among architects, had put the missing equipment in a separate room—somewhere else in the house. ⧺

The Listening Post

Continued from page 98

fun with the catalogue, if you have that kind of a mind.

Music of the rough and ready type was a feature of the Hobby Round-up, sponsored by the Leisure League of America, whose headquarters are also in Radio City, but whose actual exhibit was held in a huge place called Commerce Hall, in the Port Authority Building. Anybody who appeared on the stage of the improvised theatre in that vast space had to be an adaptable showman, and anybody who could hold the attention of the horribly mixed audience that came in every day off Eighth Avenue and Fourteenth Street must have had what it takes to reach the great American public.

Medals are hereby pinned on all those who took part, regardless of how they fared. And I dare any number of high-priced "artists" to appear under such conditions and make any impression whatever. That so many really good performances were possible is nothing short of a miracle.

My hat is off with its lowest and most graceful sweep to Emma Zador, a newcomer to America from the Berlin opera, and unquestionably one of the great mezzo-soprano voices of our day. She has looks and personality also, and the way she handled her audience, with practically no help from the English language, was the most complete proof possible of her artistry. They could make good use of this singer at the Met.

Next I must compliment that veteran showman, Daniel Frohman, on his broadcast from the Hobby Round-up. He knew he was on the air, and he didn't bother about the people out in front.

On that same Columbia broadcast was Cecil Leeson, who once more proved that he has no rival as a serious player of the saxophone. And there were two youngsters, Henry Bush, with his piano-accordion, and Ben Brooks, with his Hohner harmonica, who gave their listeners a new respect for those instruments also.

Two male singers who stood out in the show were Laddie MacCabe and Raymond Shannon. The former is a Scotch comedian who seems to be in a class by himself, a worthy successor to Harry Lauder. Shannon presents what he calls "Living Song Pictures," using costumes and make-up, and interpreting a variety of characters in convincing fashion, musically and dramatically.

There were also Bert Blot, Ted Holway, Ridgely Hudson and Ted Everett (who has Italianized his name to Veretti), all good voices, and all able to overcome handicaps when necessary. Harry Fries played upon a saw, and George Lozow used a one-stringed fiddle, modern representative of the Greek monochord, both novelties typical of music as a hobby rather than a duty or a drudgery. The Gilbert boys, who call themselves "Gobs of Joy," turned loose a flood of hill-billy material, and mountain music was also represented by the popular broadcaster, Ethel Richardson, and her troupe.

Katherine Lively, Ruth Caldor and Willetta Ravonell appeared as composer-pianists of widely different types; Harold Kohon astonished the groundlings with his violin-playing, and Harry Bedell made a trombone sound like a musical instrument. Esta Bowen, soprano, Elsie Tucker, contralto, Edward Parnall, basso, and Vincent Chisari, unclassified, were additional singers, with the Three Debs and the Virginians' Quartet supplying the vocal ensembles.

Theodore Metz revived memories of his own *Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight* in his country fiddler act, and Harry Barnhart made out a good case for community singing, as did Kenneth Clark, who represented the executive side of National Music Week. Nina Margo did Spanish dances and showed how to play the castanets, while Marguerite Agniel demonstrated dancing for health and beauty, with Joe Mullins and his little daughter Mary obliging in the direction of Irish jigs, fiddle-accompanied. Al Waldman did his imitations and finger-nail tap-dancing, and there was a two-piano team of Harolds (Forbes and Crowell).

Out in the arena, where the kids rough-housed most of the time, that master showman, Carlo Restivo, made a big crowd happy with his inimitable accordion-playing, singing and whistling. There is none better for that sort of thing. I also have still to find anybody in a class with the Van Shrum family, who were the real stars of the Hobby Round-up. The father imitates birds and throws boomerangs (maybe we are getting a little far away from music), while the mother does amazing things with ventriloquism. She makes you think of Johnny, the dummy, as an actual child. They put him on the air, and he became automatically the first radio dummy who ever admitted it.

Personal Afterthoughts. The Waldo Mayer who is playing the violin over the air was originally named Mayo Wadler, and used that name as a concert artist. The improvement is more than merely nominal. . . . The annual show of the University Glee Club had a piece of chamber music that was literally "all wet". . . . Nobody could ask for a nicer audience than the Century Club of Springfield, Massachusetts, whose membership is limited to one hundred. I have always argued that plenty of American cities contain that many civilized people. #

Twins of War

Continued from page 43

"I—I personally have nothing against you, sir, more than against the man who drowned my boy." Mings whispered. "You see, sir, we'd like you to know. Some of us thought the wrong men went to war. So we got together. Humble folk like myself at first, sir. Then—then some others not too humble. We knew who made war and war profits. We gave each of them a war twin—so, you see, sir? If the war twin met with a mishap? There was Alton, the big banker, sir."

"Kidnapped," Mr. Foster whispered.

"Call it prisoner of war, sir, and let it go at that. His war twin did not die—just was captured."

"Mings—Mings." Mr. Foster was a quaking jelly of a man. "There've been other funny things—swift deaths—men disappearing—"

"Exactly, sir—the war brought home to those who stay at home."

"Then—then Crawford—that bomb—not an accident—"

"Henry, here, had the honor of fixing that fuse, sir." Mings answered, as the car swung onto half rotten planking and towards the last street light between it and utter darkness. "Henry's son, sir, was Mr. Ladderly's twin of war. The big push, sir—and a bomb. I would not try to jump, sir. Henry is not—not feeling amiable." And the car slowed by that last light.

"Perhaps you would care to see this, sir." Mings lifted that extra edition of the evening paper, and pointed to a small item.

"Only one destroyer—broke in two, sir—hundred odd-drowned."

Even as the car slid out on the old wharf, as Mr. Foster tautened for a struggle, he remembered something . . .

Mings had said, back home, a son somewhere. Mings now told him again—

"My son, sir, escort work, on a destroyer. Ship broke her back. They were just—just drowned, sir, not maimed by shell or torpedo. An easy death, sir. He was your twin of war."

The car stopped and the lights went out. The river sucked hungrily at the wharf. #

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The Siamese Hands

Continued from page 31

were tied with mud-soaked clothes. It was a terrible sight.

They led him to the doctor who put him to bed in the camp clinic and did everything that he could for him. Later in the afternoon I went to see him. His stumps were bandaged fresh and clean.

As I came into the room he tried to raise his stumps to show them to me as though he were actually proud of what he had done.

"For Heaven's sake, why did you do it?"

"Master. I had to do it. I promised you I would never steal again. You could not trust them. Master, I told you before, they were not mine."

"Well, that is only a notion that has taken root in your mind. Every part of you belongs to you. Who did this evil deed for you?"

"The priest in the hill temple. He knew the hands."

"How did he know the hands?"

"He saw them before. Many years ago. . . . He knew my father."

There was no use going on. Against ignorance and superstition there is no antidote. I made sure he was comfortable and prepared to leave.

"I will be happy now and never cry again."

But there were tears in his eyes as he said it, though they may have come from the pain he suffered rather than the wretchedness of his condition. He had lost a good deal of blood. He was very weak and the doctor said he would have to remain quiet for several weeks.

I went to bed that night feeling very sad and depressed. It was hot. A happy pair of mosquitoes were humming a duet in my ear.

There was a peculiar scratching going on underneath the boards and then there was a dull tapping on the canvas ceiling as though it were a bat in the attic trying to find its way out. The moon was full but it was clouded over and gave a pale sickly sheen to the landscape that I could see through the mosquito net curtain that hung in loose folds at the open door.

I tried hard to sleep but couldn't. The thought of the poor boy and the sight of his stumps came to my mind again and again. And a dreary tapping on the boards; a tapping, scratching, on and off and quick little running sounds along the boards—or was it on the canvas above me? Really one should be able to tell between a sound of wood or canvas. And one should also distinguish above from below. It is stupid not to be able to recognize a sound more clearly.

But the sound was sometimes very sharp and resounded as though on wood and sometimes quite dull as though on canvas. And as I was trying to figure it out in my mind a new noise made itself heard. And this was the strangest of all. Something had fallen into the wash-basin and was splashing in the water. Splashing and trying hard to scratch the sides and scurry to the top.

I reached under my pillow and pressed the lever of my watch. It rang three o'clock and then it rang one minute past. There was no good trying to sleep. I struck a match and lit the lamp beside the bed. At least I lit the wick and in this dim light I saw something. . . . The glass chimney fell from my hand and crashed on the floor.

There was a scurry. A mad rush. Two dark crab-like creatures rushed wildly out of the wash basin and down the side of the table and across the floor. They were brown, their backs arched high in spider fashion and they were covered with a parchment brown skin. Each had five legs with hard pink nails at the tapering ends. There was no mistake about it. They were the Siamese hands! And being wet, they glistened with a sheen and lustre as they scurried across the floor and under the netting and out of the door.

"No. All this is not possible," I kept repeating to myself.

I lit the large hanging lamp. On the floor were the broken fragments of the glass chimney that I had dropped. But also there was a wet track that led from the wash-stand to the door. The wash-basin was filthy. The water was full of mud and the cake of soap was in the water.

My servant heard me moving about and came in from the porch where he slept. He saw the broken glass on the floor and got a brush and pan. He could not explain the wet tracks on the floor nor the mud in the basin. I told him that I was not certain about what I saw for I could not bring myself to believe it. I should have laughed in anyone's face if he fabricated such a yarn.

"Anyway," I said, "keep a sharp lookout. There are thieves or small animals or something about. They are certain to return."

In the morning the army officer in charge of the stores raised a great hullabaloo. Someone had been into the provisions. Things on the shelves were upset. Small packages had been thrown on the floor and the covers of half-a-dozen small boxes opened. He did not know what was missing. The lock on the door had not been tampered with and the wire netting on the windows had not been broken.

In the clinic the boy was running a little fever. He was very weak and he was unable to raise his white bandaged stumps. They fed him broth and hot tea with sugar. But he was cheerful and asked for more sugar in the tea because he loved sweets.

I waited until we were alone in the room and then I asked him if he could remember something that might be painful to recall. Would he like to tell me something.

"Anything I know Master, I would tell you."

"What did you do with the hands?"

"The priest put them in the cigar box."

"And then?"

"Then he buried them in the ground. I saw him do it myself."

That was all I wanted to know.

The rifle was loaded and beside the table. I sat up with a book that night but nothing happened. And the next night and the third night also nothing happened. I concluded that the light in the room was perhaps what kept the picking, thieving Siamese hands away.

The next night I was awakened by a strange sound. The soft gentle chime of my watch was ringing right beneath my ear. I could hear it through the pillow. I did not move. It rang the hour but what hour it was I did not know for I was not certain when I began counting. But I heard the quarters clearly and then the high little minute bell. The sound was familiar but how could it ring by itself?

Slowly I passed my hand under the pillow. Then I cried out as loud as I could. They were there! The Siamese hands.

They had the watch and I yanked at the leather fob. The fingers were hard and strong and they grappled with my hands.

The servant awakened by my cries came in with a light but for a moment he could not see with what I was struggling.

But the light frightened them and they let go of my watch and I could not hold them. The dark brown Siamese hands scurried across the white sheets of the bed and tumbling down to the floor they started across to the door.

One was already under the netting when I lowered the rifle and I had a shot at the tardy one. And I hit it. It jumped a foot in the air and came down with the palm up. And for a fraction of a second it lay stunned but then with a sudden jerk it turned over and quick as a flash was under the curtain and out into the grass and the black night.

"Call the doctor!" I ordered. "Let him come here and we will tell him everything."

I told the doctor the whole story from the start just as I tell it now. We had breakfast together and decided to bundle the boy, who was now quite on the way to recovery, into a straw sedan chair and have him carried up the hill. The old man, who settled native grievances, went with us. But the temple priest having been warned of our coming and fearing that he had done something very wrong had fled. However the boy pointed the way and showed us the spot where the hands were buried.

The ground was soft and loose as the spade turned it over.

"Deeper," said the boy. "Deeper."

And he was right. The cigar box was there. The cover was broken but the brown Siamese hands were gone. Now we all set watch for the Siamese hands.

Once more the stores had been rifled and the shelves upset. We blocked up the space under the door and set traps about.

From time to time the Siamese hands were seen by other members of the camp and one morning we found that one of the traps had been sprung. But nothing was inside. It was evident, however, that one of the Siamese hands had been caught, but the other must have come to the rescue and with nimble fingers managed its release.

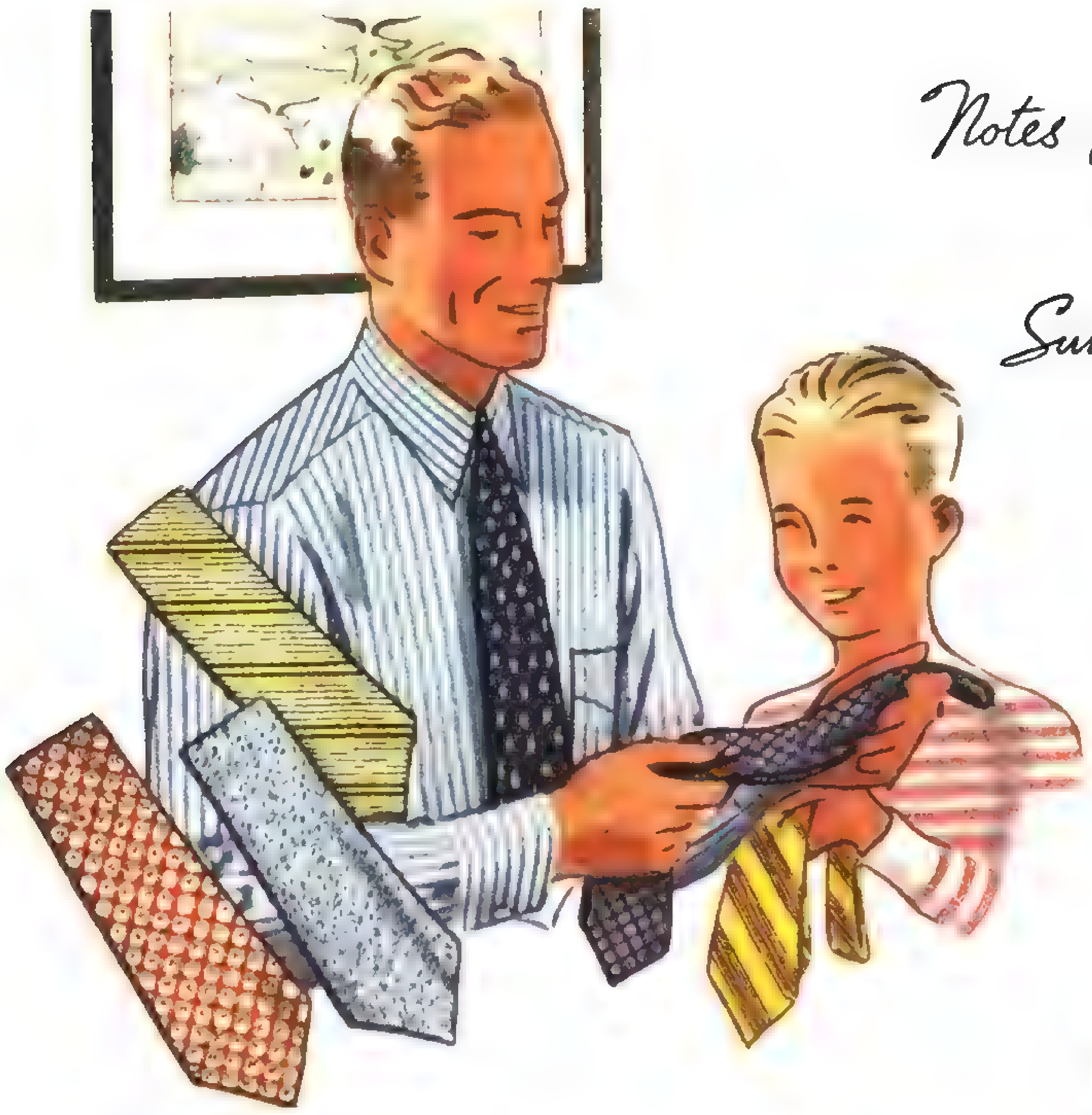
More than once I left my watch out, as a sort of decoy duck, in the hope of catching the Siamese hands. But they chose other adventures.

The entire camp was terrorized and the old man tried to pacify and calm the natives.

"The hands," he said, "are only thieving hands. They will not harm anyone. They steal and filch soap and tobacco and such things."

They were seen many times. Now they were seen moving in the grass, now under

Continued at top of page 160



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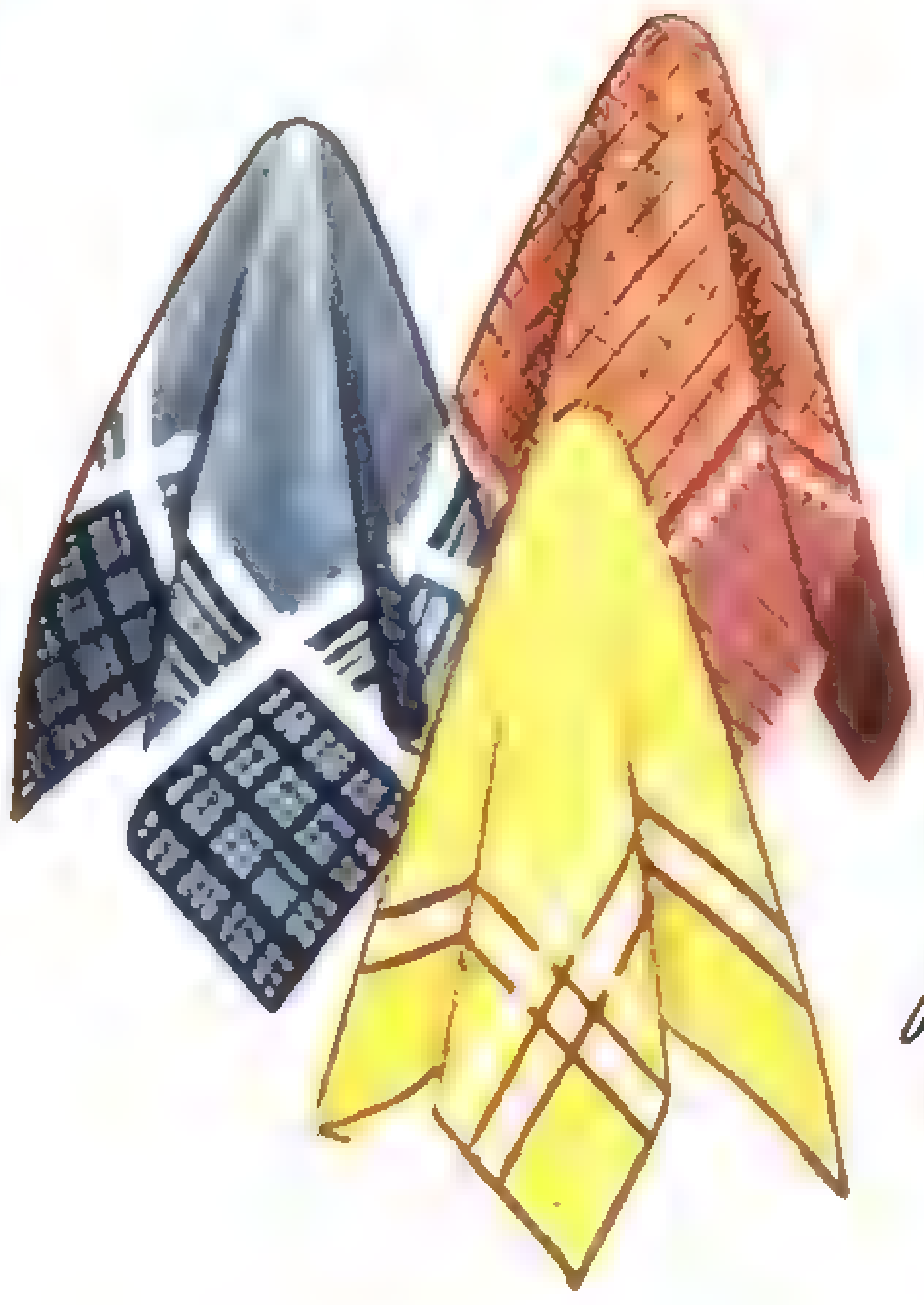

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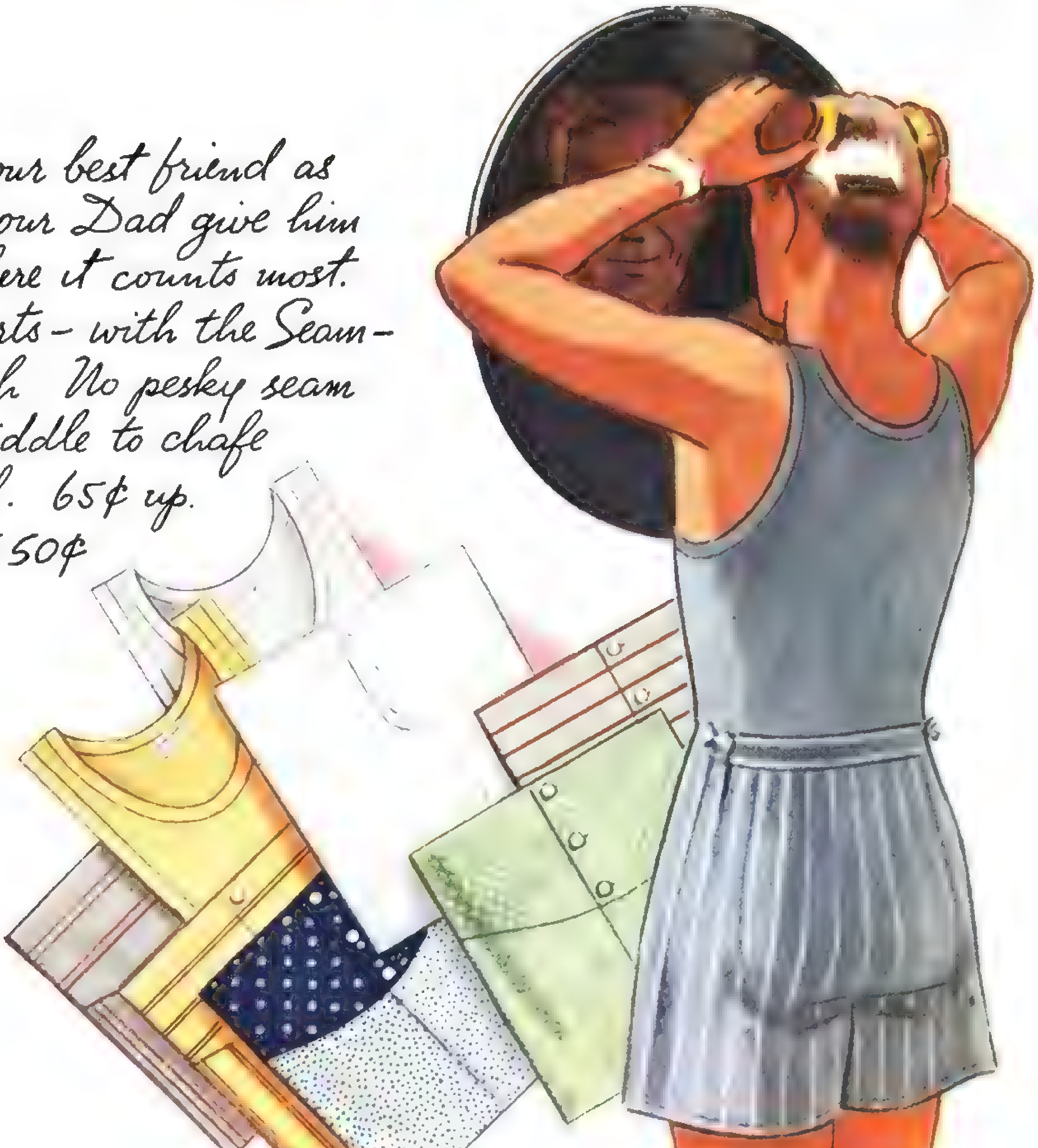

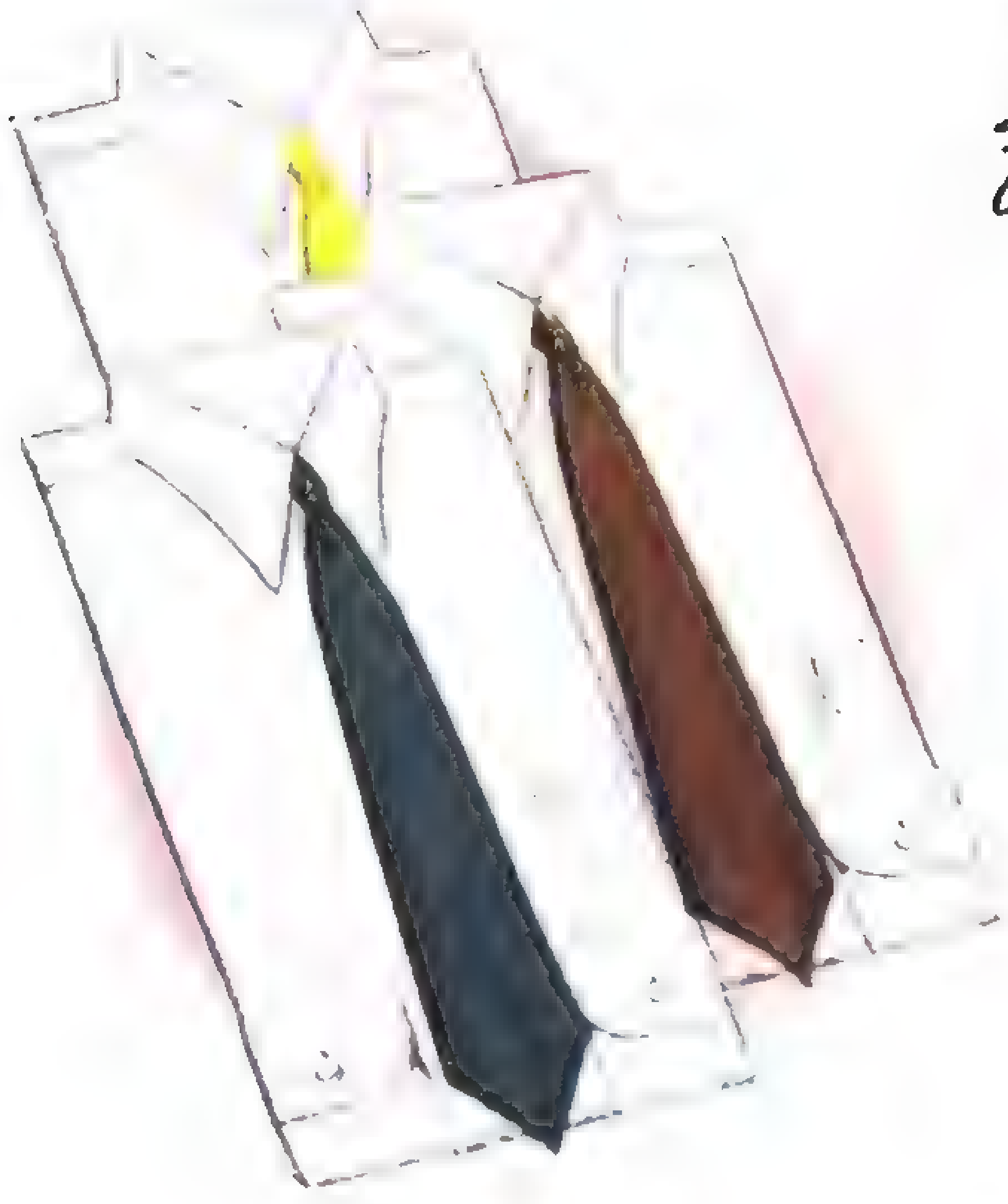

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The Siamese Hands

Continued from pages 31-158

some dried leaves and again between the exposed roots of a tree. Once they were on the roof of a shed and a great cry was set up but before anyone could arrive, and those who were close ran away, the Siamese hands were gone.

All in all they were seen more than a dozen times but the entire camp was so unnerved and so terror stricken that every moving blade of grass was watched sharply and suspected of concealing the crab-like Siamese hands. A hundred false alarms were raised.

But there were a dozen times within the month when there was no mistake about it. And at the end of the month we had orders to move the camp and secretly nobody was sorry to leave the place.

Every box, every stick, every roll of canvas and netting, clothes, provisions, equipment—everything to the smallest package was examined by a whole crew before it was moved. The old man put a chalk mark on everything that was examined. This was to make certain that the Siamese hands had not concealed themselves somewhere or other and would suddenly burst in upon us in the new place.

The boy says it was not his fault and it never was his fault and all this proves it. But the doctor says it proves nothing for he is unable to explain it.

Two years have passed and so far the Siamese hands have not appeared. I hope for the best but I am prepared for the worst. ⚋

Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

Continued from page 146

A nice little English comedy which I fear is not robust enough for long survival, but because of some charming performances, particularly by Patricia Collinge, and a good deal of civilized conversation, can be attended with profit, is *To See Ourselves*. The plot is neither strange nor thick, but serves to bring forward some pleasant scenes. Not bad, if you wish a quietly amusing evening.

Quiet is what you will not get at *Something Gay*, and most of the noise comes from Tallulah Bankhead, who tries and tries to put over this silly concoction of trite episodes and foolish speeches. To Tallulah's credit be it said that with her numerous antics she makes most of the moments when she is on the stage—and they are many—rather bearable; but it is high time she got hold of some vehicle which would allow her and the audience to sit back and relax once in a while. Given genuine comedy to perform, Tallulah is vastly funny. Given this species of tripe, she at least succeeds in making you want to see her again—under far different circumstances. Walter Pidgeon does better than his part deserves, and earns the right to further chances. It is difficult, however, to believe that Hugh Sinclair is the same young man who performed so brilliantly opposite Elisabeth Bergner. He seems to be an in-and-outer. What do doctors call it when you take too much calomel, with the result that your joints fall apart? Salivated? Well, from the manner in which Sinclair dejectedly flaps about the stage, one might imagine that he is in immediate danger of salivation. Perhaps, however, he is merely annoyed about the play, and wants to show the audience that he wishes he'd never taken the part—a quite understandable sentiment. I suggest that the title might be changed to *Something Borrowed* or *Something Blue*.

Loud howls of laughter emanate from the assemblages witnessing a burlesque mystery-play called *If a Body*. My own pan remained pitifully dead during all the madcap proceedings—but then, I thought *Abie's Irish Rose* a stupefying bore, too, and look how wrong I was! Anyhow, *If a Body* seems to have hauled the *Abie's* audience out of its long hiding; it is "building" into what threatens to be a summer's run, which is dandy for the actors and the management. Apparently some people find it convulsing for a corpse to come bounding down fire-escapes, pop out of closets, just miss being tossed into a furnace, and receive heaping shovelsful of coal on its face. Arthur Pierson, Katherine Locke and Joseph Allen contribute valiantly to the alarums and excursions. I guess it's funny, and I'm not.

I had looked forward with keen anticipation to the season of stock which the Lafayette Players announced—an all-negro troupe whose program is to "bring Broadway to Harlem." Gusto, dash and flavor were what I expected. The opening bill, *Sailor Beware*, disappointed me grievously. Somehow it looks as if negroes are best at playing negroes—that they can't be surpassed in offerings like *The Green Pastures*, *Run Little Chillun*, *Shuffle Along* or kindred shows, especially when they have music to assist them in letting go and "going to town." Put them in a play written unmistakably for whites, and they become pompous, strained or indolent. *Sailor Beware* must be played with speed, heartiness and unselfconsciousness. This cast moped through the lighter portions; whenever they came to a rough episode, they hauled off, stepped into it, and tried to knock it a mile over the fence. The result was that it all had a sinister, unfunny quality. I believe they should either stick to plays about negroes—of which, it is true, there aren't many—or else go to the other extreme and do pieces absolutely incongruous, playing them straight, so that the burlesque would be sharp. *The Last of Mrs. Cheney*, perhaps, or *Private Lives*—the latter of which I see announced for the future; they could cast it well because Fredi Washington, good-looking and a knowing actress, will soon join them; she, with Frank Wilson, will be a fine nucleus to build around. They have announced Miss Washington first for *Rain*, but I wonder whether that will not be just another compromise. We shall see. Of course, if they really wanted to do something mad, which might be a howling success, they could do *Othello*, using darkly colored mimes for every part except the title-role, who must be white.

The silly season of crocuses and colds always brings in a weird flock of productions which have no chance for success, are a waste of time and money, and sadden the hearts of all concerned, especially of the unfortunates who buy tickets. I've been trying to think of a fitting name for these dolorous attempts. The obvious term is, of course, "turkeys"; but the turkey is not a spring bird. From my youth I remember an ungainly, forlorn fowl which always used to appear in the swamps along with the first jacks-in-the-pulpit and skunk-cabbages. It lacked any trace of beauty, its cry was

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Some men are older than they look

HERE'S HOW TO LOOK YOUNGER THAN YOU ARE

"HI BABE!"

LOOK in the mirror. See how those wrinkles and age lines are etching themselves in your face.

If you lived in the tropics, there might be some excuse for premature old age showing on your face.

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You'll look younger if you shave with Barbasol.

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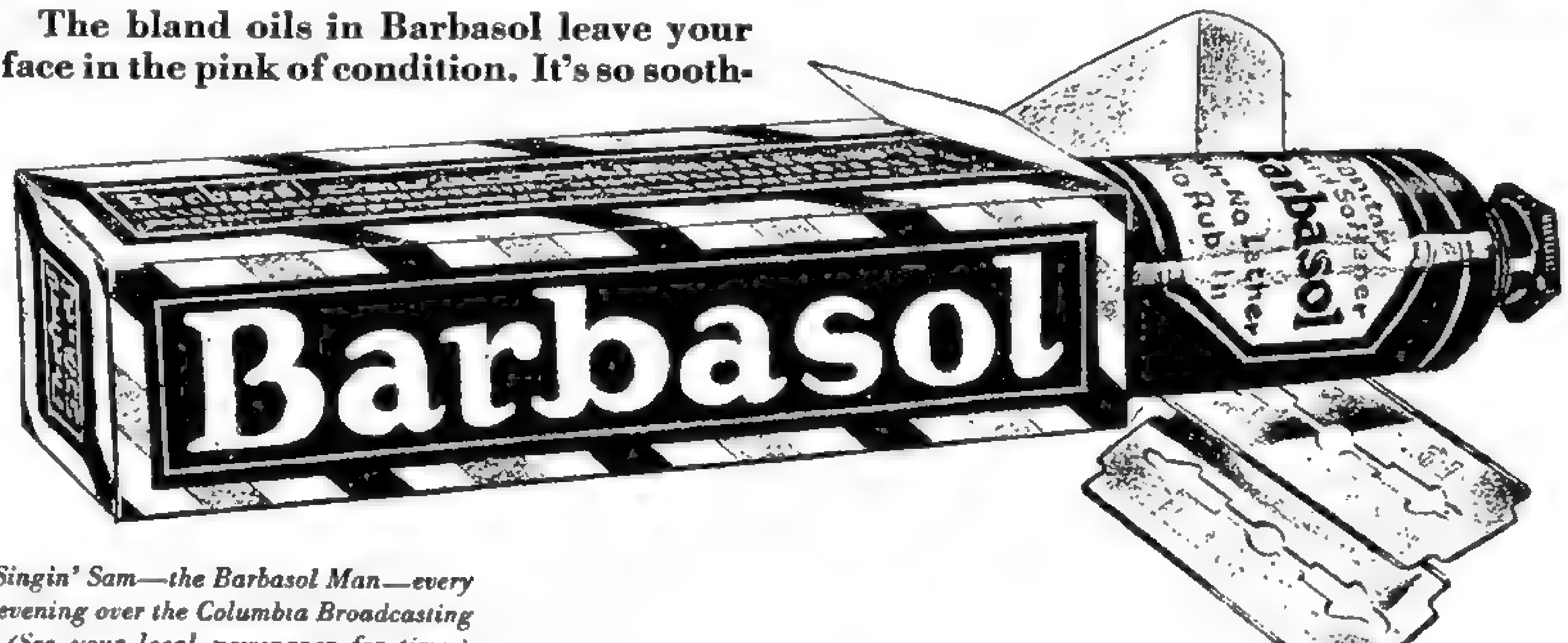

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AQUA VELVA

Favor your face THIS SUMMER WITH WILLIAMS AQUA VELVA AFTER SHAVING

1. Feels refreshing to the skin.
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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WILLIAMS LUXURY SHAVING CREAM—AND GLIDER, THE NEW WILLIAMS BRUSHLESS SHAVE

15th

of every month is the day to look for the new ESQUIRE on the newsstands

Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

Continued from pages 146-161

harsh and distasteful, it seemed to have no use for itself and no place in the world, its flesh was fishy, it smelled very, very bad, and it disappeared toward summer. The Germanic dwellers of the neighborhood called it a "sheitpoke"—spelling not guaranteed.

A small covey of these dramatic sheitpokes have recently flopped in and either flopped out again or linger wretchedly, moribund from beatings by shillelahs.

One of these was called *Symphony*—the one about the society girl who deserts her millionaire fiance at the altar to marry the poverty-stricken writer, who can't ever sell anything, and eventually shoots himself. This gem had three showings, and I wouldn't mention it at all were it not for one titbit of dialogue. At the curtain of the first act, the writer begs the girl, for her own sake, to return and marry her rich gent. She replies, swooningly, "How lovely my rouge looks on your lips!"

Another, called *Reprise*, lasted one (1) performance; its only excuse is that it may discourage the author from ever trying to write again. Another was a lugubrious mishmash called *A Journey by Night*—three days. A point of interest in this lies in the report that Mr. Lee Shubert, in spite of several unfavorable tryouts, was determined to place it on Broadway, which led one of the local wags to rename it—since it followed Bergner into the Shubert Theater—*Escape Lee Never!*

Ernest Truex, a splendid farceur, appears (just at this moment) in a shrill attempt to make fun of the Raddio. *The Hook-up* demonstrates once again that one cannot burlesque something which is already in itself a burlesque. That will be enough about *The Hook-up*, except to admit that Mr. Truex works like a nailer, and shows what he could do, as always, if the material were only half-way good (I'd rate this about tenth-way), that his wife and son are very pleasant, and that Helen Lynd keeps exhibiting a lot of promise.

Several more of these inexplicable fauna are reported as winging Gothamward. Sometimes I think I'd be better off dead. #

Renaissance: For Men Only

Continued from page 89

the weight of the blade; and it is no compliment to you to say that however far you've slipped you can still rate the No. 1 menace of your community unless you are very careful in how and where you do your chunking in this fashion.

At the risk of being put down for a hidebound reactionary let us suggest that you never throw knives with your audience anywhere but behind you. And don't throw at trees. A blade ricochetting off the bole of a tree comes away with the speed of a demented wasp, and can be considerably more annoying. The best target of which we've heard is the cardboard carton your favorite soup comes in. Set it up on a keg of that Napoleon brandy you've got in your cellar, about shoulder high, and fill it with sawdust. If you are out of sawdust, use sand. If you are pinched for sand, plain, ordinary dirt will do.

With your back to the target pace off a distance which is roughly equal to your own height. This, naturally, is not arbitrary; but you've got to begin practice at some point, and in this way you'll give yourself a norm. Face your target squarely; grip the point of the knife firmly; draw back your arm slowly and smoothly until the hilt of the blade is parallel to the line of your shoulder, and then throw. The knife should not be released until your arm has straightened fully, and then with a slight jerk. What happens then will teach you more about knife throwing and your own peculiar approach to it than all the tracts and brochures you can read in a lifetime.

Thrown properly, however, it is pretty safe to say that at the comparatively short distance of your height from the target your knife will have made one-half turn at the moment of impact. If it doesn't, don't feel badly. Knife throwing is not an exact science. Just call yourself an inept dog and fumble around until you do hit upon the least distance from the target at which your knife, thrown with average speed, makes one-half turn . . .

For the sake of getting on with this thing, however, we'll just assume that you have stuck the knife in the target at a handsome right angle to its surface the first throw, the blade making the said half-turn. Don't thank us, but go get your knife and return to the exact spot from which you made your remarkable cast, and let it go again with precisely the same motion and force. And go on doing this until you never miss. Only then increase your distance.

By this time you will have worked it out for yourself, with your own characteristic throw, how many feet your knife travels in making a half-turn. Say, for example, that you've got to the point where you never miss at five feet. For your next practice distance just add ten feet. Thereafter you will find that the number of half revolutions the knife makes increases in direct ratio to the distance because of the force which it will be found necessary to use in throwing.

We will repeat again that knife throwing is not an exact science. Your methods, provided you get results, are as good as the next man's. A well balanced knife and practice—these are the things to swear by. And a three-ounce knife can balance just as perfectly as one weighing a pound. The manufactured article is naturally more satisfactory than the home-made variety, all things considered. For one thing it lasts longer, the better steel being able to take more punishment. You can get a really handsome job, and one that should last a lifetime of ordinary throwing, for about three dollars.

Next winter there is no reason why you shouldn't retire to the basement with your madness. Your lumber dealer can fix you up with a soft pine backstop for a small sum, and by taking the mattress off the guest room bed to catch the dumb throws your friends make you'll not only prolong the life of your knives, but will get the reputation for being a pretty ingenious fellow to boot. And can you use it! #

"WHAT PRICE *should I pay for* GOOD WHISKEY ?"

1 9 3 4

Everybody was wondering

A year ago there were many whiskies on the market—at many different prices. And people were puzzled, confused. "How much should I pay for good whiskey?" was a question on every lip. Many, many experiments were made.

1 9 3 5

Everybody-sure

Experiments over! Today America is saying: "The Price of good whiskey is the Price of Seagram's." Seagram's Crown Whiskies are first in sales—with 40,000,000 bottles in less than one year. Seagram's costs a little more . . . *the difference in price is slight—the difference in taste is great.*

Say Seagram's and be Sure

Seagram's
Five Crown
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FINE WHISKIES SINCE 1857

Seagram's Crown

Blended Whiskies

Seagram-Distillers Corp., N. Y.—Plant: Lawrenceburg, Ind.

THE DIFFERENCE IN PRICE IS SLIGHT—THE DIFFERENCE IN TASTE IS GREAT

The Pogrom

Continued from page 25

yard and the mob in a dense wave rushes in obediently. They cry, shout, and sniff. Like beasts they growl.

"Beat him! Beat-t-t-t!" rings a new cry which echoes against the walls.

On the second floor of the house someone is working with a spade, breaking the partition between two windows. Bricks and plaster rain down, white dust falls slowly, swirling. A tray rolls precipitately from a window. Turning, it hesitates in air and finally falls on the head of a plump woman. With a sharp exclamation she sits down suddenly, screaming. Then another cry rises.

"The cossacks!"

"Look out!"

"The cossacks are coming!"

At the entrance of the court horses' nostrils surge unexpectedly; the blue caps of the cossacks swing to and fro; their short whips crack as they skim the backs of their animals. A loud voice intones commands:

"By threes . . . in close formation . . . at a trot . . . forward!"

At the same moment a mass of brick gives way. The partition is at last demolished and immediately the hideous breach in the wall is filled with an enormous wardrobe. It teeters, slides reluctantly, it seems, the length of the wall, catches on a cornice, turns over, and finally crashes on the cobbles with a deafening din. A continuous roar fills the air, as though there were some tempestuous and invisible stream flowing, tearing, carrying everything with it, frothing with rage under the impetus of a savage and irresistible madness.

The mob beats a retreat under the lash of the whips and the crowding of the horses. It runs like a flock of sheep, stupidly, blindly. It is easy to hide in the courtyard or jump the fences, yet everyone rushes down the alley exposing heads, backs, and shoulders to the stinging lash of the whips. A curly-headed muzhik of herculean build turns suddenly to strike short blows at the nose of a horse, then slips into the crowd and is gone. But there where he disappeared the whips lash for a long time. Stirrup against stirrup the cossacks move forward into the tight, living wall of people, who now stampede, fighting each other, seized by a growing panic.

"Throw bricks at the cossacks!" someone shouts from above.

A woman, half naked and covered with blood, throws herself at the feet of the horses. Appearing suddenly from nowhere as though the earth had spit her up, she seizes the leg of the first cossack she encounters and clings to it like grim death.

"Go!" she cries desperately.

"Stop!"

"Death to the cossacks!"

The crowd roars and runs in fright, like a mountain torrent. A dull stamping shakes the air to the accompaniment of the ringing clatter of horses' hoofs. The animals are having difficulty in moving amid the debris of furniture and rags that litter the pavement. Suddenly they rear, snorting. The crowd, too, pauses, looking at the cossacks.

"Dismount!" is the command.

The surging mob shouts and waits. To the rear, at the other end of the street, detachments of police and infantry bar retreat. Then, at last, people begin to jump fences and walls, to flee through the courtyards, the cossacks at their heels. Before, the mob were brutes who, without reason or pity, tortured others just as unhappy as themselves, and now they, too, are beaten without reason or pity. Now they are merely cowards trying to save themselves from the lash of the whips wielded by experts.

* * *

That same evening, crossing the big square, I passed a picket of cossacks.

"They hacked up fourteen Yids," I heard one of them say to his comrade. "Well . . . not many! . . ."

The other, drawing on his pipe, made no reply. #

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 152

degradation in which he lives. Twenty pounds will take him and his sweetie to America. (In those days, America was a sure haven.) In America, his sweetie won't have to go on the street to earn a living. He won't have to slink around corners to get out of the way of details of police and soldiers who are hunting rebels.

At every turn, the poster gets under his feet, blows against him, stares him in the face. McPhillip himself practically throws himself into Gyp's hands. The fatal temptation will not let him rest; he flings it off, and it comes back at him in another form. Our sympathy for the poor blundering fool actually mounts after he has made the betrayal, mounts as he pockets the untouchable twenty pounds shoved at him by the point of a British officer's cane, bleeds as he stumbles and roisters through the bawdy-houses of the town, on his way to his doom before a court of rebels who have discovered his betrayal.

An exposure of the atrocious social compulsions, created by man's own civilization, which result in the destruction of such good hearts as that of Gyp Nolan must be accepted as within the best uses of human art.

We come then, to the second type of villain-as-hero, exemplified in *The Scoundrel*. Gyp Nolan was stupid; Mallare, the central figure of *The Scoundrel*, is brilliant. Gyp Nolan lived on the lowest economic level; Mallare is a publisher in the era when publishers made plenty of money. Gyp Nolan's world was one of hovels, basements, cheap pubs, a world where a treat of a bag of potato chips was enough to set a whole neighborhood hysterical; Mallare's is the cocktail and airplane world.

It is interesting, too, that practically the same years (the middle twenties) that gave Liam O'Flaherty the conception of Gyp Nolan, stool-pigeon Judas of the Irish revolt, gave Ben Hecht the conception of Fantazius Mallare, the incarnation of everything negative. Fantazius Mallare was combined with the character of the late Horace Liveright (Hecht's one-time publisher) and with the character of a producer of Hecht's plays, and with some fictional qualities necessary to the creation of *The Jew in Love*. From this material is derived the crap handed out in *The Scoundrel*.

Sympathy for *The Scoundrel* is supposed to be intellectual. The guy hasn't a single redeeming feature. We are to admire him, and wish to be like him in his moments of brittle cleverness; he is a black jewel, he is all of a piece, all bad, and supposedly fascinating as a study in evil. Now we have had fascinating vice before. Peter Lorre is a specialist in the purveyance of that quality, but, as has been remarked, Lorre presents the psychopathic aspect of crime. There were plenty of hero-villains in gangster films, but they were impelled by circumstance. Mallare is a louse for the sake of being a louse; he enjoys the role, plays it, embroiders upon it out of his own free will.

The authors, in presenting Mallare as such a character, take refuge in their implicit condemnation of him, but underneath their destructive analysis remains the feeling that they have set him up as a hero. I couldn't accept Mallare as a person worthy of consideration, and lost interest in him, though the beautiful Julie Haydon kept me in my seat.

In our reaction to these photoplays there is a basic assumption in regard to man's freedom of will. Both pictures assume that man has some choice as to what he does. In *The Informer*, events gang up on the man, force him to act against his own conscience. What arouses my antipathy to *The Scoundrel* is the lack of any social pattern upon which sympathy may be based. The kind of people presented here are not very appealing to me (they're mostly authors), and the fact that they get a kick out of being evil toward one another doesn't interest me in the least.

I believe it is only right to consider these pictures as morality plays; both finally somersault toward God, though the God of the Informer is an afterthought and the God of the Scoundrel is a stagehand.

The problem of *The Flame Within* is interesting because it falls between these two categories as a sympathy-arouser. We are asked to feel sorry for a rich kid who has everything in the world, including the love of pretty Maureen O'Sullivan, but who is a dipsomaniac. Obliquely, we are asked to feel sorry for Ann Harding, the psychiatrist who tries to straighten him out, who controls him with her cool steady gaze, but who falls in love with him by "giving him so much of herself," and makes him fall in love with her.

Again, we have a group of supposedly intelligent people. Three doctors, and a girl and boy who talk in the swift, brittle, jittery lingo of fine finishing schools and Paris. In this case, the villainous force is not to be considered environmental but pathological.

For myself, I can only say that this type of problem skates on the edge of non-interest. I can accept as a plot-factor the struggle to cure the boy of his drunken fits but I can't feel very sorry for him or for the whole crew of coddlers who fuss around him and let their lives be muddled by his incompetence to handle himself. It may be that my tendency to judge people, even characters in movies, by their relationships to society is not typical of the movie-goer who reads Esquire, but I would be willing to make a bet that if we could get a scientific gage of the attention-factor in an audience, it would be found that the intensity of attention regularly lapses when the problem on the screen is purely individual.

A great many factors, besides the basic design of the film, must be taken into account. There is, of course, the ability of the actor to pull a scene out of slump by sheer playing power, and this is done time and again by Ann Harding, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Lewis Hayward, the newcomer who plays the jittery boy in *The Flame Within*. It is also done by Noel Coward in *The Scoundrel* though he is as often flat as high. Skillful juggling, as of the "mystic" note in *The Scoundrel* will also take attention from the repulsive character of the juggler. These artifices, however, cannot alter the basic character of a work. A work of art, and of popular art, must be able to induce a generally sympathetic feeling; if I were making pictures I should try to remember that, and try also to remember that the decade of conceited individualism is as dead as dadaism. #

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  Italian vermouth, ice, seltzer to taste. Used in the hot countries. A favorite in Bombay and Shanghai. Useful in America as a substitute for beer. Has about the same strength.
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CHICAGO
VERMOUTH HOUR

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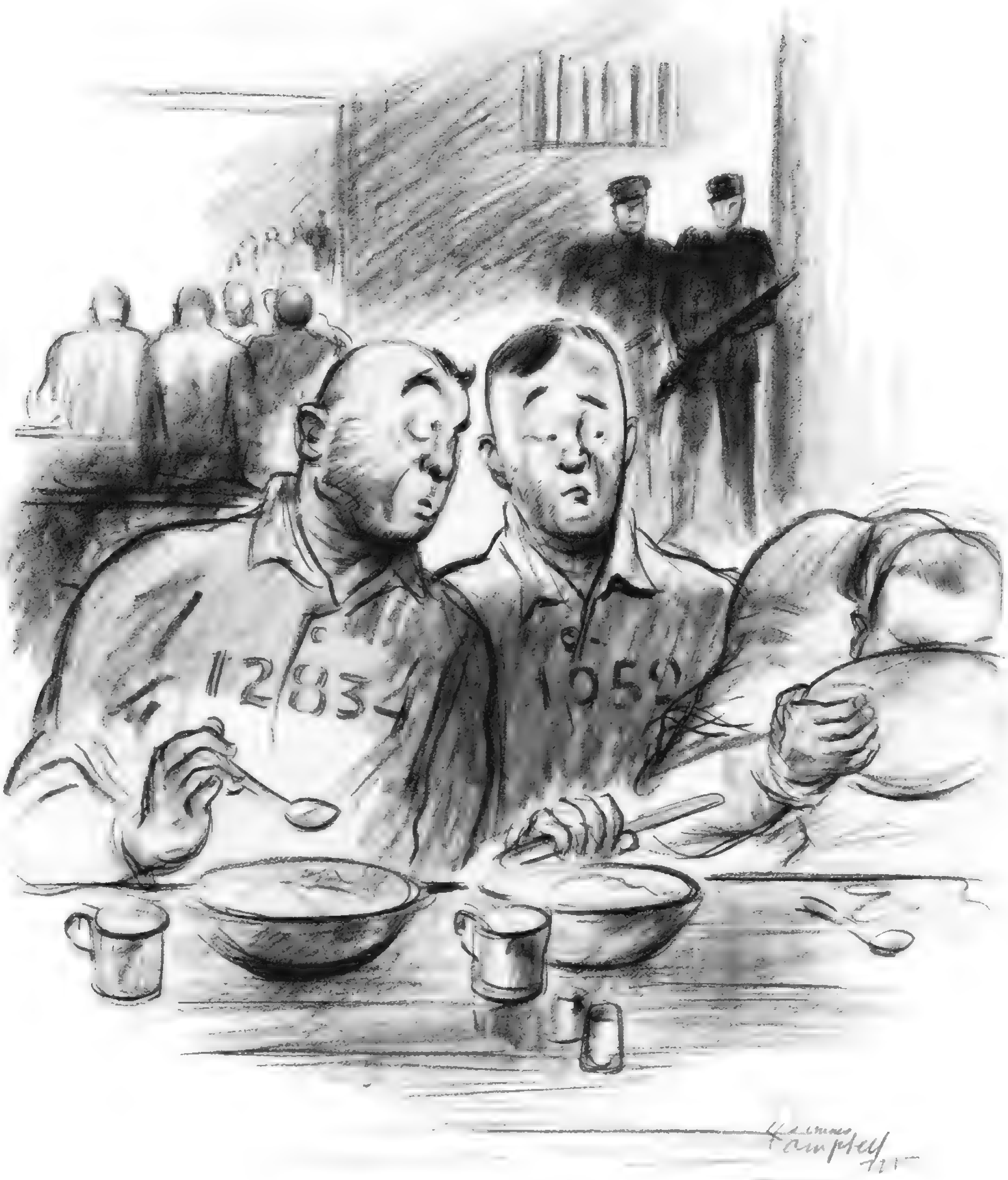

"Absolutely no home training"

The President Vanquishes

Continued from page 23

Now he's got Mr. Strater sitting
on his chest.
Mr. Strater caught a marlin
Two thousand pounds."

Mr. Strater was very quiet and he could see the fish now in the water the way he must have looked when the shark first hit him. And that night at Bobby Cash's while they were all singing the Mr. Strater song, he said, "Hem, I feel like a damned impostor. I should have gotten him up." And your correspondent said,

"Listen, President, you never saw an impostor bring an 800 lb. marlin to gaff in forty minutes. You were a bloody marvel. And the long, long fights with heavy tackle are gutless fights unless the fish is foul hooked. And the fights where they drink a bottle of whiskey means they never fought. And the fights in shallow water don't compare with yours. You're good President. You made your fight and he made his and you killed the bastard. You couldn't figure on the shark."

Well the next day we saw one wing up behind the outrigger that was literally wide as a dinghy and half again as long as the President's. When he stuck his bill out it looked like an indoor baseball bat. I believe they weigh up to a ton and that all the present records are nonsense. The heavier they are the quicker they will cut themselves down in size jumping. For a very big fish is an old fish and an old fish can't jump as much as he remembers he could jump. Also he fills with air so he can't really sound. The thing to do if you want a record, is to have the luck to find one big enough and stick the hook into him someplace where he won't throw it. Then if he jumps enough and nothing breaks when he makes his run you have as good a chance to catch him as any three hundred pound fish if you work him hard when he slows down.

Most of the boats at Bimini, we believe, are using too long leaders. Too long a leader means a tangled fish using the flexible cable and every marlin that tangles in the leader will die deep. Bill Fagin lost a marlin with a forty-eight inch tail spread to the sharks when the leader caught around the fish's tail. The sharks took all of him but the ensnared tail and one leopard shark even swallowed the hook. Fagin who has caught more small marlin than any other charter captain has had terrible luck with big ones.

If fish run as big through June as those we have seen, someone will get a huge one. But what is there to do with one after he is caught? In Havana you give the meat away or you sell it for around ten cents a pound. In Bimini it is wasted scandalously.

Bimini needs a good smoke house. Then the commissioner could require that all fish not needed by the fisherman for his own personal use or to be mounted as a trophy be cleaned and smoked. The fisherman could pay a fee for having the fish cured and take the meat himself or it would revert to the government. The cured fish would have a good market in Cuba and would bring in a steady revenue to the town.

At present it is disgusting and sickening to see edible game fish slaughtered and wasted. Releasing any jumping bill fish after a fight is fairly useless. If the fish has jumped enough the air sacs along his spinal column that serve as an air bladder inflate and he cannot sound and is an easy prey for sharks. Killing fish for no useful purpose, or allowing their meat to waste, wantonly, should be an offense punishable by law. But those who should make the law should also provide a means of disposing of the fish. #

The Talking Encyclopedia

Continued from page 90

the illegitimate daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft, the feminist!"

Determined to floor her once and for all, I informed her that Dumas fils, the writer, was the bastard son of the writer Dumas who was the son of a bastard.

"Did you know, darling," she said icily, "that George Sand, the woman writer, was the descendant of a bastard child of Comte Maurice de Saxe, Marshal of France, who was a bastard son of Augustus II of Saxony?"

"Strindberg!" said I.

"Cosima Wagner!" said she.

"Alexander Hamilton! James Smithson, founder of the Smithsonian Institute! William the Conqueror, bastard king of England!"

"Queen Elizabeth!" said she.

"Huh?" said I.

"According to Dean Inge," she asserted, "Queen Elizabeth was the daughter of Anne Boleyn, who was accused of adultery."

Once and for all, I decided, I would establish the supremacy of male bastards by proving they had illustrious fathers.

"Think of the progenitors of illegitimates!" I cried. "Did you know that Galileo, unmarried, had three sons? And that Ben Franklin was never married to the mother of his children? And that Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr had illegitimate children? And that the older branch of the House of Medici actually ceased to be a governing class because all of its living descendants were bastards?" I stole a glance at her. "Bastard is no term of opprobrium!" I concluded. "It is rather in the way of a compliment."

But she wasn't silenced yet. "Oh yeah," she said. "What about Martin Kallikak, who started the famous or infamous Kallikak family of half-wits, criminals, and degenerates? He was a bastard, too!"

"What of it?" I snapped. "There are 2,880,000 bastards in the United States today. It's perfectly ordinary!"

"Did you know, darling," she murmured, "that the great majority of well-known bastards are blondes, even in races that are primarily brunette? So you see, my husband, that gentlemen prefer blondes, though they marry brunettes."

That aged joke was too much. "In South Africa," I exploded, "there is an entire race composed of bastards! They are the children of Boers and Hottentot mothers, and they were formerly called by the Dutch name, Bastaard, but are now called Griguas."

By this time, I was trying to park the car in an area six inches shorter than its wheelbase, so that she might get to the bank. "Did you know, darling," she cooed, "that a bank out west has its tellers placed along a driveway, so you can stop right in front of their windows, and don't even have to get out of the car? Why darling!" she piped. "Don't get so excited! Didn't you know that Julius Caesar, Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington, Peter the Great, Charles V, Mohammet, Balzac, Lord Byron, Schiller, Pascal.Handel, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Paganini and Dostoevsky were epileptics? Why are you foaming at the mouth?" #

Don't Call Me Kiwi

Continued from page 46

a ship maneuver for a landing. "—Poor Bill," she murmured.

Caldwell stared unhappily at her slim figure, the subtle, provocative lines of which always stirred him and made him suddenly alive. As he stared, her figure blurred out before him and memory came in focus. Two years they had been married; two years in which he became aware of the richness of life for the first time. Drabness and routine had taken a holiday. Beauty and tenderness moved in. He hadn't known such things could be. And then came a slight change, as gentle as the fall of leaves that mark a season. Joan was restless. Domesticity palled. Above their small home near the airport, planes roared beckoningly a dozen times a day. The sound never annoyed her and never failed also to stir her imagination of this, the world's last adventure.

The airport lay at the bottom of a valley and from the Caldwell porch at night could be seen the circling, flashing beacon. Often Joan sat there alone, curled dreamingly upon a pillow—a dab of womanhood envious of the men who claimed the right to explore the pathways of the stars.

One night Caldwell came out to join her. He had spent the evening in the house fussing with experimental hook-ups of an all-wave set. He wanted to tell her about it.

She listened impatiently and a little resentfully. "Can't you ever think of anything but radio?" she asked suddenly.

The pause was marked by a streaking star seeking freedom and finding eclipse.

"It's mighty important," Caldwell defended sullenly.

"Oh, I know it's vital to aviation, but, dear, I didn't marry radio!" She looked at him across the darkness and watched the red glow of his cigarette. It was like the port light of a plane. "I wish —I wish you'd been a pilot," she said.

—That was the beginning. The topic of flying thereafter brought forth sparks of argument. A chance remark of Joan's at breakfast caused Caldwell to brood for days over the value of his work and that of the pilots. An unreasoning jealously of the sky assailed and tormented him.

Though he never suspected it the pilots thought of him with affection. His voice was a vital part of their voyages, as necessary and as familiar as the sound of their motors. Too many times had he guided them down to the airport in nasty weather for them to feel indifferent toward him. When another dispatcher, another radio man was on duty, there was less confidence and less willingness to come through when conditions were doubtful.

Caldwell knew their whims, their problems. The thread of radio bound them to him in good weather and bad. Sensitive to their moods, their concerns, he knew when to order them to seek the refuge of an emergency landing field or to turn back in retreat before a storm. Few dispatchers had his authority, his intuitive judgment of conditions. For a man without practical experience of flying, his was a remarkable sixth sense which the pilots recognized and appreciated. And Skipper Dunning, the operations manager, backed him to the limit.

The language of the sky was rightfully his but once a ship landed, the bond of radio was severed and denied him was the comaraderie of the zestful clique who tasted the rewards of action and adventure. Their work over, the

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Don't Call Me Kiwi

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pilots hurried into the office to fill out their reports and be on their way. A word of greeting, a murmur of "tough weather in spots," a laugh, and they were off.

. . . Kiwi. A bird with wings that cannot fly. . . . I wish you were a pilot. . . . I wish you were a pilot.

The sky mocked him. The roar of a ship became a jibe, the flash of a beacon a threat. Adventure invaded his home. For weeks Joan bedevilled him to let her file an application as air hostess on the line. At last beaten by the cowardice of love, he assented. Joan Manatt was her name when he married her. Joan Manatt was her name now on the company payroll.

There on his desk she sat, weakening him with her smile. . . . What had she done in Albuquerque? What had she done?

"There's the oddest looking crater near Winslow," she said.

"I've heard of it," he answered.

"We caught a tail wind out of Kingman."

"I know. I gave the winds aloft to Ranney."

"It's marvelous flying at night."

"It must be."

"It's sort of spooky and weird. The earth is so very black. It scares me but I love it."

"What about that ground loop of Ranney's at Kingman?" he asked suddenly. "—Scare the passengers?"

"No. I told them we always did that at Kingman." She laughed. "I didn't know what it was myself," she added.

"The Skipper gave Ranney the devil," he told her.

"It wasn't his fault," she defended.

"How do you know?"

"Well, there was a cross wind or something."

"Probably a something," he derided. "Ranney's slipping. You don't suppose he has anything on his mind, do you?"

She flushed at the tone. "I don't know what you mean," she said, "and I don't think you're very pleasant considering I've been away two days."

"—And nights," he added meaningly.

She sat there looking at him for a long time. Thoughts within them both that had festered for months leapt to the surface and sought expression bitterly.

Joan stood tensely before him. Her voice quivered slightly. "You can think what you like," she said, "but I've been faithful to you. —I haven't wanted to be. All I ever felt for you was gratitude. I meant to stick it out but since you bring things to a head—all right!" She made a gesture toward the airport. "We've nothing in common. What do you know of adventure? What do you know of the stars? What do you know of the beauty that flows beneath a plane in flight? Your heart's as drab as your mind. Bill was right when he said you had the soul of a kiwi!"

"You're getting very poetic, aren't you?" His words were clipped sarcasm.

"We're through! We're through!" she kept saying. "And if you want to know—I'm in love with Bill Ranney!"

The radio barked and sputtered. Caldwell turned down the volume control. "—mar to Los Angeles . . . Lamar to Los Angeles. What's your weather? . . ."

Caldwell reached for the transmitter. "—Clear and unlimited. Wind southwest, gusty. Go ahead . . ."

"—Okay."

The door slammed. On a pad before him Caldwell nervously sketched little squares around the words: cancelled out! cancelled out! His gaunt frame drooped and sweat oozed from him like a sponge squeezed dry.

At six o'clock he went home. He stopped at the drug store on the corner and phoned his house several times. There was no answer. He bought an evening paper and the boy asked him twice for the money. He watched the sun go down beyond the purple mountains at the end of the valley. Now the street lights were coming on and the Griffith Park beacon was flashing. He debated about taking home some groceries. He always had taken them home. He went in and telephoned again. There was no answer.

The house was very dark. He miscounted the number of steps to the porch and put his foot down heavily at the top. He had difficulty in fitting his key in the lock but at last the door was open. It was silly of course to call her.

Her room was disarrayed. There were empty boxes of powder and make-up on the floor. The dresser drawers were open. He looked in the closet. The hangers were empty of her dresses. Discarded in a corner was a single stocking with a run in it. He picked it up and drew it slowly through his fingers. He remembered the night she had first taken off her stockings.

He switched on the light in the kitchen. On a plate in the sink was a rind of grapefruit, some pieces of burned toast and a sticky dab of marmalade. He debated about emptying the garbage. He always had emptied it.

He sat in the living room with the lights out. He remembered there was a foreign program on the radio to which he had looked forward for weeks. He'd listen to it later. It was very warm. He opened the French doors to the patio.

A car turned toward his driveway and the headlights flashed upon the walls of the room. Eagerly he leapt to his feet. The car backed away and then headed in the opposite direction down the street. He lit a cigarette and stared into the patio shadowed in the moonlight by a single orange tree which Joan and he jokingly called their grove. A faint scent of orange blossoms reached him. He closed the doors suddenly and switched on the light. He stumbled about looking for his hat. Then he went out into the night to get as drunk as possible.

Day after day of routine reporting followed—of pilots giving their positions, of stations advising the number of passengers booked for a run, of field and weather conditions, of administrative details. "Winslow . . . north-south runway under repair. Marked by red lights . . . Albuquerque . . . eastbound ship delayed account of broken tail wheel . . . Amarillo—"

Caldwell sat there listlessly filling out a report for the operations manager. He made a last entry and walked over to look at the weather map. There was a low pressure area over the Pacific not far from the coast. Its movement for two days had been northeastward and likely it would miss California and pass over Oregon and Washington. Caldwell stared at the lines that marked the points of equal pressure. He turned and glanced out the window at the long concrete runway of the airport. Joan and Ranney had taken off from that runway that morning on the schedule east. He had said nothing to either of them when they came into the office with the co-pilot—merely handed Ranney the weather report and obtained his signature on the routine form saying that in his opinion as pilot conditions were safe for the flight.

Ranney and the co-pilot were in high spirits. Joan was very quiet. She had written Caldwell a note the previous day saying that she was filing for divorce. Caldwell sat there stiffly calm, inwardly in tumult.

He watched the ship take off and reach out eagerly for the sky; watched it bank and turn above the purple hills and in a single flashing moment yield its silver body to the sun. . . . The earth seemed suddenly drab and barren.

. . . That low pressure area. Why did the thought of it keep returning to his mind? What was it suggesting? What did he care if it moved across California beating down the ceilings and lowering the visibility. Ranney? Joan? It was not of their safety he was thinking. It was something else. Something battering at his conscience, demanding consideration—something born of the fury of his heart. He could never do it—not even to Ranney!

He looked at his watch. They would be nearing Albuquerque now. The crews would change there and Ranney and Joan would return early the next morning on the westbound schedule.

The lines of that map remained etched on his mind through the long hours off duty in the afternoon. Fitful hours of sleep that night did not erase them. Once he telephoned the dispatcher on the early evening shift that preceded his. A sudden drop in the barometer was recorded. A ship at sea reported a storm of unusual intensity.

. . . The floodlights of the Winslow airport stabbed the desert blackness. The westbound ship glided in over the green approach lights, hovered a moment above the runway, and landed. The shadow of the ship leapt ahead.

"—Those are the orders, Ranney," the airport manager said. "Things don't look so good on the coast. That low has moved inland and there's a pronounced windshift. Caldwell says you can get through with the mail but not with passengers."

Ranney scanned the weather report. "—Through snow and sleet, through tempest and calm the mail must fly!" he mocked. "Oh yeah? Well, if it gets tough I guess I can sit down at Palmdale or Victorville." He looked out upon the desert night of stars reaching down to earth, of beacons flashing rhythmically ahead. "What about Miss Manatt?"

"She and the co-pilot are to stay here with the passengers."

"Why the co-pilot?"

The airport manager shrugged his shoulders. "—Damned if I know."

. . . Alone and haggard, Caldwell sat tensely at his desk. The Los Angeles area was socked in tight. Rain beat upon the hills and mountains and sent streams of flood water down dry slopes and canyons. Barren streambeds awoke to life; bridges washed out, roadbeds caved in. The sky was blackly defiant.

Caldwell stared through the window at the airport beacon gleaming futilely, feebly, its circling flash crushed by the night.

"—Ranney to Los Angeles . . . Ranney to Los Angeles . . ."

At the sudden bark of the words Caldwell jerked nervously. His hand trembled as he reached for the transmitter. Flatly, harshly, he answered. "—Go ahead, Ranney . . ."

"—I'm flying blind. I've been trying to pick you up for an hour. This stuff is lousy. What's your weather now? . . ."

Caldwell hesitated. He wet his lips. The faint, diffused gleam of the beacon on the tower gave evidence of no ceiling, no visibility.

"—What the devil's the matter, Kiwi? I haven't any too much gas. If it's socked in there I'd better turn back right now. Do you hear me? Go ahead . . ."

"—I hear you, Ranney . . . Ceiling estimated—estimated eighteen hundred. Visibility two miles . . ."

Ranney's voice was strained. "—Repeat . . ."

Caldwell slumped down in his chair and repeated slowly. His voice was muffled, almost a whisper in the transmitter, and yet the words seemed to tumble blatantly

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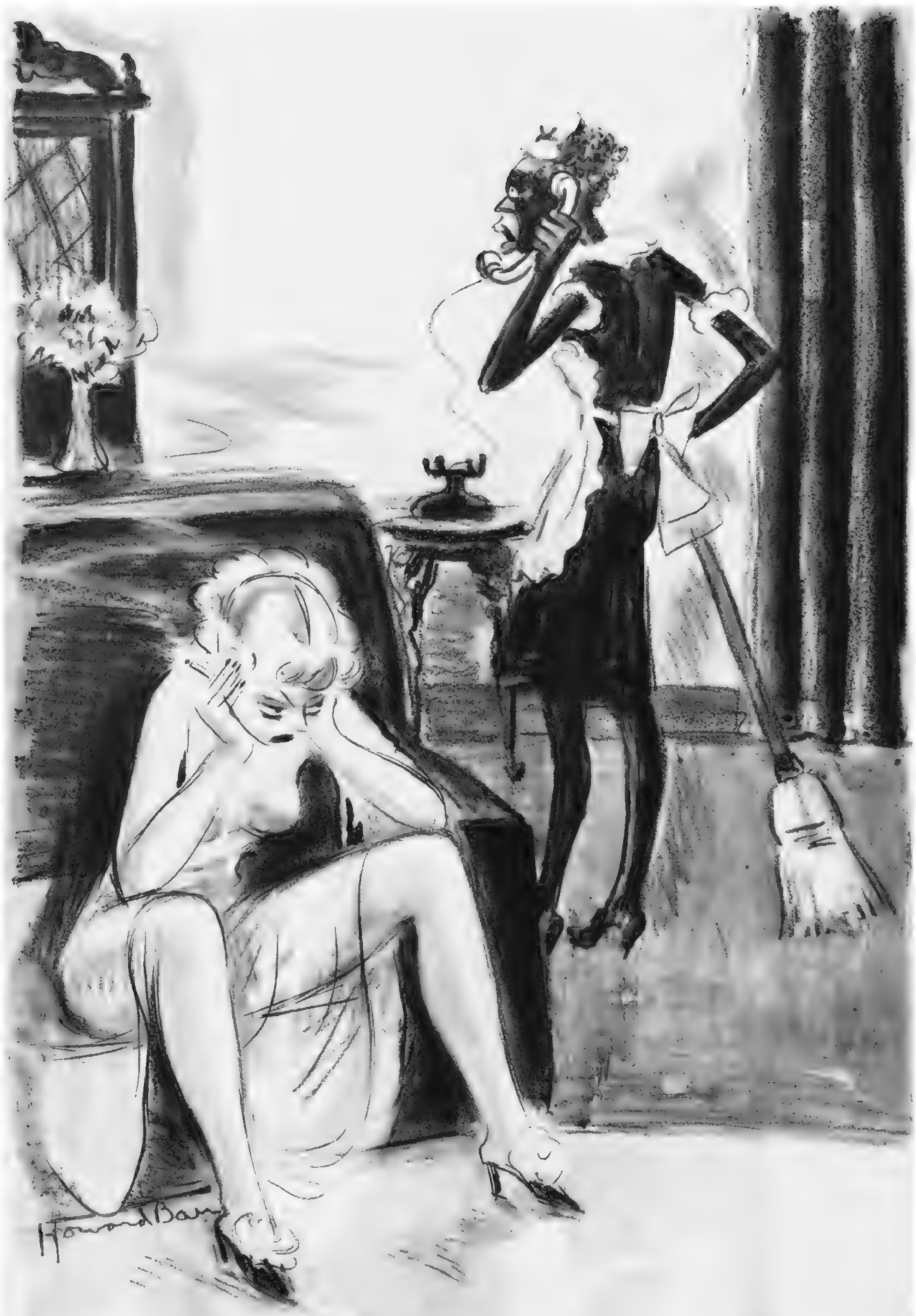
Howard Baer

"She say you know what you can do with yo' weddin' invitation, Mistuh Tommy"

Don't Call Me Kiwi

Continued from pages 46-167-168

into the room, leaping through the windows and doors and silencing even the sounds of night. And above these earthbound echoes were the waves of radio forever expanding until they filled the harbors of the sky, until they reached the pilots of the world—lying! lying!

There would be hell to pay. What did it matter? What did anything matter! Perhaps he could lie out of it later. Everyone knew his record. It was a mistake, that was all. Do you hear? A mistake.

The phone rang. He jumped to his feet. . . . Shall I answer it? Shall I? Someone checking on that report. The Skipper, perhaps. I won't answer.

Insistently the phone rang, scraping his nerves and echoing about the office, ringing, ringing. . . . The mechanics in the shop will hear it and come in. Shall I answer it?

From the desk he took a blotter and stifled the quivering hammer of the bell. The office became very still. Suddenly he lifted the receiver from the hook. Hello! Hello! There was no one there.

He removed the blotter from the bell. The silence began to hint of people closing in upon him, closing in as did the storm upon Ranney—Ranney riding a beam to death, riding a man's word to disaster.

My God! The Department of Commerce broadcast was due. Ranney would hear it certainly. Frantically he called: "—Los Angeles to Ranney . . . Los Angeles to Ranney . . ."

"—Okay," was the answer. "—Go ahead . . ."

"—What's your position? . . ."

"—I'm on the beam coming into the valley. I should be about fifteen minutes away. —Can't see a thing. Water leaking through the hatch like a sieve. Beacon signals stronger now."

Caldwell stalled until the Department of Commerce broadcast would be over. He could hear the background of sound of Ranney's engines.

A few minutes now and the pilot would be spiralling down in the blackness over the cone of silence—down into the valley, groping for the mercy of ceiling he would not find; fumbling frantically for the ground, questioning his instruments, questioning himself; no 'chute, no chance of retracing his path. The weather had closed in solid behind him.

Caldwell sat there shivering in the warm room. A dull anger alone fanned the embers of his spirit.

"—Everything okay, Kiwi? . . ."

"—Everything—okay . . ."

Ironic words. Ironic lives. The sky had sold him out to Ranney. The sky then could pay the debt. This puppet dangling on the strings of the gods. What did his skill amount to now? What did his looks avail him? A growing sense of power stirred the dispatcher. It was he who pulled the strings. No ceiling but of despair for Ranney. No gods but of disaster. Everything okay. For whom?

Abruptly the radio again tossed the pilot's voice into the room. "—I'm coming down, Kiwi. I'm coming down . . . Standby . . ."

Caldwell gripped the arms of his chair until his hands ached. There were red ridges on his palms. Standby. Standby for—death? He could hear the throttled motors, could picture Ranney sitting there with his feet on the rudder pedals, his hands resting on the wheel, his eyes intent and unwavering on the flickering dials before him. And the ship coming down wrapped in night, beaten and lashed by the storm, seeking an anchorage of earth. Standby for the end of passion, standby for the end of dreams.

The quivering needle of Ranney's measure of the sky was shrinking, shrinking. The floor of the valley was pressing close. At eighteen hundred feet Ranney would surely query him about the reported ceiling. The altimeter's wrong, do you hear? The altimeter's wrong! . . . Why didn't he whimper? Why didn't he cry out against the night that smothered him?

Caldwell hated the courage that gnawed at his own resolve. This pilot on the wings of storm riding his word to disaster. His word! A hundred pilots over the years had followed it to safety. A hundred pilots— My God! He couldn't do it! He couldn't!

He leapt to his feet and sent his chair crashing against the wall. His fingers snatched at the transmitter. "—Ranney! . . . Ranney! . . ."

The pilot answered.

"—I lied to you, Ranney. I lied to you. Listen to me. The weather here is zero-zero! For God's sake lean out your gas and set a course for Imperial Valley. That's the only place within three hundred miles that's open. Do you hear me? Go ahead . . ."

A long pause of grinding static, of racing thoughts, of sudden action. Caldwell hunched forward. "—Do you hear me, Ranney? . . ."

"—I hear you, Kiwi . . ." Ranney answered quietly.

"—Well, listen. Brawley and El Centro are both open. I'll notify them you're coming in . . ." Sallow and sweating he waited for the acknowledgement, waited for abuse.

One abrupt word from Ranney: "—Okay . . ."

Caldwell could hear the deepened note of the motors synchronized now with the murmur of his conscience. He replaced the transmitter and stood there staring for a long time—alone with memory. The night rested with a moment's peace. Then slowly he walked to the door and closed it gently upon the past, tightly upon the future.

The phone in the office was ringing.

Three Dead Geese

Continued from page 26

old races, they were sure that war would come and the congress of sublime intellects assembled together at Stresa seemed to them no more than an expensive, silly episode along the inevitable road.

I tried a more knowing type, our Signor X., who has travelled much and owns property.

"How can anything good come of it?" Signor X. asked quietly, sucking at his pipe and looking out across the garden wall towards the motionless blue water. "We have seen so many of these meetings, and after each one there is a short time in which they talk as if the war had been put off again. But in the meantime the taxes go up, the army increases, more aeroplanes are built, more ships, more guns. My grandson, who is twelve, says he hopes they will wait until he is old enough to go. He is in training already, and I am afraid he will find out that it is not so much fun as he thinks. Out of our village of not more than thirty houses, twenty-four men died in the last war, and not a single family is better off for it, Signor. How can we believe what they say at their conferences?"

I went to Stresa itself, to the hotel where the French and British delegations lived. Its great hall was given over to a scene familiar to anybody who has ever visited a conference: newspaper correspondents by the score, milling around, with clumps of them coagulated here and there upon some pompous figure representing Diplomacy. Across the scene there ambled majestically the Right Honourable Ramsay MacDonald, shaking his leonine head at the press, or stopping, once in a while, to say something meaningless in a voice of Shakespearean deliberation. When he said, "It is a nice day," he delivered the words as if they were Marc Antony's funeral oration over Caesar, conscious, as always, that his slightest word marked a Historic Moment.

I looked for a certain Carlo, a waiter who comes from one of the villages on our side of the lake.

"What do you think of it, Carlo?"

"Well, I tell you," said Carlo in the fluent English of Biarritz, Cannes and San Remo, "I don't think we make so much money as some people they think. The hotel is full, that is true, but these diplomat don't pay full price, not what they would pay if they was, now, honeymoon couples, or good pay like what we used to have in the old days. And stingy—! They never remember to tip anybody. Maybe they believe in the signs that say tips are abolished. I don't know. Anyhow I think the Regina Palazzo, where the journalists are, will make more money than we do. The journalists, now, they drink, and anyhow the bar make some money, and then journalist are not so stingy. And they easier to wait on, too. These people here, all these diplomat, they make a lot of trouble and they never satisfied. Still, I guess maybe we make some money, only not as much as people say."

"But Carlo, you don't think this conference has been called just so the hotels can make money?"

Carlo's shoulders went up and his hands went out; he grinned; even his ears moved with amusement.

"What the hell else it good for, you tell me?" he asked.

Turning from these conversations to the communiqués and the statements given by great men to the press, I was more puzzled than ever. How can any human event, observed from whatever different points of view, be so diversely interpreted? There was one bouncing French ambassador who proclaimed, at the end of the Stresa convention, that it represented "the greatest step towards peace taken since 1918." What did he mean by "greatest"? What did he mean by "step"? What, above all, did he mean by "peace"? And then all these telegrams between prime ministers, these speeches a day or so later at Geneva, these editorial ecstasies in the official newspapers? In the balance of reality, in the actual count of fact upon fact, it seemed to me that the whole of the words spilled out in three or four languages at the end of the historic meeting weighed less than the three geese and five chickens, the eggs and vegetables, that Pietro had been unable to sell because he could not go to market. And the most unanswerable question propounded was also Pietro's: who will ever give him back the three hundred lire he lost? Who will get Enrico another job? What is to compensate Maria for her headache?

Such things are beneath the notice of the great. They have long since lost themselves in such a labyrinth of covenants, compacts, protocols, guaranties, clauses and annexes, that in their paper paradise they have come to regard life, specific life, as an impertinent interruption.

If the great men of Stresa wanted a souvenir of their historic meeting, there is a very suitable one they could have, and in triplicate, too, so that neither Paris, Rome nor London need feel slighted. Pietro killed three geese for the market to which he was not allowed to go.

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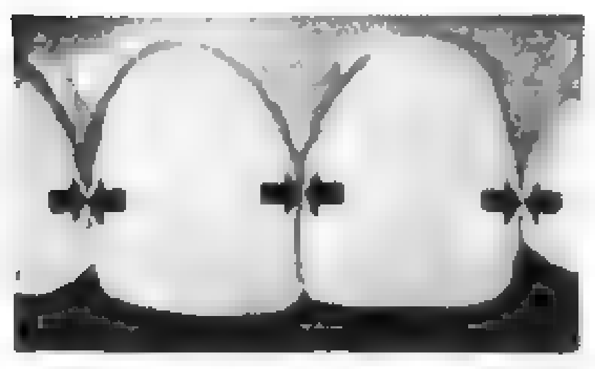
★"The Forgotten 60"

(*hidden surfaces between the teeth*)



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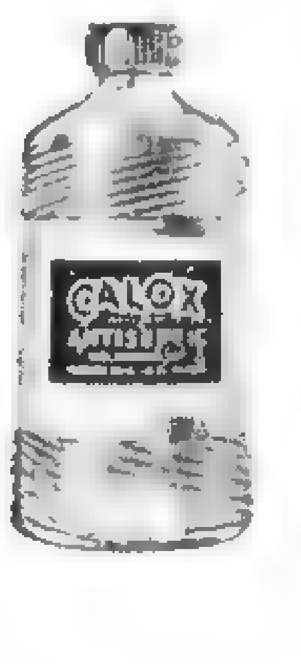

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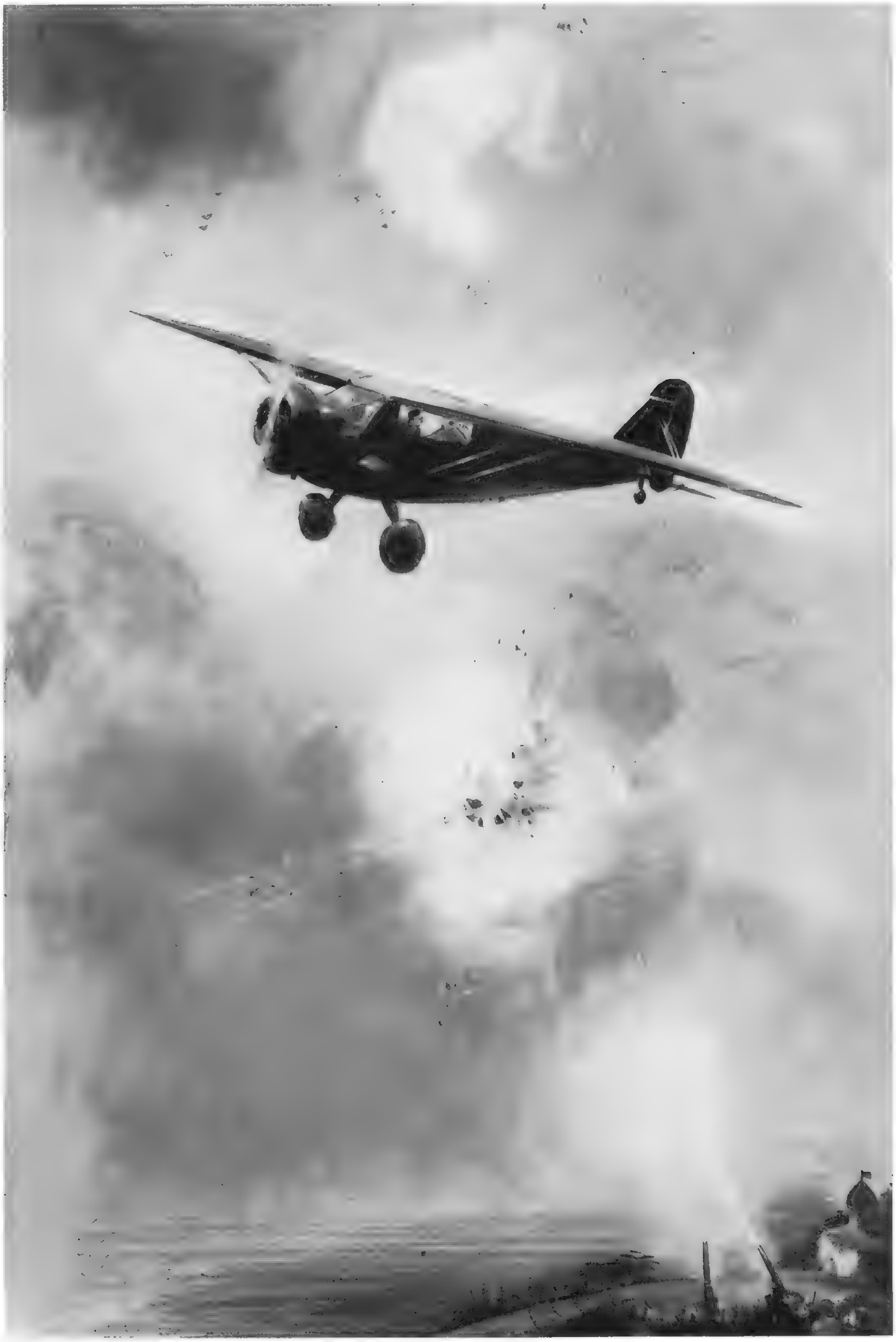

"They said to get the hell out of here. They're fed up with good-will flights"

The Music-Box Review

Continued from page 149

you'll want to listen to the record all over again to hear these, not that you won't want to play it again to hear the Boswells because their style is still the top in this field.

BRUNSWICK—No. 7412.

* * *

Do you like rhumbas and tangoes? Do you like Spanish rhythms? Do you like Xavier Cugat? That's good, because I knew you would, but in case you haven't a collection of Cugat recordings, side No. 1 is called *The Lady in Red*, and you'll be terribly intrigued by the drummer's Latin rhythms. They're marvelous! Also, add one of the greatest of Spanish trumpet players and the result is the most satisfying rendition of a rhumba I have heard in a long, long while. The vocal introduction and finish are typical of the Cugat group. If your age, mentally, is twenty, and you are physically fifty, don't try to dance to this record, but if the reverse is true you'll have a lot of fun with the rugs rolled up.

On the other side is a tango, *Adios Muchachos*, which Cugat does strictly a la Cugat.

Two years ago a very prepossessing chap came into my office and said he had a pretty good tango band. He was fortunate enough to go into the Waldorf Astoria in New York, and I'm sorry but I can't keep you in suspense any longer, it was Xavier Cugat himself. Before I heard his orchestra I found out he was as talented a caricaturist as he is master of the tango and rhumba. After I heard his orchestra for the first time I decided in my own mind that when you had heard Cugat play a tango you might as well put a period after it because there was nothing else to say.

VICTOR—No. 25012.

* * *

I think Paul Whiteman takes more pains with his recordings than any other leader who makes discs. Here are two that are very satisfying. I kept waiting for Ramona's vocal bit in *Now I'm a Lady*, and I can assure you I wasn't disappointed. The record has a very cute finish with Ramona going Mae West on us. The two pianos are excellent, and what's more you can dance as well as listen to them.

Reversely, Johnny Hauser and The King's Men appear with the band in *Way Back Home*. This has a sophisticated rurality about it, and to say I'm as much sold on Johnny as Whiteman himself is not overstating it.

I hugely enjoyed both sides of this, the recording is very clean cut and almost too meticulously played.

VICTOR—No. 25022.

* * *

I'm afraid I'll have to write about Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra again. Here are two slow fox trots, *Once Upon a Midnight* and *Two Heads Against the Moon*, with plenty of good, solid rhythm, and with no showy scoring such as the Casa Lomas sometimes go in very heavily for. They are the sort of things to which you can dance even if you're in your small sun parlor and haven't much room to move around in. You don't need the wide, open spaces for these. The vocals are done very well by Ken Sargent. In the last chorus of *Two Heads Against the Moon* is a very attractive trumpet bit which isn't really as easy as it sounds. So if you want to dance—

DECCA—No. 430.

* * *

Don't be fooled by the opening of *Lost My Rhythm, Lost My Music, Lost My Man.* It's very insidious, and you're into the refrain of the number before you know it. In the last chorus you'll like the trombone. The band blows both sweet and hot in this chorus. It's very well done.

On the other side is *Then You Walked Into the Room.* Without any time wasted in introduction except for a wide mouthed sigh, instrumentally, which is repeated in a few subsequent places, you're into the first chorus. I like Elmer Feldkamp's vocal refrain. Although it isn't done so much any more I like the sub tone clarinet in the last chorus because I haven't heard it for a long while, and I would have liked to hear a tag at the end of the record. It would have given it a lot more finish.

BRUNSWICK—No. 7409. #

Off the Russian Record

Continued from page 33

I took my typewriter and wrote the best part of a column to "throw down" my previous story, saying why. And got away with it. The second dispatch had as good a play as the first, and there wasn't a squeak of reproach from my office in New York.

But despite the skepticism of the Soviet police the idea of suicide clubs or pacts is nothing new in Russia and did not wholly disappear under Bolshevik system. In 1922 or 1923 there was formed a club or society of poets who called themselves "The Enthusiasts"—they were very very modern—and they rented a large cellar in the center of town as a meeting place and restaurant. It was a big damp central room with a dais at one side where members would get up and recite.

"The Enthusiasts" got some businessman to run their club, but he soon found that he couldn't make a success of it; there was a small group of poets who had nowhere else to go, or to sleep for that matter, and they continued to live there in a sort of camping-out semi-nomad way, to which the Russians can so well adapt themselves. There were about ten of them and they were the craziest of the lot—Dadaists, Neo-Nihilists, Post-Expressionists, and other forms of lyric eccentricities. Also most of them were dope-fiends and drunkards.

One day they were joined by a poet from the Crimea, Golavene I think his name was, a tall lanky fellow with long greasy red hair hanging over his shoulders. Nobody knew much about him, but there was talk of his having been arrested in the South, or anyway in some sort of trouble. Golavene had money and became quite a leader in this group of nuts.

Then he gave them a new and wonderful idea. Somewhere in the constellation of Arcturus, he said, far in the distant heavens, there was a star Capella, a million times greater than this wretched world, where life was a paradise for all, and especially for poets. This world, he said, was rotted by politics and war, but in Capella everything was lovely, and different.

The road to Capella lay through death. If every inhabitant of this world would commit suicide as soon as possible, they would all be transferred automatically to Capella where they would live happily forever. "And we, our group of poets," he concluded, "must set the example for all the rest to follow."

A crazy idea, if you like, but they were crazy too, and desperate and diseased and dope-struck and almost starving. Golavene fed them his idea in careful cunning doses, and at last they fell for it and made a pact of mutual death.

Next he told them, "But of course our suicide must be spectacular. We must advertise the road to Capella in a gigantic way so that all the world may hear of it and follow our example. We must not die ingloriously here in this dismal cellar, but must choose for ourselves a resplendent death to prove that we are the apostles and heroes of the glorious future in the distant heavens."

He could have found no surer note to touch their heart-strings. Then he said, "I'll tell you . . . the May-Day Parade is coming soon and we as members of the Poet's Brotherhood can march through the Red Square past the wooden platform where the Bolshevik leaders stand to review their followers.

"Supposing each of us carries two small bombs of terrific force, and when we come opposite the platform where the leaders stand—I will give the signal—each of us throws one bomb onto the platform and the other at his own feet. Won't that be fine propaganda for world suicide and transition to Capella?"

Excitedly they cried that he was right.

Golavene swore them to secrecy and chose one named Tanin, who seemed saner than the others, as his lieutenant. A few days afterwards—it was late in April—they held a meeting to work out their final plans. Golavene and Tanin sat talking at a table in one of the little rooms behind the pillars while the others were drinking—Golavene kept them supplied with liquor—in the central room.

They got tired, it seems, of waiting, and one of them thought of something amusing to do. While the others watched silently, he crept on his stomach around the pillar behind Golavene—they could just see him through the archway—and quietly he rose up and lit a match.

Golavene and Tanin were deep in conversation and noticed nothing. The humorist applied the match to Golavene's long greasy hair, which went up in a blaze of flame. The battle that followed, in which everybody joined with bottles and chairs and screams and pandemonium, attracted the attention of the police in the street above, and the poets were all arrested.

They were taken to the cells and would have doubtless got off with a fine or a week's imprisonment as disturbers of the peace had not one girl, hysterical with drugs or drink, kept shrieking about suicide pacts and the bloody road to Capella in the distant heavens, and the fine big propaganda bang of the bombs in the Red Square Parade.

The police captain pricked up his ears. The word bombs rings ominously in Russia, and the Red Square Parade is a function attended by the leaders.

The captain talked to the girl, then telephoned hastily to the OGPU headquarters of the secret police. They came racing in a high-powered car, because those whose duty it is to guard Great Ones against death by violence are well aware that there is no defence against the insane assassin who is prepared or even eager to sacrifice himself in order to attain his end. They also know that sometimes behind the hand of murderous insanity there is a cool and cunning brain to urge and prompt. This they found was Golavene, and inquiry showed that he had the bombs all ready.

So they shot him, and Tanin too for good measure, although they thought the latter was only half guilty, but life is cheap in Russia. The rest of the poets were sent to a sanitarium, to stay crazy or get better, as the case might be.

* * *

Another "crazy poet" was Essenin, the one-time husband of Isadora Duncan. He was a peasant boy thrown up somehow by

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Off the Russian Record

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the Revolution, whose rough savage verses about the Civil War and life in the Red Army attracted the attention of Trotsky.

Essenin had a big vogue as one of the new Revolutionary poets, and it turned his head. He married Isadora Duncan and came with her to America where he behaved in a drunken and rowdy manner; then he went back to Moscow and continued to disgrace himself with drink and folly.

Finally he committed suicide in Leningrad, hanged by his own braces, and left a melodramatic note written in his own blood.

I met him frequently in Moscow in the year before his death and didn't think much of him—a spotty-faced youth with bad manners and little sign of intelligence. One day I spoke of him to Isadora, whom I knew well and admired immensely although she too, poor woman, was only a hollow shell by that time—she never recovered from the tragic death of her children in Paris when the taxicab in which they were driving swerved at one of the bridges and fell into the Seine. That accident left a hole in Isadora's heart which not even time could heal.

She told me once, "There are lots of things I think I want and some of them I get, but there's only one thing I want really, and that's quick death."

"If you want it, why don't you take it?" I replied. "A gun or a gram of morphine—that's easy enough."

"No," she said, "that's silly, and cowardly, but I want it just the same."

As things turned out, she got what she wanted there in Nice, quick and easy when her scarf caught in the wheel of an automobile and broke her neck before she knew what happened.

You could talk freely with Isadora because she was a great personality, and I said to her, "I'm surprised that you fell for this Essenin. I've read his stuff and there are some sparks in it, but he doesn't seem to rank in your class, Isadora, not to me he doesn't."

She said, "Walter Duranty, you don't know so much as you think. I've had lots of lovers, in different countries, but there's never been one of them who hasn't had genius in some form or another. And Essenin has genius whether you are aware of it or not."

A few weeks later I was sitting with Isadora and Essenin and three or four other people in the Poets' Cafe on the Tverskaya. *Stable of Pegasus* they called it, a big bare room with rough chairs and tables and a little stage at one end with a piano where they sang songs or the poets recited their poems.

At another table two prostitutes were having angry words about the man with them, a tall blond boy rather nice looking, who wasn't sober and appeared indifferent. It seemed both of them claimed him, and he was leaving it to them.

Others were arguing about politics, or money, or just arguing in the vocal Russian way. Rather drab and sordid it was, dirty, noisy and drunken, but human somehow, in fact quite characteristic of Moscow, then reviving under NEP from the nightmare of famine and the Civil War.

Someone asked Essenin to go to the stage and speak a piece. He staggered up, so drunk he could hardly stand, and began to recite one of his poems called *The Black Man*.

At first his voice was low and husky, but as the swing of the verses caught him it deepened and grew stronger.

The poem was raw and brutal but alive and true. It described the feelings of a drunkard on the verge of delirium tremens, who was haunted by the face of a negro grinning at him. The face was not unfriendly but it was everywhere—looking over his shoulder in the mirror when he shaved, beside him on the pillow in his bed, poised between his shoes in the morning when he got up to put them on.

I knew the story of this poem. The negro face was that of Claude McKaye, the colored poet who had visited Moscow a year or so before and had been a friend of Essenin. Essenin was then close to delirium tremens, and his verses were real; they expressed what he had felt and known.

As his voice rose there came utter silence in the cafe. Line after shattering line banged the consciousness of that motley crowd and froze them into horror. It was tremendous and terrible to hear the agony of the haunted wretch, and Essenin made us share it. A triumph of transmitted emotion from the Artist to the Public.

When he stopped there wasn't a sound. Everyone—cabmen, speculators, prostitutes, poets, drunkards—all sat frozen, with pale faces, open mouths, and anguished eyes.

Then Isadora, whom nothing could dismay, said to me quietly, "Do you still think my boy has no genius?" ⌗

The Gates Go Down

Continued from page 40

and hit a winning streak. Then when they fail to finish high in the money they begin to listen to volunteer high-powered critics and wonder why they can't strike their strides again.

Maybe these youngsters do have to make some revision in their swings when they get older and stiffer, but they don't need to hurry into changing all around just because some fellow comes up to them with his idea of explaining a 76 or 78 the youngster happened to take. I've got some motion pictures of Horton Smith that I'll put up to prove my point. When Horton was the boy wonder he had a free, full swing. Naturally he couldn't win everything. But when he did happen to go a bit sour his trouble didn't call for cutting down to the three-quarter swing he has now.

One thing I hope is that the younger professionals won't let their idea of worrying about the scores get to be a serious epidemic that spreads to the members at their clubs. The English have the right idea on this. I've seen British professionals come to their open championship and turn in scores that would bring tears and nervous prostration to American pros.

Ask one of the Britishers about some bad round and you hear: "Ow, I say, old fellow, I 'ad a beastly 82, but a pleasant weekend. I'll see you at the next championship. Cheerio!"

That's all there is to it. But over here I actually have seen pros who have had bad rounds stand around the locker-room in a punch-drunk daze. One time I saw a pro who had shot a miserable round taken from the club to a sanitarium. I don't see how the boys expect to bring customers into the game when they so freely exhibit mental and physical distresses apparently the result of the pros' occupational risks.

The American temperament probably never will permit us to take the casual attitude the Britons do toward their golf. We see a striking example of the different national attitudes toward the way games are run in the American and British open championships this year. Nobody plays in the British open who gets in on a pass. He has to make good in the qualifying rounds if he is one of the all-star teams from the kingdom of heaven or he doesn't play in the British open.

Over here this year the six members of the visiting Japanese professional team and Sid Brews, the South African who finished second in the 1934 British open, automatically qualified for our own open by reason of the rule which exempts visiting professionals from qualifying.

I wonder what Tommy Armour, Walter Hagen and Denny Shute, three of the American stars, thought about that one of our rules when they were going through the unique experience of having to qualify for our national championship in the sectional rounds. None of them finished among the first 30 and ties in the 1934 United States National Open and for the first times in their brilliant careers had to start at the bottom again. The visiting pros' exemption is a

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hangover from the outgrown days when there was some reason to believe that aliens would help swell the gate.

Perhaps you will say that this exemption of the guests is simply our good manners. I'm not so sure though. Good manners also call for no preference in starting times or in the assignment of playing mates in championships. The British by utter disregard for the gate in these items have given American golf tournaments precedents that might well be needed now that the country has let the hunger for receipts ease down to a reasonable appetite.

Starting times in golf tournaments supply a great advantage—or disadvantage. Take the fellow who is given a starting time that lets him get into the clubhouse for his lunch at practically his usual lunch time every day. Under the nervous strain involved in a major championship that fellow gets an edge of at least a couple of strokes over the rest of the field. I'm still playing plenty of competitive golf and will be for at least another ten years. I'm a normal human so I like to have big galleries stay with me but I'll tell anyone who's running a tournament in which I compete that I am willing to have the same switch and balance in starting times that everyone gets in the British open. Let the younger fellows and the unknowns get an even break on this timetable business. It's more in the line of real sportsmanship even though it is a radical departure from the gate-mad days when the starting times, the pairings, etc., were built around the idea of bringing in the most money.

The gradual weakening of the commercial angle in golf tournaments to determine champions shows the public working in an unwitting manner to bring about greater fairness in another important phase of major competitive play equally as important as the starting time. If you play your rounds with considerate sportsmen you have an infinitely better chance to win than if you happen to draw some surly, complaining or annoying fellow. I can't get over the feeling that if I had been playing with a thoughtful and genuine sportsman—like Francis Ouimet, for instance—I would have won a major title that would have meant a lot to me. I had the misfortune to be playing with a grouch who was away out of the running for the championship. He argued with the crowd. He would stand by one of the teeplates and line up my ball as if I were trying to edge up a fraction of an inch on the markers. When the crowd crushed and shoved he made no attempt to help me edge my way through to play.

No matter how much experience you've had in big-gallery tournaments and no matter how well you've schooled yourself to play your own game and not let the other fellow irritate you, you're bound to be disturbed by the ignorant or unthinking behaviour of someone with whom you have been drawn. The public never did appreciate that even in those times when the public was going to golf championships by the tens of thousands. An intelligent and courteous, although keenly competitive, playing companion in a championship means another stroke or two advantage. I think I am conservative in estimating that the right starting time and the right pairing represents at least an edge of three strokes in a major tournament so you can see that when the gate income factor determines starting time and pairings, the tournament is not a fair test of golfing ability.

There is one advantage that late starters sometimes enjoy and that is in playing the finish after the wind of the day has died down. There is, on any course, the highly important matter of dew to contend with if you have an early starting time. It helps some of the players for an hour or so. They can putt firmly during the earlier part of their round. Then when the dew evaporates these boys over-putt the hole a mile.

But, with conditions now such that the tournaments can be run as competitive tests of skill a curious situation arises. The public now is getting a better show and a fairer run for the money it is not rushing to pay at golf championships, than it got when money was no particular object. It may be that this wide-open character of the golf championships will eventually work up enough public interest to restore championship gates. A sure thing, or even an odds-on favorite, was bound to lose its attraction at the golf gates after a while. If a golf tournament is played on an absolutely even basis for all the field you never are safe in making a bet on who is going to win even if you get long odds.

I heard that I was quoted at 5 to 1 before this year's national open championship. I don't know who did the quoting because I figure the farther I stay away from any part of golf betting, the better off I am. But I believe that no man is as good as a 5 to 1 shot in the United States or British national open, and you know I think no harm of myself as a contender in any tough major championship. Men whom I consider excellent judges of golf stars' games, temperaments, qualifications for playing under certain course conditions and who were fairly well acquainted with how the players were playing three weeks or so prior to this year's United States Open, picked Runyan, Revolta, Cooper, Olin Dutra and several other fellows in addition to me, as winners of the title. By the time this appears in print, you will know who won, and the chances are that you could have picked up some money on him at pretty good odds one day before the tournament started.

Whoever wins, unless he is a man who has been through it a previous year, is sure of the same old heart-break out of his title. He will read stories saying the title will be worth amounts varying from $25,000 to $50,000 to him. If he's experienced he will be glad to settle for $20,000 cash and be doing a lot better than almost any of the other fellows have done with the exception of Jones when he went into pictures, and Hagen, Farrell and your friend, that Sarazen fellow.

I have some rather sad laughs to myself when I read and hear about the money the professional golfers are supposed to make. As far as the disappearance of the golden days is concerned the pros really don't have to mourn much. The days weren't so golden in cash that clinks when the figures on each year were added up by the pro. I remember very clearly my early awakening to the fact that some well known professionals would be better off financially by joining their clubs as members instead of being attached to the organizations as pros. I, at the time the sorry truth hit me, was professional at a prominent club and supposed to be making a huge income. At the moment I happened to be sitting at a dinner I was giving for sixteen companionable club members. As I signed the check for these dinners at $5 a plate it struck me that my income for that day had been $6; three half-hour lessons at $2 per lesson. From that time on Sarazen became a business-man golfer. I was lucky to see the light then. Otherwise it might have taken me several miserable lean years during the latter part of the depression before I realized that my bread and butter, cake and steak was to come from selling a service that enabled golfers to enjoy themselves instead of from following the old idea of doing them a very great favor by giving them an opportunity to enjoy me in feats of skill and grace.

It's possible, of course, that I may be wrong, but I dope it out that the struggle for self-preservation during the depression has helped to make people wisely selfish. People are more self-sufficient than they were back in the days when they were in the habit of spending a lot of money for entertainment. In golf we professionals can see the new picture plainly. We are to get our financial rewards—if, as and when issued—by showing people how they can better entertain themselves at the game, instead of depending on the playing show the professionals put on for the feature act.

You will note this new deal working out in all other fields of athletics too. If the game is a sport, the people are going to play it rather than to pay to see it now. If it's a spectacle, that's something else. There may be golden gates coming back with general business improvement, but these gates won't be coming back in the games that the people can play with every man as his own biggest star. #

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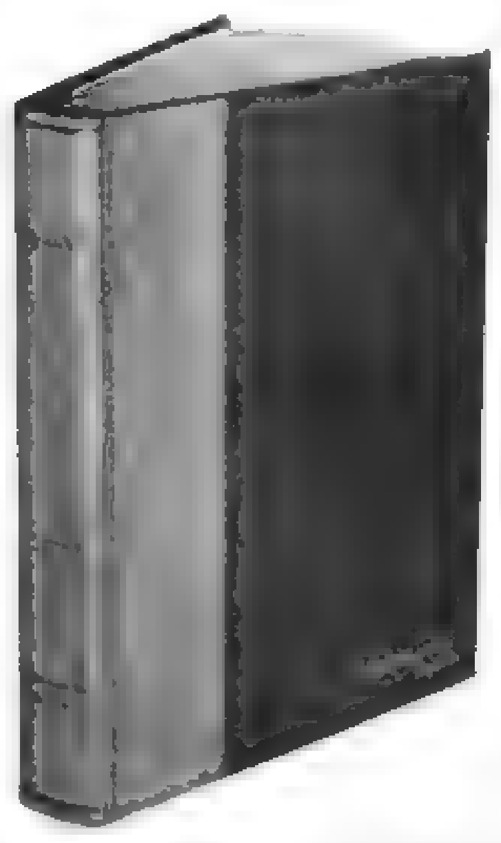

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The Shortest Way With Poisoners

Continued from page 37

flame. As the contents begin to boil he methodically tests the rising fumes for alcohol, phosphorus, hydrocyanic acid and chloroform. Sure enough, chloroform is present, but in Gettler's opinion it is not enough to have caused death. The amount is noted, however, and the test continues as Gettler turns to a second retort containing other portions of the deceased's organs, submerged in alcohol and tartaric acid. This is tested for veronal, acetanilid, a large group of alkaloids and glucosides. A third trial is made for metallic poisons, while a final portion of the body tissue is set aside for confirmatory tests. Dr. Gettler's report in this particular case stated that chloroform was found in sufficient quantity to induce mild coma. (Actually the victim had been clubbed to death while under the influence of the drug.) A single toxicological examination ordinarily takes about two hours and costs the city exactly five dollars, a striking contrast to the $30,000 spent for voluble medico-legal testimony in the Rice poisoning case, the year before the City Toxicologists's office was established.

During his 18 years of experience Gettler has found that the poisons most commonly used for murder and suicide are: arsenic (a classic favorite with ignorant poisoners); morphine and strychnine (physicians' first and second choice when the poison urge overtakes them); iodine, cyanide and carbolic acid (ghastly corrosives, very painful deaths); veronal, luminol, heroin, cocain, and chloroform (used chiefly by addicts). Oxalic acid, phosphorus and carbon monoxide turn up regularly in his work; this latter poison is a gas which combines with the hemoglobin of the blood and necessitates a special technique of blood analysis. Ironically enough, the human blood that formerly was the prime ingredient of poisonous witchbroths, now unerringly reveals the identity of the poisons that destroy it.

Dr. Gettler has consistently advocated legislation making poison more difficult to obtain, but he himself points out that anyone who really *wants* poisonous drugs can purchase them through legitimate industrial channels. Deadly cyanides, for instance, are used in photography, the jewelry trades, and in tempering steel. Oxalic acid is found in metal polish and hat-cleaning solutions. In the famous Molineaux affair the poisoner used cyanide of mercury, an ingredient of Prussian blue paint. The fact that Molineaux was a paint dealer and had easy access to this poison was one of the strongest points brought out by the prosecution.

I asked Dr. Gettler what actually happens when poison is taken into the human system. His answer was concise and specific. "Most poisons quickly come in contact with vital organs, certain poisons showing an elective affinity for certain organs. Mercury for example strikes the kidneys and causes death by nephritis; digitalis leaps at the heart and extinguishes its action, much as a too-powerful electric current blows out a bulb. Strychnine causes tetanus by its effect on the spinal cord. Carbon monoxide literally drains oxygen from the blood. These known reactions are of great service to us in ferreting out the type of poison employed; in the old days the only method of detecting the presence of poisons was by looking for physiological changes in the cadaver. Thus the old test for morphine poisoning (still used by backwater coroners) was to observe the tightly contracted pupil of the eye. But one astute poisoner, a physician, dropped just enough belladonna in the eyes of his victim to expand the pupil back to normal. A very reputable medical examiner was completely fooled by this dodge and it took three long-winded, expensive trials to convict the accused. Today the presence of both morphine and belladonna could be proved by a simple toxicological test."

To obtain a cross-sectional view of the many ways in which a modern toxicologist tracks down criminals, I have selected three typical cases from among the thousands in Dr. Gettler's experience. I present them without further comment:

The Case of the Scraped Pontoon. A hydroplane dipped low as it skimmed across the surface of Long Island Sound; the pilot, failing to notice a small craft directly beneath him, struck it a glancing blow with one of his pontoons. The cabin of the boat was demolished, the only two men aboard her were killed, and the terrified pilot soared away, unidentified, a hit-and-run driver of the air. On viewing the wreckage the police detected some traces of green paint on the cabin, evidently scraped off the pontoon as it struck. These scrapings were subjected to a micro-analysis and were found to contain a certain chemical present only in very expensive paint. The manufacturers of this paint provided the police with the names of all persons who had recently bought it. In the hangar of one of these persons, a plane with a dented green-painted pontoon was discovered. The owner admitted that he had struck the boat and had flown away without reporting the accident. On the testimony of a few scales of paint—less than .001 grams in weight—he was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to two years in prison.

Suicide, With a Smoke-Screen. An automobile was found burning on a country road with a man lying across the front mud-guard, dead. Gettler found that the man had not died of fire or

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smoke, but was dead when the flame reached him. Analysis revealed large amounts of cyanide in all his organs, and from that point forward the rest of the tale was easy to unravel. The man, suffering from financial reverses, wanted to provide for his family by invoking the double-indemnity accident clause in his insurance. He had set fire to his car, then drunk a large quantity of cyanide—one of the quickest acting of poisons—hurled the bottle into the bushes, and fallen across the mud-guard, ostensibly killed by the flames.

The Saga of Durable Mike Malloy. Mike Malloy was a bum, with a bum's tenacious hold on life. Now the proprietor of the Tenth Avenue barroom where Mike cadged drinks, conceived the idea of insuring Mike's life for a paltry $600, then bumping him off. With a couple of adjutants—a taxi driver and a bartender—this generalissimo of crime began his campaign by pumping Mike full of bad alcohol, free. Instead of dying, Mike shouted loudly for more of that "good old stuff." Next they served him some oysters pickled in formaldehyde; Mike ate with a relish and blessed the hand that fed him. They then ground up a sardine can, sprinkled it on the sardines and offered Mike the tinny salad. Mike ate the salad and wept with gratitude. Desperate now, they got him drunk on wood alcohol, soaked him in a tub of water and threw him out on a freezing night to die. Just to make sure, the taxi-driver ran over him twice, but next morning Mike arose from his gutter with not even a sniffle. Resolved to have no more of this foolishness the conspirators thrust a gas-pipe into his mouth and held it there till Mike was properly done in. A shady doctor was induced to specify pneumonia as the cause of death; Mike was buried and the gang claimed his insurance. Six months later the insurance company became suspicious, exhumed the body and ordered a necropsy. Dr. Gettler found that Mike's blood was still saturated with carbon monoxide, the poisonous constituent of illuminating gas. As a result of his testimony the three conspirators were executed for murder and the shady doctor is now serving three years in prison as a warning to other physicians who falsify death records.

Poison will always figure largely in suicides and accidents. One of the weirdest accidents ever recorded, befell a man carrying a bottle of lysol in his hip pocket: some boys throwing stones, hit and broke the bottle; the contents soaked into the man's body tissues and half an hour later he was dead. Then there was the case of the woman who spread a depilatory paste on her legs and never lived to see the hair come off. Thallium, a metal poison, was found in the cadaver and was traced back to the depilatory. A wealthy iron manufacturer drank three cases of patented mineral water, felt fine, but was dead three weeks later. A toxicological examination showed that his bones were emanating a radio-active substance contained in the proprietary waters. Certain cargoes of metal throw off calcium arsenide which kills the crew like rats, and when the ship arrives in New York harbor Dr. Gettler must name the tragic gases. But the strangest story of all concerns the seven men who were brought into Gettler's office, all having died of a mysterious tropical disease. Our toxicologist was frankly puzzled. How could seven men in New York simultaneously contract a rare disease, disseminated only by a mosquito found only in Brazil? Careful scrutiny of the bodies revealed a row of minute punctures in the forearm of each cadaver! In the clothing of the last man, Gettler discovered a cheap hypodermic needle — the clue he had been looking for. He now reconstructed the case as follows: The owner of the hypodermic was a Brazilian sailor with an obscure form of malaria; every time he loaned his needle to a fellow dope-addict, a drop of malarial blood remained on the instrument, and was plunged into the borrower's bloodstream. If the hypodermic hadn't turned up finally, the disease might very quickly have spread beyond control.

Dr. Gettler refused pointblank to answer my final question. "Is there any drug or poison," I asked, "that toxicology cannot detect?" Gettler shook his head gravely as he lighted another nickel cigar. "I refuse to incriminate myself," he said. I learned independently, however, that if certain glandular extracts commonly used in medicine (thyroxine is one of them) were administered in the minimum lethal dose, they would be undetectable by any known tests. Such doses, however, must be administered by a skilled hand and would leave a circumstantial trail infinitely clearer than a hatchet-gash or machine-gun spray.

Poison as a homicidal instrument in New York City, is decidedly on the wane; police records show, thanks to the toxicological service, that there hasn't been an unsolved poison mystery in the last three years. Contrast the record of this area, where the cause of every death is scientifically determined, with that of other areas in the U. S. where the coroner system is in operation. Statistics are non-existent, but criminologists admit that among the thousands of ill-explained deaths annually signed out by ignorant or venal coroners, mottled flecks of poison would show up regularly if toxicological tests were made. The shortest way with poisoners is to abolish the existing coroner system, and to permit toxicologists to detect evidences of the sinister drop before it is too late to trace it back to the hand that administered it. ⌗

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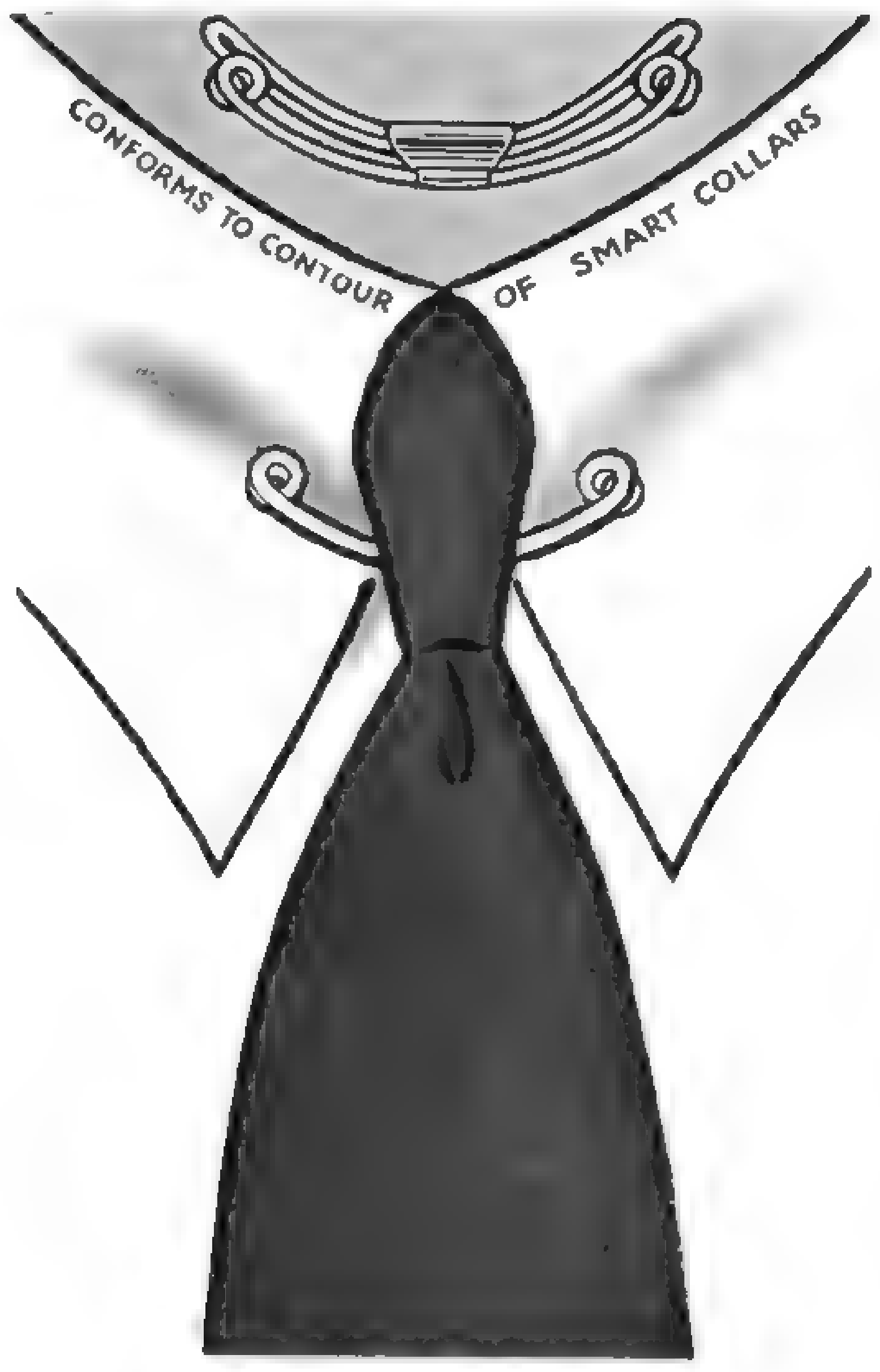
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Change for a Woodpecker's Scalp

Continued from page 34

Eskimos) are among the endless variety of articles current in the corners of the earth. They are money in the same literal sense that we use dimes and dollars, with the added advantage that they can be eaten or put to use by their owners in a falling market.

By far the greatest part of primitive currency is in the category of gold, whose principal use is ornamentation. It is a curious commentary on the human nature we all share with the lowliest Dyak, that the things we value most enduringly are not for sustenance, health or comfort which makes life easier, but for personal decoration which generally makes life harder. Feathers rate high in the scale of currency in certain South Sea Islands. Shells are currency in the backwaters of every continent, but they must be of exceptional lustre for display, or else must be ground, sized and strung for personal adornment. Beads, copper and brass ornaments, paints, bracelets, and amulets are good coin of the realm in many places, provided they have possibilities for adornment. Cowrie shells, the universal media for primitive international exchange, base their popularity on ornamental use. Common to most of the shores of Asia and Africa, the cowrie's value is the same everywhere. It was the unit of foreign exchange long before coined money was ever thought of, and it continues as money to this day, figuring by the ship-load in the transactions of civilized nations. Its drawback as currency is that it is as common as it is popular. Why accept cowries for salt, a native will want to know, when he can gather all he wants in his own front yard!

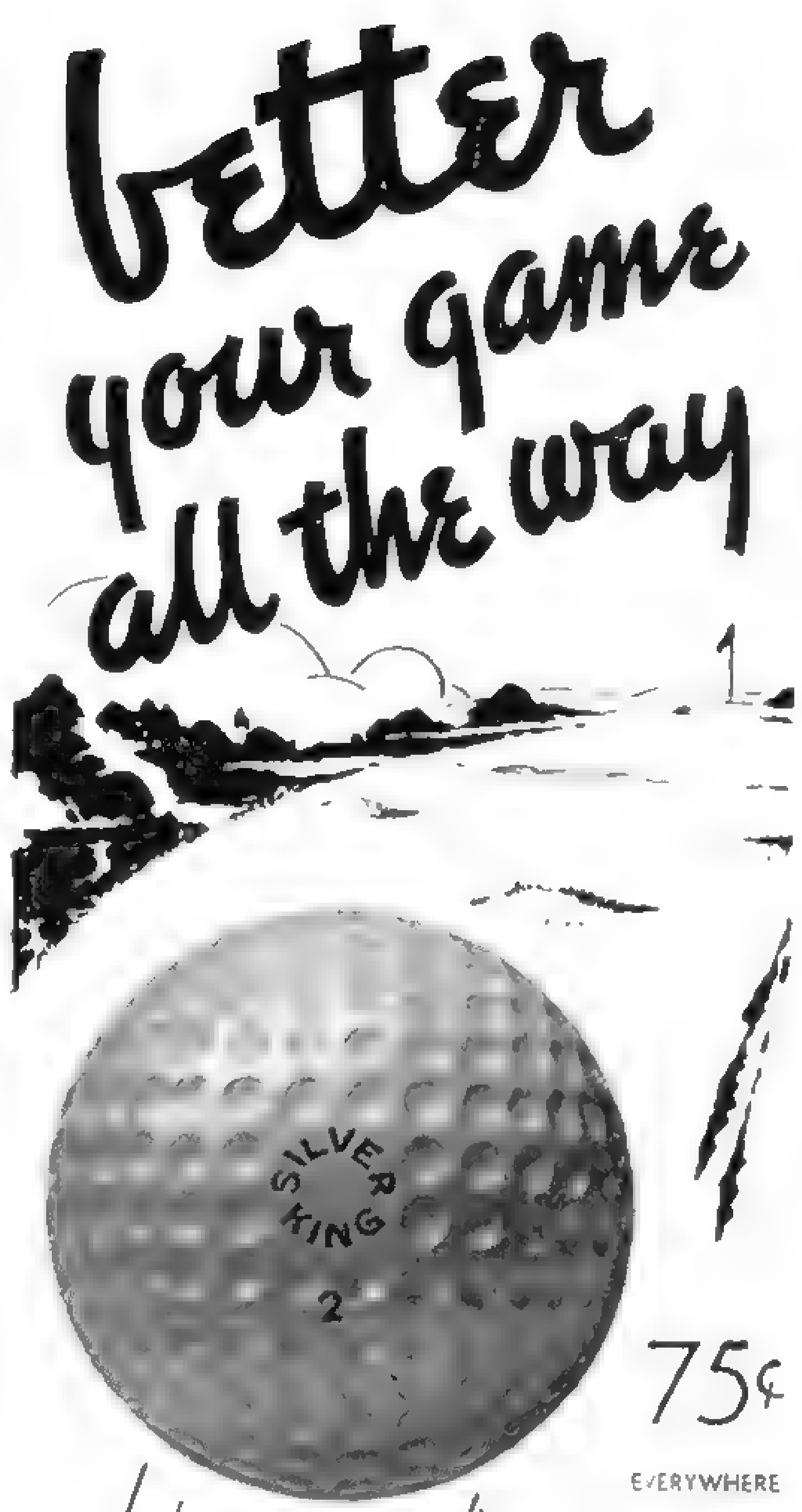
Portability, durability and all the other "abilities" demanded of money by ponderous economists give place in primitive finance to the one word "desirability," and no man may dissect this mystic attribute. What the tribesman decides is money *is* money. Natives of the island of Yap give evidence hereupon, with the most uncouth currency this world is likely to see. Yap money consists of stones called "fei." They are circular in shape, ranging in size from the ever popular pie-plate up to ten or twelve feet in diameter. They weigh from a few pounds to a ton. They have no conceivable earthly use, although Yap legends give them some spiritual value.

Yet these stones are money in the literal sense of the word—even coins, since to have value in Yap eyes they must be shaped into something like an exaggerated doughnut, from a special rock that must be quarried in a distant island. Expeditions of rafts and canoes bring these heavy stones to Yap. Occasionally they are shipwrecked, with loss of men and fei. The human life is charged off to profit and loss. Not so with fei. If there are witnesses to establish the size and superior workmanship of the stones, and to attest that they actually sank as claimed, their value as money remains undisturbed under the water, and possession passes from hand to hand in exchange for Yap commodities. And why not? Do not we superior civilizees enter into huge business transactions on the strength of a slip of paper, printed we know not where, and signed by someone we never heard of, but which denote our possession of a quantity of gold that some one of a dozen governments is supposed to retain for us?

The Yaps are not so silly as this. They know approximately the size and shape of their money and they generally know where it is. The smaller stones are actually transferred from hand to hand. Many of the larger specimens repose, lichen covered, in palm groves or on the seashore where they have been undisturbed for generations. Sometimes they are removed to a vainglorious Yap's front yard, but this is not necessary.

Yap fei have a sentimental value only. For trade purposes they are probably the simplest known form of "token money;" fei, money that symbolizes the possession of other forms of wealth, just as American quarters and half dollars are not worth their weight in silver, but are tokens of ownership of gold to the value stamped on the coin. The evolution of token money from the various commodity currencies is illustrated in the Chinese cash. The early Chinese currency consisted of iron and bronze utensils such as hoes, knives, razors and the like. When the traditional commodity currency became too cumbersome, the art-loving Chinese made tiny bronze miniatures of these things, each one a token of the value of the utensil represented. Miniature bronze razors were a popular token. As time went on the razor blade was conventionalized and shortened, and finally dispensed with entirely, leaving only the end of the handle—a round bronze disc with a square hole in the middle so that it could be strung. This razor money is still the "cash."

The story thus far leads to the inescapable conclusion that no human society can exist without money. Every process of logic establishes this point, leaving opposed to it only the fact that the thing has been done—many times. Some of the oldest and richest civilizations, notably Egypt and certain parts of China, reached ages which make our American experiment seem like a nursery game, without any monetary system at all. Even after humanity's newest form of money—coinage—had been established for centuries, parts of feudal Europe abandoned the gimcrack, and for generations carried on the intricate pursuits of government, industry and science without any knowl-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edge of money. In the face of economic logic, there seems to be a human element concealed somewhere in this matter of money.

The coined disks of precious metal which most of us so enthusiastically lack today, are remotely based on the actual commodities of daily living, even to a greater extent than the bladeless razor of China or the Karok woodpecker scalps. They are lineal descendants of the first coins recorded in Asia Minor some twenty-one hundred years ago. Cattle before this were the prevailing medium of exchange on the Aegean seashores. As a standard of value they had their advantages. They were in about equal demand throughout the Near East, which was then the known civilized world, and they could solve the problem of circulation with their own legs. As media of exchange however, they had perplexing drawbacks. There was no way to change a cow without severely damaging the whole coin, and they were not practicable for tips or dinner checks. But as time went on, the people began to realize a geological phenomenon that has turned the whole current of history. The gold deposits of that region were roughly identical with the circulation of the cattle money; and among the trading nations, gold was in high demand for ornament. Hence a standard amount of gold could be exchanged for a standardized cow, which gold could be divided without prejudice to the prime ribs of its counterpart in value.

But how could a standard weight be designed for dividing the gold? Again nature furnished the answer—grains of wheat, which were already in use in many places as weights. Thus a formula developed; 360-64 grains of wheat would balance gold to the equivalent value of a cow. Other articles could be valued in terms of cow and translated into gold. Other metals could be evaluated in gold and translated into cow.

As the Aegean traders pushed further west, gold lost its specific value in relation to cattle and was exchanged for its own value as a precious metal. Yet the gold piece of 360 grains persisted as a basic coin; its formula, in multiples and fractions and always with variations, became a standard among the money-using nations ever since.

The Romans invaded Britain and brought with them their coinage nomenclature of Denarius, which the Saxons shortened into denny or penny, the Scutarius, which became the shilling and the Libra, Latin for pound. The English today retain these revised names, but still use the Roman abbreviations; L for pound, S for shilling, D for pence.

The early coins were rough affairs, often stamped on one side only by the government of issue. Made by hand, each bit of metal must be weighed separately and the edges clipped and trimmed to the proper size. Naturally, foresighted money changers took to doing some additional clipping on their own account after the gold coins had been issued. This led to endless haggling and confusion and the formality of weighing every coin passed so that coin scales were indispensable to any merchant who disliked bankruptcy. Not until Queen Elizabeth's time were the major nations able to stop this practice by "milling" the edges of their more valuable coins.

Besides clipping, these resourceful financiers of an earlier date, and their governments as well, had other ways of getting more than their money's worth out of a coin. Silver money was gold-plated and the lower coins were silver-plated. All sorts of base metal was circulated under still baser devices. The merchant had to be something of a numismat as well as a salesman and a judge of quality of his own goods in order to remain solvent. At the other end of the deal, wholesale adulteration of goods went on. In the middle, the high pressure salesman was ubiquitous as ever. Of course all this is changed now.

A coin is an evasive thing to define. Paper money and instruments of credit have a fascinating story running parallel to that of coinage, but they are not coins. Yet paper coins have been issued under extraordinary conditions and are always a theoretical possibility. Coins are not always issued by governments and governments do not always coin money. While in earlier days the right of coinage was frequently granted by a government to its favorites, one would be as far from the truth in saying that the coins of commerce are always issued with government sanction as in saying they are always made of metal. In the great collection of coins of the Chase National Bank in New York are many specimens issued by American business firms in times of local money scarcity. In 17th century London, certain taverns took to issuing fractional copper coins, the reason being that the smallest government coin then was so dear and beer so cheap that no official coin was small enough to buy a drink. The notion spread rapidly and about 1660 thousands of tiny coins appeared, "issued by every tavern and good only on the next street or so," as Pepys puts it. After a few neighborhood panics because of over-issue, the government interfered. A little later England devised a "stick money," popular clear into the 19th century. When funds were deposited in the Exchequer a stick was notched to show the pounds, shillings, and pence involved. Then the stick was split lengthwise, the Exchequer retaining one splint as a record and the customer exchanging his splint for commodities, just as today we cash checks at the grocer's, when he will let us.

Money-using nations always have been faced with difficulties when the supply of coin is not sufficient for the daily needs of

Continued on page 180

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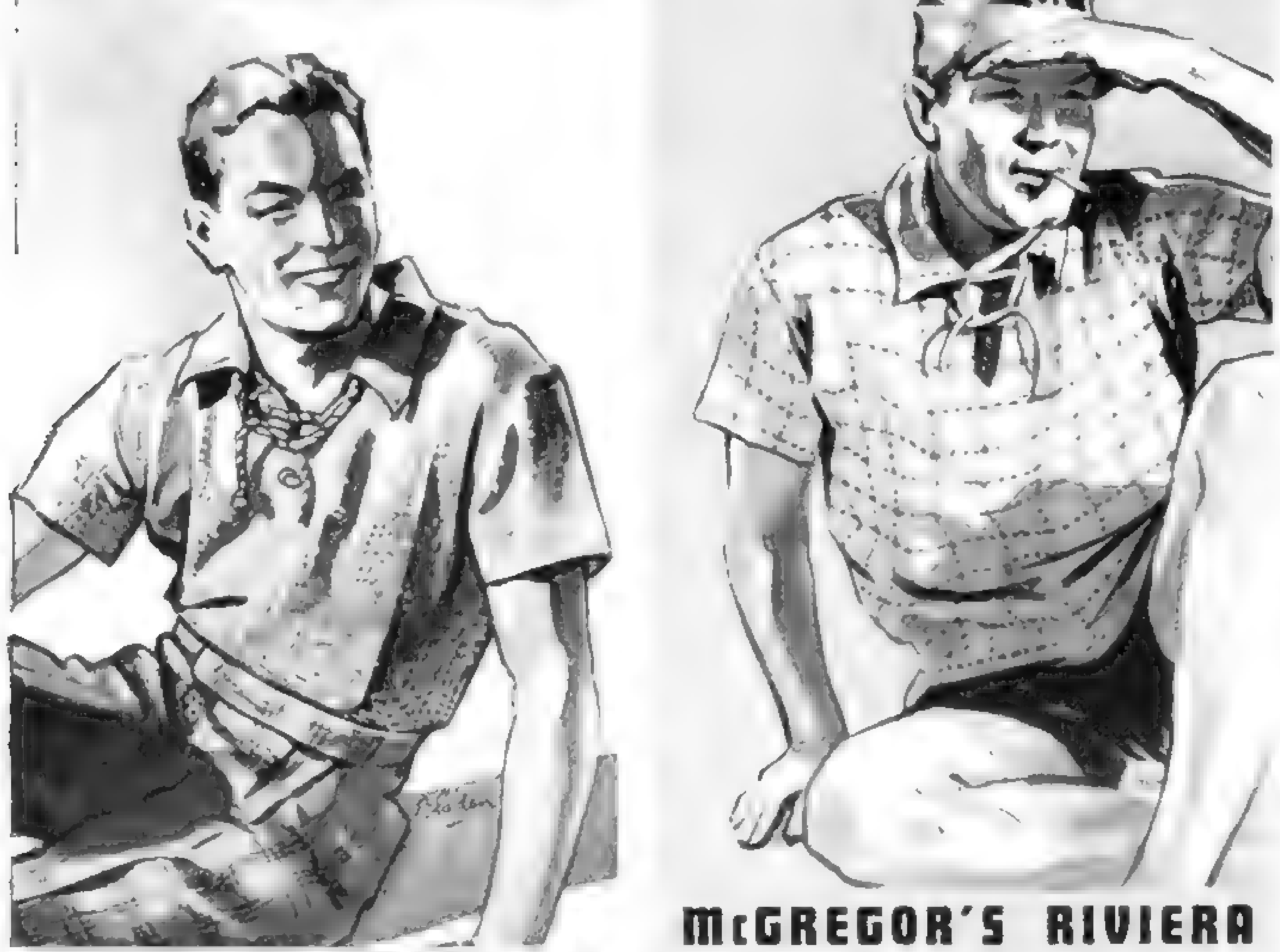

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Change for a Woodpecker's Scalp

Continued from pages 34-179

trade. Canada once met such an emergency with playing cards as money. It was during the early French occupation, when shipments of money were delayed over-seas. The few decks of cards in the Dominion were called in and the soldiers were paid in promissory notes written on the cards. With the power of the Army behind them, these notes were good as gold for local circulation.

Gold, silver and copper are used for coinage generally—but not always. Iron, various alloys of brass and bronze, and of course nickel are frequently coined as token money. Russia tried platinum at one time, but abandoned it because of its scarcity. In the 18th century, Sweden had an insufficiency of silver coins. The government however owned vast copper mines and since copper could always be exchanged at its own value or smelted for manufacturing at will, square slabs of this metal were given the government stamp as guarantee and put on the money market. The largest of them had a surface about 10 by 22 inches and weighed nearly 60 pounds. Their value was less than six dollars American money, and though they were worth considerably more then, even moderate transactions in Stockholm required a horse and wagon. The practice did not last long, and it never extended beyond Swedish borders, which in a way is a pity. Garbo's pay-day with these slabs in Hollywood would have been a picturesque sight.

American coinage has never included such monstrosities. Its patchwork beginning was due to our origin as colonies of half a dozen nations. Each had its own coinage, and none would permit the colonies to coin their own money. When England became dominant a few daring colonies tried it—notably Massachusetts with her "pine tree" shillings and sixpences—but they were squelched by the Mother Country. Virginia relied on tobacco in standardized twists as money over a long period. It was circulated with Colonial sanction, under a long list of laws defining its powers and penalizing its misuse. For the most part the colonies used a mixture of English, Dutch and Spanish coins, the Spanish predominating outside New England. These were the days of the Spanish gold doubloon and silver "pieces of eight" large as a tea saucer, which could be quartered like a pie or cut into eight segments and these fractions passed without depreciation.

For years after the Revolution we continued to use the coinage of other nations, supplemented by a paper currency whose value is best indicated by the epithet derived from it—"not worth a Continental." A few American dollars were struck in 1794. The design originated in the "Joachimthaler" of Bohemia, a popular coin throughout Renaissance Europe from which the name "dollar" also derives. Then we divided the dollar into hundredths or Latin "cents." Following the 1794 issue, dollar dies were made for succeeding years, but many of them were never used. After all the romantic stories of the "Dollar of 1804" with its fabulous values, it is disheartening to learn that there never was a dollar of 1804. The die was made, but never was used until 1836, when fourteen dollars bearing this date were struck off as curiosities. These now have a museum value of about $3,000, but they rarely change hands.

Other incidents of our monetary history are immortalized in slang. Thus "fish," from the New England coinless days when salt cod was exchanged as money; the "sawbuck," which originated with a ten dollar bill bearing a large cross; "rocks," which refer to the time a hard-pressed Western community used small rocks for cash, carrying the signature of the fur trader who circulated them; "frogskins," another name for greenbacks; "wampum," the shell money used first by the American Indians and then made legal tender by several of the colonies.

Recent years have seen a revival in America of many of the ancient money devices. Again we have wooden money, buckskin money, rock money and many others listed in the vocabulary of slang. Therein lies the catch; most of these impressively primitive currencies were revived for publicity only.

The Pacific Coast Chamber of Commerce that circulated clamshells with the Chamber's guarantee hand-written on the smooth side could have printed its scrip with more ease and less expense, but it would not have made the eastern newspapers.

We hear much nowadays of commodity dollars. Yet this supposed innovation represents an ancient idea modernized. The moneyless civilizations mentioned above tried to base their distribution of wealth on the labor involved in its production, though they got their economics sadly mixed up with caste. The Islanders of Yap seemed to have known all about credit exchange based on capital reserve, long before the Western barbarians coined these phrases. The Karok Indians with their woodpecker's scalps and shells for small change, solved their problem of a double standard without any Supreme Court. As usual, monetary history seemes to travel in a spiral, constantly passing the beginning point at increasingly higher levels. We may yet go in for mass production of redheaded woodpeckers, with automatic scalpers attached to airplanes.

On second thought, gasoline is going up and you have to buy a license to fly a plane. T'hellwithem. Let them keep their scalps. ⌗

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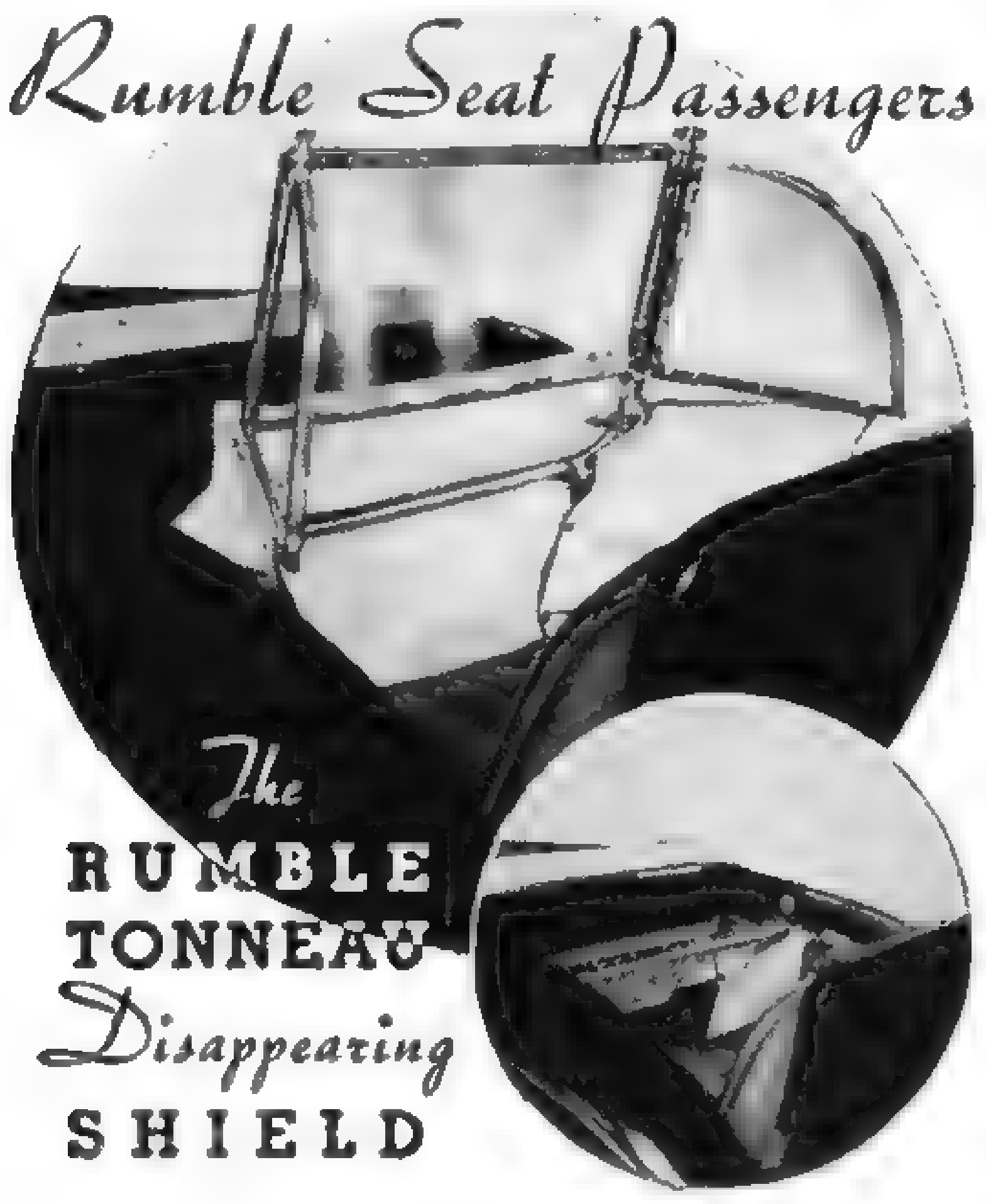

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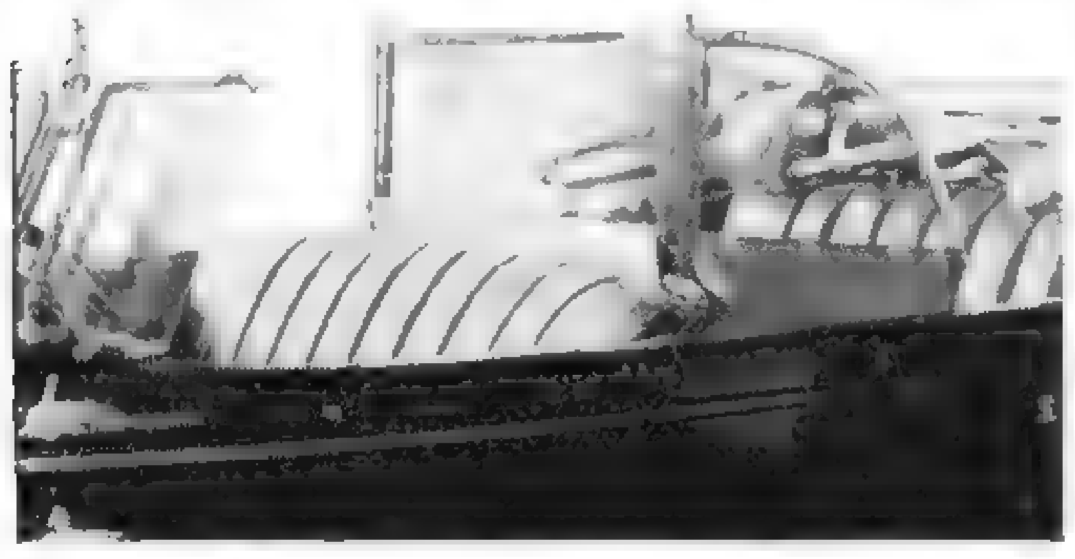

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The Lord's Day

Continued from page 29

at the venison, he shook his shoulders a little with happiness.

A party of North Americans, *touristas*, came across the park and started up the cathedral steps. Short pants hung from the bellies of the men. They waved cigars and talked loud. The ugly pale women acted silly and stared like they never had seen anything before. Their jaws worked like those of a cow. Manuel turned his back on them, winking at the old woman. Chuckling, she refilled his coffee mug.

In the park he found a warm bench. The good heat of the sun came in to mingle with the good feeling inside him and he slept. When he awoke the shadows were pools at the base of the trees, hiding under the benches. Many people were promenading along the paths, dressed for Sunday. He pushed in a vagrant tail of his shirt. His linen pants were clean, of course. He hesitated, then called a bootblack and had his shoes shined. They looked nice, but now he had only four pesos. That must be helped. He struck off rapidly toward the baseball.

He did not understand very well the baseball, growing all the time more popular in Yucatan. But there were not corridas often in Merida, even with the great new bullring, and so the silly game of the North Americans was coming to get the crowds—far bigger ones than the cockfights. Spitting contemptuously through his teeth, he joined the crowd around the rude diamond.

He watched with small interest until a short wiry man with an Indian face showing wrong above his uniform caught his attention. In his smooth quick movements he was like El Diablo. When he next came to bat there was the hunch.

"A peso he gets the hit," he said generally.

Four of them gave him pesos and remained standing beside him, trying to cover up their grins. But Manuel paid no attention. He had the hunch—

The thrower—how different from the grace of an espada!—bent himself up and let the ball fly. It thudded into the big glove of the man behind the man of his faith. Again the same. The third time the stick on his shoulder flashed out like the head of El Diablo. There was a crack. The ball went away like a grey line. Manuel put the plump handful of silver in his pocket.

"Gracias, señores," he said walking away. Eight pesos!

The shop of Señor Salazar was still locked when he returned. He went around back, climbed over the fence and dropped before the pen. El Diablo looked at him with the perfect calm of readiness. His body was hot and tense beneath his feathers as Manuel took him from the coop and put him in the basket.

He walked slowly to the street of the battered walls which held the cockpit. The secretary, book in hand, was talking to a group of men. Manuel took a breath and walked up to him.

"I wish to enter El Diablo."

A circle of eyes looked at him: empty, amused, annoyed, mocking. He could feel the red coming up out of his collar, and gave way. "He is from the shop of Señor Salazar."

"Oh, José. Very well. You have the two pesos?"

Manuel paid over the entrance fee, shamed by his defection in a way he never had been shamed before. But the men now were taking no notice of him. The secretary had his entry weighed and assigned to a place in the handler's shed. Despite the cries of the other cocks, El Diablo made no demonstration. He sat calmly on his perch—but his comb had become bright as blood. Manuel watched him, taking in one of the lessons of his life.

He too tried to be patient and aloof; but with the filling of the seats and the sound of the crowd, the fever which had taken him when he had seen his first main in the barn of Guillermo Deloya began to sing in him like the electricity wires.

From his pockets he took the new gaffs, a bit of sealing wax and some matches, a length of ribbon. Heating the wax he applied it to the stubs of El Diablo's cut-off spurs, then slipped the gaffs snugly over them. When the weapons had hardened in place, he affixed them even more tightly with close bindings of the ribbon. As a finishing refinement he rubbed beeswax over the cloth to make it slick. El Diablo now was spurred like an eagle.

A handler entered the shed, cursing. He carried a dying fowl. "That Rivas—those ill-begotten snake-headed devils of his—and today he has half the card—"

Half the card! That would mean El Diablo must go up against a good one—Rivas would bring only his best birds here from Progresso—and that he, Manuel, again must face the cold enmity of his neighbor. His courage faltered again, as it had with the secretary, and he said:

"Señor, I wonder—the Señor Salazar has not come—might you care to handle El Diablo in his fight against the Rivas?"

The man looked at him quickly, frowning. He started to say something sharp; then his eyes met those of El Diablo and he started a little, as Salazar had done. Silently he reached for the fowl. El Diablo made no protest. It seemed to Manuel the cock knew that this time strange hands had a purpose on him, something to do with what he lived for, and he submitted patiently as the man tossed him, checked his gaffs, comb and under-wings.

Finished, the handler seemed

Continued on page 182

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The Lord's Day

Continued from pages 29 and 181

impressed; not by the results of the routine going-over, but by the venomous glances with which El Diablo paid him. "He has the look of one of those fiends of old Rivas."

When Manuel confirmed the guess his lips drew back. "Fire with fire —perhaps yet we may spoil the old one's fun!"

Tradition was against the hope when their call came. Rivas' birds had gone down their side of the card like a feathered scythe. When El Diablo appeared for his fight three to one were being laid against him.

Old Rivas stared as Manuel followed the handler into the ring. "So it is your—our—Diablo," he said. "Well, better an ugly one like that soon is out of sight."

Anger went flaming up to the start of Manuel's hair. "Here is five pesos at the odds that it is not El Diablo who goes out of sight."

Rivas took the money, saying: "Four to one for you, muchacho" as he turned away.

His palms sweating, Manuel stepped back over the wall into the crowd. A man slid over and he sat down. His back was being tattooed by nerves as by needles. Oh, to be big and rich and old!

As the birds were weighed again and their gaffs measured, the air thickened with the cries of bettors. Gradually the odds increased on El Diablo as the smart money followed Rivas' reputation. Manuel gripped his remaining peso. This was for the handler; but the hunch was hot within him again, and he gave it to a man beside him who was crying five for one. Now if he lost, he lost everything....

He tried looking around—at the straining shouting faces of the crowd, the green branchings of the trees at the open end of the shed, the corrugations of the tin roof—but his gaze determinedly kept coming back to the red earth of the ring. It held him like a crimson magnet. His examination finished, the judge nodded and climbed over the blood-spattered barrier. The handlers, holding their charges, drew close, stood face to face.

The grey Rivas cock drove its beak viciously, El Diablo countered with a double stroke, like light, plunged against the restraining grip. It was obvious that this pair did not need to be aroused. The handlers set them down and drew back, quickly.

The grey fowl shuffled. El Diablo came to him instantly, death wrapped up in furious feathers. They joined in the exact middle of the ring, so hard that first blood stung the pink stucco of the low fence. Manuel's heart stopped, then lifted as to great music when he saw that it was the grey that was hung. His Diablo, his mighty one!

The birds were disengaged. The judge reversed his sand glass. But after a quick examination old Rivas ordered his handler to pit his entry again. El Diablo was struggling frantically to free himself from the hands which held him. The odds had dropped like a rock.

The judge called sharp above the tumult, and the fowls were released. The grey stag came out running, short wings spread. It hit El Diablo, breast-on, with a shock that sent up a little drift of feathers as an echo. El Diablo bounded like a ball and was in the air, his legs working like pistons. As he landed on the grey their two bodies merged in a hectic immediate tangle.

Manuel sat as though held in a vice, before his extended gaze passing the hot kaleidoscope of thrashing bodies, beaks which tore at clipped combs, lashing spurs. The break came suddenly. There was, all at once, an almost shocking pause while the opponents drew off to survey each other, glaring. Then, and so swiftly visions numbed with violent jumbled action scarcely could accommodate the sight, El Diablo ruffled and struck.

"He is hung!—hung!—the Rivas is hung!"

"Three to one he is killed—four!—five!"

The Rivas handler was looking at his employer. But the veteran cocker, his face fixed as the wall behind which he sat, gave no signal. His string won or died. Manuel felt a little proud that they both were from Progresso. He looked back to see El Diablo himself tear out the gaff and hit the grey stag again.

Now, with victory coming on, El Diablo's action began to contain more madness than effect. His inexperience poised him in dreadful indecision between a choice of pleasures; to dig out the hated eyes which glared their hate back at him, to hack more deliciously at the dripping loathed head, to sink his gaffs again and again and deeper in the detested body which surged beneath his.

Yet even with his attack thus divided his purpose had murder in it. Slowly the Rivas fowl sank to the red, reddening earth. It tried to get weapons up for a last counter, and as it failed it died—with a quick clean shudder, as though angrily shucking off a life incapable of answering its will. Above the stained grey bundle El Diablo lifted his fiery head to give a hoarse triumphant cry. The handler picked him up, spat water over his crest and took him from the ring.

The man beside Manuel looked astonished, paying over his loss. "A devil," he said. "But a good devil. Next time I have him." Feeling a foot taller, Manuel stepped over the wall.

Old Rivas said nothing, giving him twenty-five pesos. In his eyes was the same reptilian stare as the day he had lost in the barn

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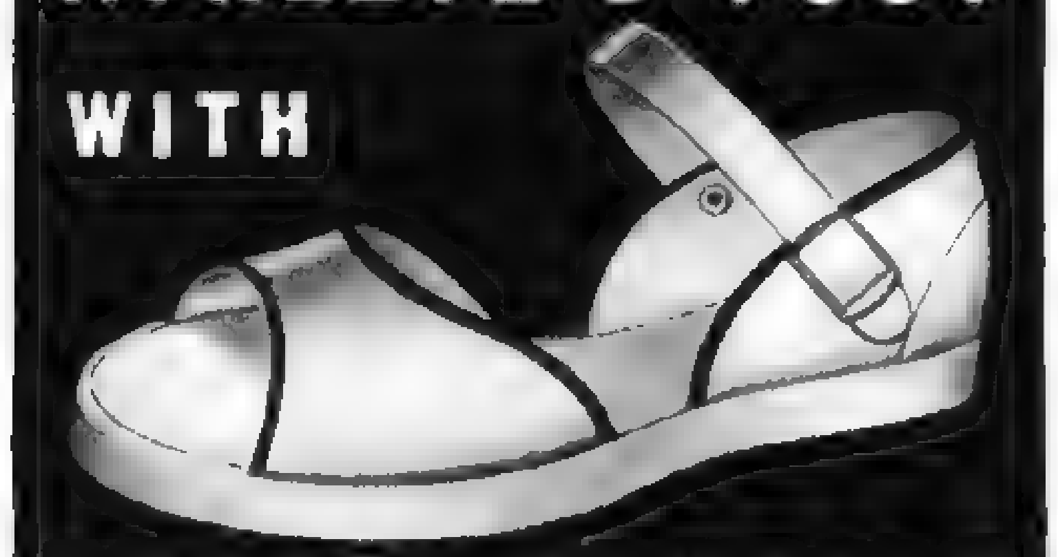

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A reprint of this story, which was published as Esquire's "discovery of the month" in March, 1934, will be sent gratis on request.

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of Guillermo Deloya. But suddenly Manuel recognized his manner for what it was—the hatred of one established for one coming up with the same thing, perhaps with something a bit better. He felt even bigger, going out to the shed.

There, the handler was checking El Diablo minutely, cleansing the single cut which had been the cock's fee for the ecstasy of all that tumultuous combat. Manuel held out three pesos. "I thank you, Señor, and if you will do me the favor of accepting—"

"*Por nada*," the man stopped him with a short gesture. He smiled, stroking El Diablo. "You made a mistake, my young friend, I am not one of the handlers—just a breeder."

"Oh, but Señor—!"

"*Por nada!* I liked the looks of your fellow, enjoyed myself. And now perhaps you might care to sell him to me—a hundred pesos?"

For an instant pride shot up within Manuel rocket-like; then, as suddenly, the descent. With his great need, a hundred pesos was an offer he could not refuse, even though it took part of his life away. "All right, Señor, "he said.

The man took out a wallet and paid him in new slick bills. It was cleaner money than any Manuel ever had seen, but he put it hastily in his pocket. Picking up his basket he went quickly out into the street. Not for twice a hundred pesos could he have said goodbye to El Diablo. The voice of the crowd, busy with the next fight, bubbled inside the fence. He walked quickly down the sidewalk.

Dusk was coming down, sifting gently like heavy smoke. The sun that had made him feel so good now was lying down tired on the edge of the world. He must hurry. It was twenty-six miles back to Progresso, and the little madre would worry. Yet how happy she would be when he told her of all the money. One hundred and twenty-five and six one hundred and thirty-one pesos! He tried to swallow the harsh pain in his throat.

The little madre would have her mass—and for himself there would be new shoes, and the reel, and the bicycle! All of them, when this morning he had hoped, at most, but for one! Such a day—he should be so happy. He was being ungrateful to the good St. Benedict—

Yet these were stronger than anything he could summon: the horrible mocking lightness of the basket, the clumsy lump of Judas money in his pocket, the knowing that in his victory he had lost forever the friend who could make him feel six feet tall and tough enough for anything. Sold him—sold him like a pullet for the pot—his wonderful Diablo . . . gone . . . gone . . .

Then the ache in his throat was too much, and his clenched fists fought at the tears which are the meagre solace of the weak and the poor and the young. ⋕

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 150

may, even after reading Steinbeck's book, have some moral reprehensions about his paisanos. But they are, after all, only the sort of people who could exist in the head of the man who created them and set them through their actions for your pleasure. *Tortilla Flat* is something of a modern, American, *Don Quixote*. It is a comedy of comment. And it is comedy involving the sort of people Faulkner and Caldwell would see in a very different light.

In *Fully Dressed and in His Right Mind*, Michael Fessier has made a story touching upon the problems of Good and Evil, lightly. In writing this book he set himself a task which is extremely hard to accomplish. His task (and he chose it) was to write a novel about fear, malignancy, purity and salvation and to do it in terms of contemporary realism. He saddles his hero, therefore, with an incubus, in the shape of an old man who murders people and gets away with it because, as he explains it, he has the gift of unobtrusiveness. Toward the end the old man turns upon the narrator and accuses him, to the police, of the crimes he (the old man) has perpetrated. The narrator is saved from ignominy and death through the sacrifice of a young girl, a virgin, whom the narrator loved spiritually. Toward the end, I confess, it was all a bit too much for my simple understanding. The author confused me. One minute it would look as though Fessier were satirizing the jury system and the next as though he had some idea that evil forces were at work in the world and that these forces can be baffled only when virgins are defiled.

Let me stop right now and admit I don't get what Fessier is writing about. That's being honest, isn't it? But it is also being honest when I tell you that, in the first two-thirds of the book, he created an impression upon me. He made me feel what he was writing. I am not a mystic or a diabolist and still he gave me quivers and goose-quills with his intimations of evil where we suspect it not. Not since Arthur Machen's *The House of Souls* have we had any writing of this good kind. We must doff the old chapeau in homage to the editor of this magazine: he gave Fessier his first audience through the pages of this magazine.

William Saroyan came out to my house in Larchmont last week. Dan Kusell, who heard he was coming out, sent over a trapeze. Bill enjoyed the joke: he is that kind of a good egg. He is natural, nice tempered, on-to-himself and what is even rarer, on-to-other-people and the general situation. He said he wanted to spade up some earth and that his ambition was to own ten acres of ground where he could do a lot of spading. I had

Continued on page 185

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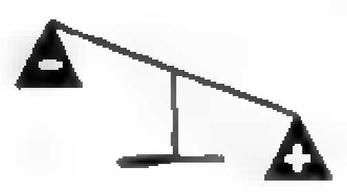
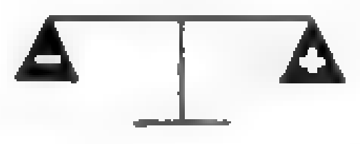
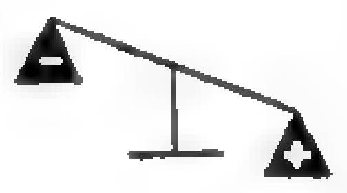
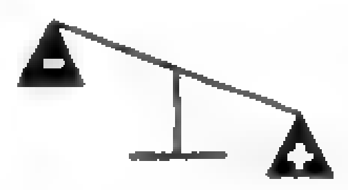
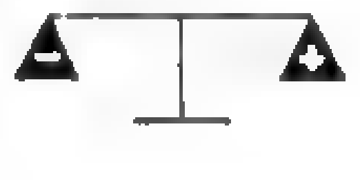
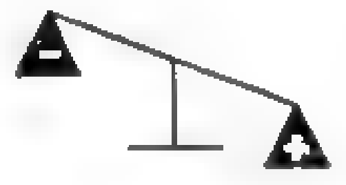
THE ELIGIBLE BACHELOR *By Humphrey Pakington* (Author of *Four in the Family* and *The Roving Eye*) Norton—$2.00	Humorous novel.	*Lewis Gannett—N. Y. Herald Tribune*—"A third delightfully humorous novel about the Warmstry family and its in-laws." *William Rose Benét—Saturday Review of Literature*—"I must say that I found this quiet novel a decided relief from the machine-gun quickfire of many modern American novels. . . ." *Isabel Patterson—Herald-Tribune Books*—"But the only fault one can find with *The Eligible Bachelor* is that it isn't long enough. Mr. Pakington should keep on writing until he is told to stop. And that will be a long while."	*San Francisco Chronicle*—"Mr. Pakington's humor is not a robust, rollicking humor. His wit is most quiet and not obvious, but always effective. His satirical bits are excellent, and done with a complete lack of bitterness, and a delicacy of touch and sense of humour that are refreshing."		A Best Seller.
HERITAGE *By George F. Hummel* Stokes—$2.50	Novel of American family life.	*Harold Strauss—N. Y. Times Sunday Book Review*—"as regional literature *Heritage* is very fine; one can idle pleasantly through its 700 pages and discover suddenly that one has actually lived for fifty years in Norwold." *Saturday Review of Literature*—"Its figures look a little stiff and wooden upon the canvas."	*Fannie Butcher—Chicago Tribune*—"Its story is impressive. It is written with a certain honest craftsmanship. But it sometimes goes on and on like the dormouse's tail. . . ."		A National Best Seller.
NATIONAL VELVET *By Enid Bagnold* (Author of *Serena Blandish* anonymously published. Illustrations by *Lauriana Jones*) Book of the Month Club selection for May. Wm. Morrow—$2.50	An English novel, whimsical and horsey.	*Lewis Gannett—N. Y. Herald-Tribune*—"Despite the fact that it is a tale of a girl and a horse, by an Englishwoman who is Lady Something-or-other, *National Velvet* is a book to buy, to read, to remember and to talk about, and to keep instead of lending." *John Chamberlain—N. Y. Times*—"*National Velvet* means nothing very much philosophically or sociologically. But it is one of those stories that transcend all the creeds. For pure enchantment, excitement and enjoyment, *National Velvet* should be high on the spring list of every one." *Christopher Morley—Saturday Review of Literature* calls *National Velvet* "an extravagantly lovable book." He says, "*Disregard the dull dutiful attempt of any critic to praise this lovely escapade. Read it for its humble magic. Read it to be one of the Browns.*"	*Joseph Henry Jackson—San Francisco Chronicle*—"*National Velvet* is a fairy tale, a variant of the old, comfortable Cinderella motif. But at the same time it is written so beautifully that even the sophisticated reader will have a hard time realizing that he is being fascinated by so simple a tale." *Fannie Butcher—Chicago Tribune*—"*National Velvet* is delightful whimsy by the previously anonymous author of one of the best whimsies of our day, *Serena Blandish*. But *National Velvet*, it seems to me, should have been a short story rather than a novel. It would have been one of the best short stories in the language. As a novel it is tenuous."		A National Best Seller.
SECOND HOEING A first novel by *Hope Williams Sykes.* Putnam's—$2.50	A novel of the Colorado sugar beat fields.	*Lewis Gannett—N. Y. Herald Tribune*—"*Second Hoeing* cultivates soil hitherto untilled in American fiction; and reaps a rich harvest from it. The book begins slowly, but gathers warmth and speed as it goes." *N. Y. Times Sunday Book Review*—"Without possessing the perfection of form and the deep-reaching philosophy of Miss Cather, Mrs. Sykes, nevertheless, has a similar approach in her sympathetic understanding of alien youth."	*Ted Robinson—Cleveland Plain Dealer*—"It is the dramatic and tender story of hard labor, frustration and despair defeated by the courage of a self-sacrificing woman. Sordid in some details, smelling of the soil, the book is nevertheless not depressing but rather inspiring because of its human tenderness."		Deserves to be a Best Seller.
A WORLD TO WIN *By Jack Conroy*, editor of *The Anvil;* author of *The Disinherited.* Covici, Friede—$2.00	Proletarian novel.	*Louis Adamic—Saturday Review of Literature*—"*The Disinherited* contains some good writing. Also here and there are passages of rather shabby writing. And the story is a little strained. *Fred J. Marsh—N. Y. Times Sunday Book Review*—"*Its two distinguishing characteristics are its raw naturalism on the physical plane and its frank message of straight communism. . . .* The book fails to achieve an outstanding success as a revolutionary novel."	*Ted Robinson—Cleveland Plain Dealer*—"Jack Conroy knows how to write, and he knows how to make vivid and unforgettable pictures. I quarrel with his gratuitous obscenity, however; there is, it seems to me, no real reason for thinking up all the smuttiness of childhood and adolescent life and dragging them ruthlessly into the light."		Probably limited sale
YOUNG RENNY *By Mazo de La Roche*, author of the popular Jalna series of novels. Little, Brown—$2.50	Part of the fascinating Whiteoak Saga.	*Mary Ross—Herald Tribune Sunday Books*—"This fifth book about the Whiteoaks has the freshness and vigor and spontaneity that captivated readers of the first when *Jalna* appeared eight years ago and has flowed consistently through the intervening volumes." *Robert Van Gelder—N. Y. Times*—"Like all the Jalna books, this one is distinguished among family chronicles by its fast action, its use of constant clashes, its sprightliness and easy, unstrained, good humor. Miss de La Roche knows how to keep the entertainment values high."	*Sterling North—Chicago Daily News*—"We would suggest as an excursion in unadulterated joy—a rereading of the entire Jalna series. Start with the latest, *Young Renny*. Quite comparable to the *Forsyth Saga* and more readable." *Joseph Henry Jackson—San Francisco Chronicle*—"An ample, strong, fully detailed family story, written with exceptional charm and with a really remarkable talent for bringing people and scenes to life.		Automatic Best Seller.
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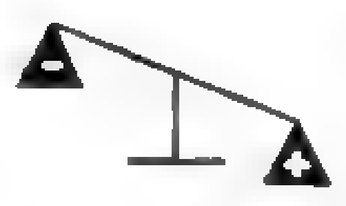
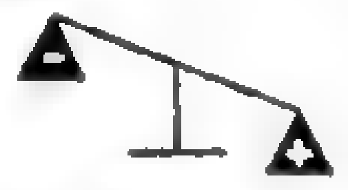
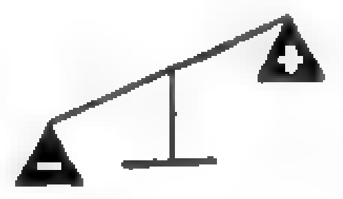
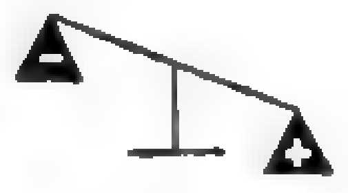
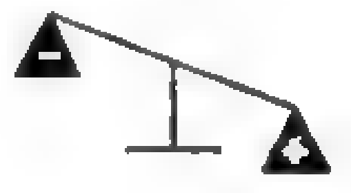
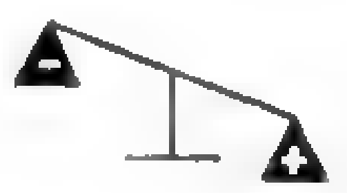
CHRONICLES OF BARRABAS *By George H. Doran* Harcourt Brace—$3.50	For everyone interested in books and authors.	*Lewis Gannett—N. Y. Herald Tribune*—"One suspects, reading his own pleasantly gossipy recollections of dealings with the authors of his day, that some of his own young editors might tell similar stories about Mr. Doran." *Ben Ray Redman—Herald-Tribune Books*—"It is a book packed with good stories, well told and alive with a host of speaking portraits."	*Joseph Henry Jackson—San Francisco Chronicle*—"To be sure, you need a taste for books in order to get the full flavor of such a fine flow of recollections. But, given that, you will find in these *Chronicles* the rarest sort of treat." *Ted Robinson—Cleveland Plain Dealer*—"The book is marvelously well organized. A real addition to the history of English literature."		National Best Seller.
THE DISTANT PRIZE *By Charles J. Finger* Decorations by *Henry Pitz.* D. Appleton-Century—$2.50	For adventure fans.	*Robert Van Gelder—N. Y. Times*—"The book is a kind of filet of the history of exploration in North America . . . a pretty rough diamond, but it was all written with great enthusiasm, swiftly, with relish and enjoyment, and it deserves to be read in that same way."	*Ted Robinson—Cleveland Plain Dealer*—"You may treat this as *a rousing adventure story* or as a serious contribution to the history of American exploration, according to your age, your mood or your taste."		Candidate for best seller lists.
HANDOUT *By George Michael*, a pseudonym chosen by two Washington correspondents. Putnam's—$2.00	An accusatory document on government propaganda.	*Lewis Gannett—N. Y. Herald-Tribune*—"A sour hash of anonymous spook stories from Washington." *John Chamberlain—N. Y. Times*—"However, *Handout* is just plausible enough in its implications to make me uncomfortable. One hopes that it will have extremely wide publicity. Conservatives and radicals alike should be interested in the allegations of *George Michael.*"	*Sterling North—Chicago Daily News*—"He presents a frightening picture of government by propaganda. *Handout* is a book which would seem to demand a direct answer from the administration." *Chicago Tribune*—"A highly factual indictment of the machine for controlling public opinion through propaganda and censorship at Washington. It is unfortunate that he should weaken it by the manner of his presentation."		Fair sale likely.
HASTA LA VISTA *By Christopher Morley*, author of *The Haunted Bookshop* and many other favorites. Doubleday, Doran—$2.00	"A Postcard from Peru" for Morley collectors.	*John Chamberlain—N. Y. Times*—"The perfect book for a lazy man with a sudden access of spring fever. It is aimless. It revels in the illusion of a sea-created vacuity." *Florence Haxton Britten—Herald-Tribune Books*—"Mr. Morley's journey is for the most part not so much a gangplank to Peru as a high diving board from which he essays numerous delightful jackknife parabolas in the air before taking a skillful dive into the Peruvian stream."	*Joseph Henry Jackson—San Francisco Chronicle*—"A great deal more than just a travel book. . . . He may have the essayist's inclination to muse but he is a reporter, too, and he doesn't forget it." *Ted Robinson—Cleveland Plain Dealer*—"It is a delightful book, both humorous and thoughtful."		A Best Seller.
I CHANGE WORLDS: THE REMAKING OF AN AMERICAN. *By Anna Louise Strong,* American newspaper woman. Holt—$3.00	Autobiographical record of 14 years spent in Soviet Russia.	*Louis Bromfield* says, according to the *N. Y. Times*—"*Miss Strong has written a history of that questing, idealistic spirit of New England which gave rise to the Brook Farm experiment, to abolition, to prohibition, told through one family and at length through one woman led by it into the greatest of all political and economic experiments on the opposite side of the world.*" *Lewis Gannett—N. Y. Herald-Tribune*—"She is so personal in her story, and so American a personality, that her story of acclimatization in pioneer Russia is singularly moving and impressively convincing."	*Joseph Henry Jackson—San Francisco Chronicle*—"Take it just as a peephole into the life and mind of a woman whose pioneering has happened to take a different turn from that of her ancestors, and you will not be disappointed. What you will learn about Russia in the throes of its experiment will be that much extra."		National Best Seller.
QUEEN VICTORIA *By E. F. Benson,* son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, author of *King Edward VII.* Longmans—$3.50	"Portrait of a Queen" biography.	*P. W. Wilson—N. Y. Times Sunday Book Review*—"With easy grace, Mr. Benson passes from grave to gay, handling controversies with a quiet equity which is justice for all concerned—the Queen included." *Isabel Patterson—Herald-Tribune Books*—"Mr. Benson is remarkably successful in evoking the Victorian atmosphere, a daylight effect, neither roseate nor lurid. No matter how many lives of Queen Victoria one may have read, this is well worth adding to the list."	*Cleveland Plain Dealer*—"In his smooth, narrative style, the literary son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, through his access to hitherto unreleased material in the royal archives, is enabled to present a somewhat different picture of this much written about 'Old Lady of Windsor,' and one that, in this reviewer's opinion, lessens, rather than adds, to her stature."		National Best Seller.

COMPILED BY D. DOCKSTADER

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 150-183

some spading to do, so I gave him a pronged shovel and he damned near unearthed my lawn. I had to call quits on him before he endangered the foundations of my house. He spaded up a whole bed of tulips and tried to excavate a rock that went down to China. To get his mind off the subject I took him into the kitchen, fed him some American cheese, crackers and milk and then took him out in Bucephalus II, to see the spot where David Wark Griffith made *The Birth of a Nation* and the houses Ethel Barrymore and James Montgomery Flagg used to live in. He was more interested in the marble walls surrounding the estate of the great Greek cigarette maker.

"Why don't you," he asked me, "write a whole article about old books? Forget these Saroyans, these Louis Adamics and these Stoyan Chistowes and other Serbs, Bulgars, Armenians and Macedonians and write about the sort of books I can pick up for ten cents on the bargain counter of the second-hand bookstores."

All right, my lad, this is about a book you can't buy for ten cents but which contains the heart and vicera of nearly all the old books. It is the *Anthology of World Prose* and it is compiled and edited by Carl Van Doren. There is no way of describing it: it just is what the title indicates. With that book on your table, a World Almanac, a good dictionary, a Holt's book on the care and feeding of infants, Dent's *Medical Dictionary*, Roget's *Thesaurus*, *The Works of Shakespeare Complete in One Volume*, you are all set. You might add *Capital* by Karl Marx translated by Eden and Cedar Paul, with an introduction by G. D. H. Cole in two volumes in the *Everyman's Library*.

They wanted Saroyan to picket and he was afraid he was going to have to, although he could see what the investors in a piece of property were up against. "People have been canned before," he said. "I have been canned about twenty times and I have always gone out and got another job. Why can't these people do this?"

"My métier," I interposed with a certain grandiloquence, "has been that of getting canned. I have been canned by the *Chicago Tribune* and the *New York Herald Tribune*. If the *New York Times* ever gives me a job and cans me my score will be perfect."

"But you have still got these fuchias, these rocks, these trees, and that house which doesn't seem to be falling in on you. How about your taxes? Are they bad?"

"Yes, but are getting paid up."

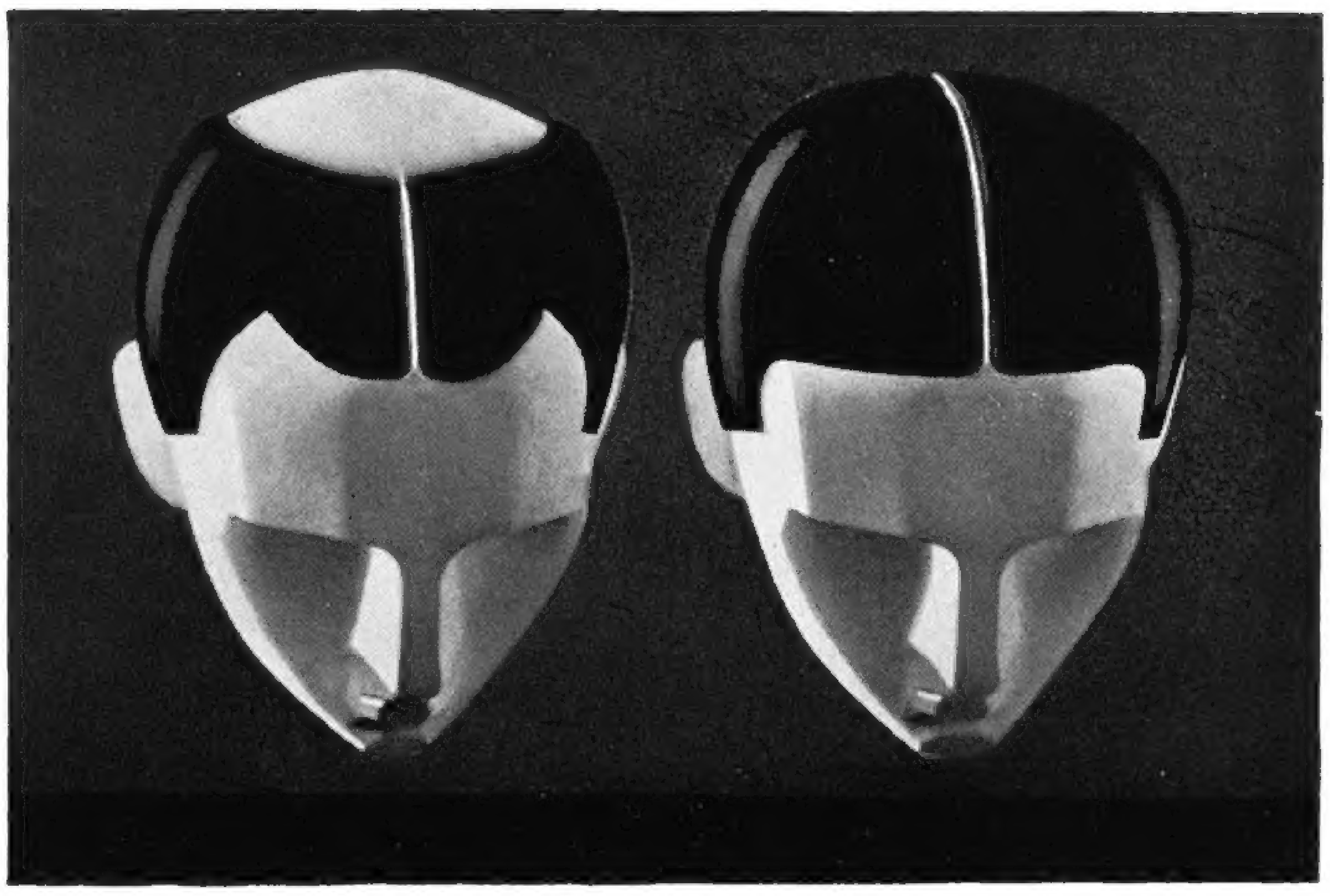
"Then why should I be putting on a sandwich sign and be a picket like Mrs. Pinchot? I have a real grievance. That magazine has kept a story of mine for three months. I am going to wear me a sign saying 'This Magazine is Unfair to William Saroyan'. What-the-hell? Jiminy Christmas."

I like that lad.

Everybody is going to be quoting it, so I might as well be quoting it too. It is from Erik Linklater's *Ripeness Is All*. It is about a family who are heirs to an eccentric will of a bachelor named Major Gander. The will has stipulated that $350,000 shall go to the descendant of the major's father who begets the most kinder within five years' time. Pressure is brought to bear in all quarters to produce the maximum number of kids. Funny idea, isn't it? An unregenerate George turns up with a whole mess of children on the cuff so to speak and this complicates things. Great ideas and great movements are, meanwhile, at play. Children in school are affected by them. Denis, who is sixteen, is a Fascist. Rupert, who is seventeen and a Communist, says of him, "He says he is a Fascist, you know, and actually I suppose he is, because he is just the age to like walking about in a black shirt, and saluting people. He was in the Scouts till a year ago." And Denis says of Rupert: "He's seventeen, and when people get to that age they're usually a bit soured and hopeless about things, and they think there is nothing left but Communism. And he's a bit of a snob, too, and thinks it's superior to be one of the Proletariat."

Apropos of Faulkner's *Pylon*, mentioned with a slightly imperfect sympathy last month, I think it is my duty to report that the best expert testimony I have been able to gather from aviators is that the hair-raising if not somewhat shocking nuptial feat which Faulkner makes the high-point of his story could not have occurred. In the story the woman parachute jumper (who is shared by the two barnstorming aviators) in one field-day exhibition suddenly changes her mind as she crawls out on the wing for her leap, climbs back into the cockpit with the pilot for a nuptial moment and then makes the leap.

It has been pointed out to me that unless the ship was flown by the new robot-pilot the controls would have interfered with her intention; that the ship is described as an outmoded old crate; that the room between the pilot and the cowl of the cockpit would not permit any one, no matter how thin, to slip down into the pilot's lap—with a parachute strapped on her. It was also called to my attention that the lower part and the bulk of a parachute is strapped on at the groins. I've worn parachutes and that's true: you feel as though you were carrying the week's wash in the seat of your pants. Aviators make these technical objections to Faulkner's story. They fail to understand that Faulkner was writing a poetic allegory, wherein aviators are glorified above smug, plodding, earthbound pedestrians. ⧺



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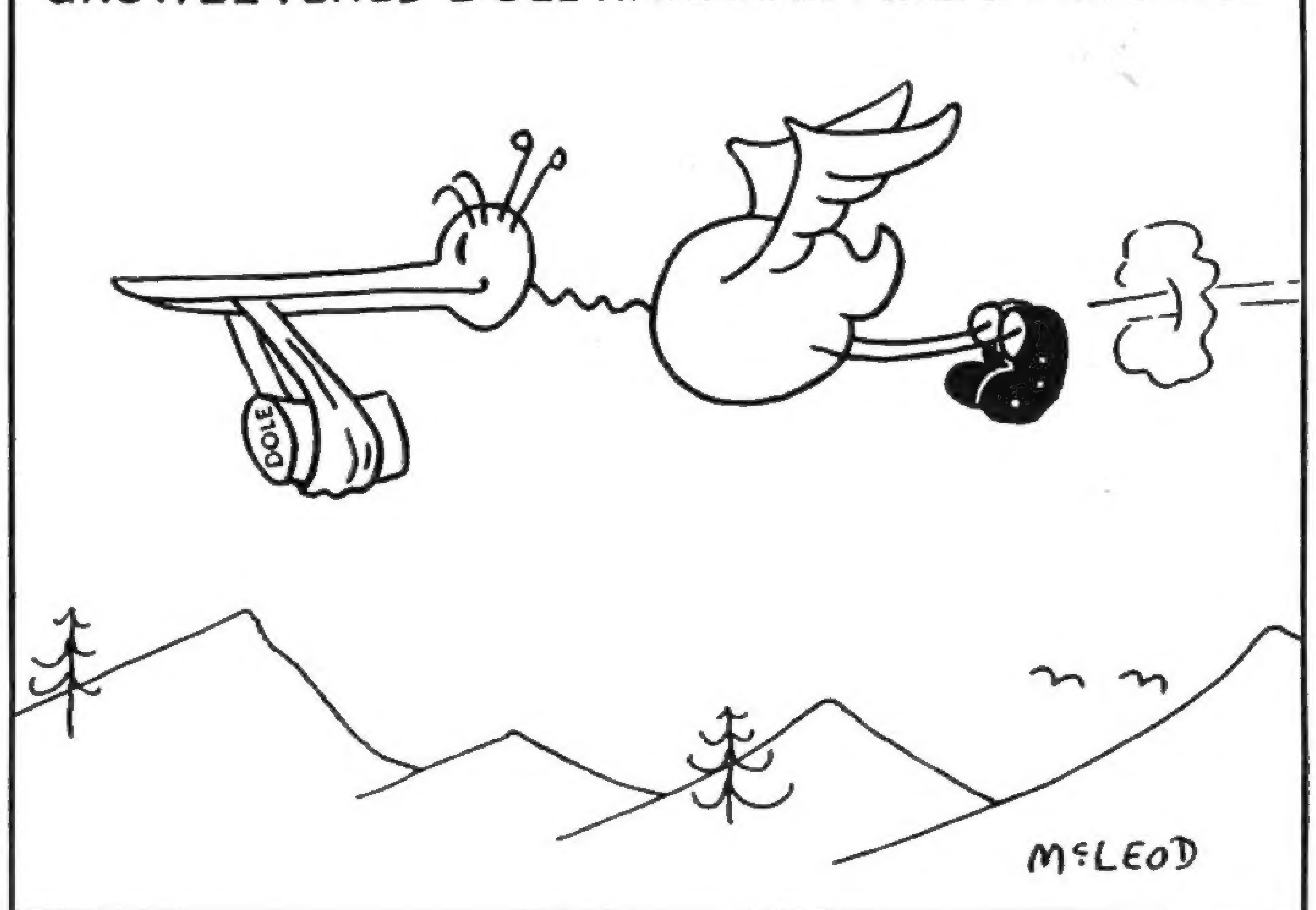

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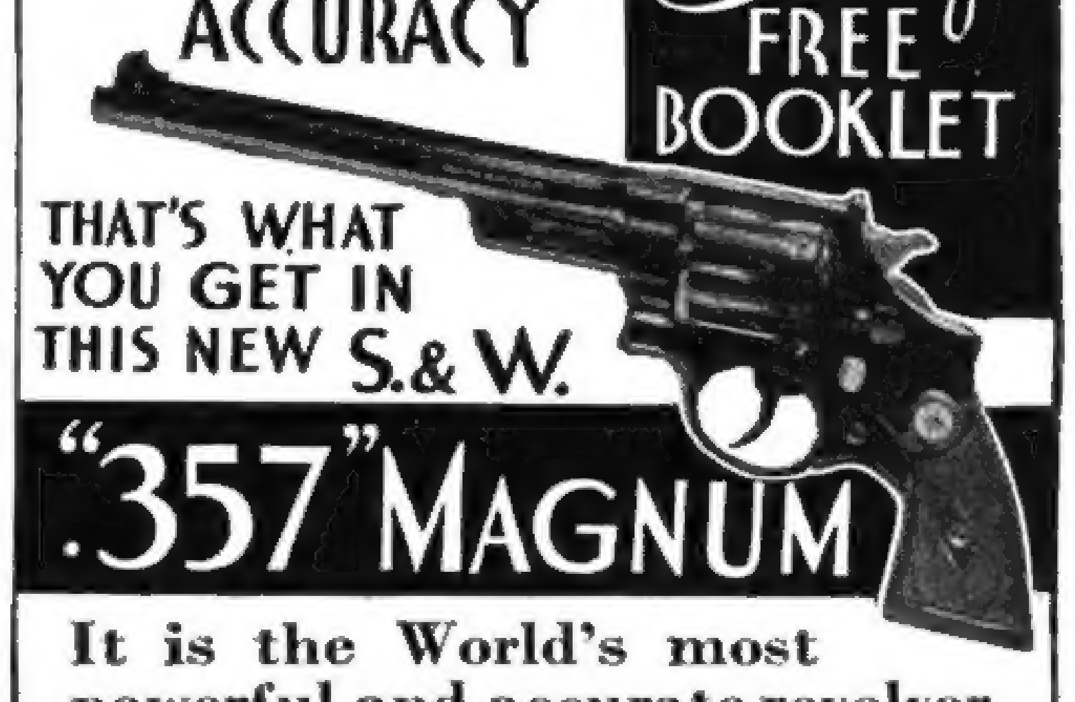

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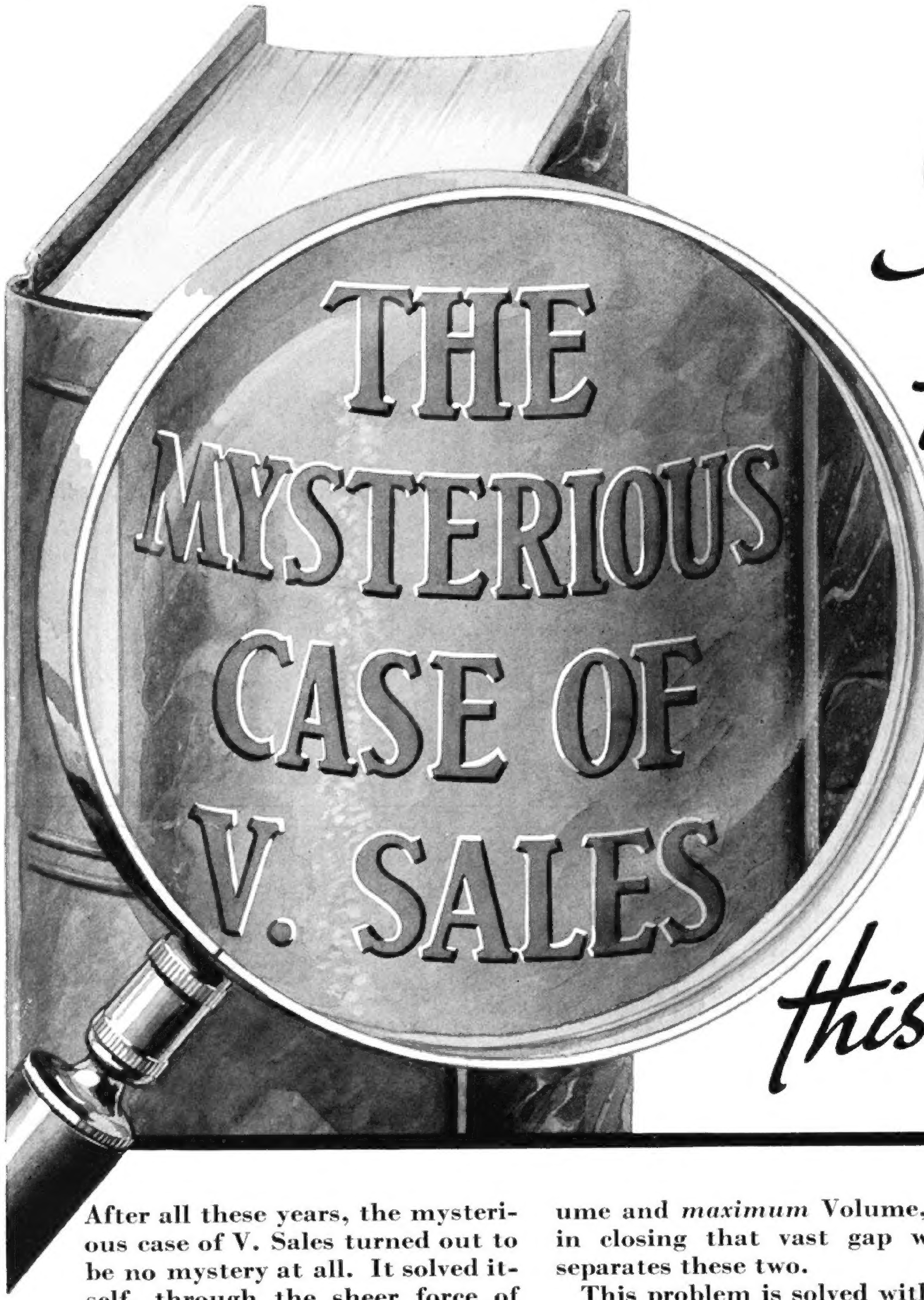

Strange . . . that it should take a Depression to solve this simple problem

After all these years, the mysterious case of V. Sales turned out to be no mystery at all. It solved itself, through the sheer force of economic timeliness.

It is not so difficult now to see the futility of any attempt to produce *Volume* Sales from *Class* buyers. Whatever may be said in favor of *Class* buyers, there just aren't enough of them.

Strange, that it should have required a major economic disturbance to emphasize this simple merchandising truth: *The profit per sale is the same, whether the purchaser's income be $3,000 or $300,000.*

Strange too, that right now, the sequel to the Volume Sales issue should be causing some executives to sit up nights. The present problem has to do with *fractional* Volume and *maximum* Volume, and in closing that vast gap which separates these two.

This problem is solved with the same simplicity as the other: Each *Product* has its own potential MAXIMUM. The same is true of each *Medium*. Hence *the Product* determines the choice of Medium.

For example, a product with a potential maximum of 400, does not call for a Media coverage of 40,000,000 a day. *And the reverse of this is true, all the way up and down the line.*

Some products never have had a chance to approach their *maximum* Volume, for the simple reason that their messages have been restricted to media whose capacity is limited to *fractional* Volume.

You can't draw the water supply for a metropolis from a thousand gallon tank. Nor can the water company solve the problem by restricting the service to a few minutes, once or twice a week, or once a month.

No more can Advertising depend upon *fractional* coverage to produce *maximum* Volume. Today, the *Volume* buying power of the nation rests squarely in the hands of the gainfully *Employed.* And there is only one place in the United States where the great mass of Earners (*Volume Buyers*) gathers every day, twice a day, and that is in the street cars.

Elsewhere you may reach "fractions" of them, less frequently, and at higher costs. But only in street cars can you reach *all* of them, at the low cost of Street Car Advertising.

W. S. B.

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G.B. Shepherd

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Interwoven

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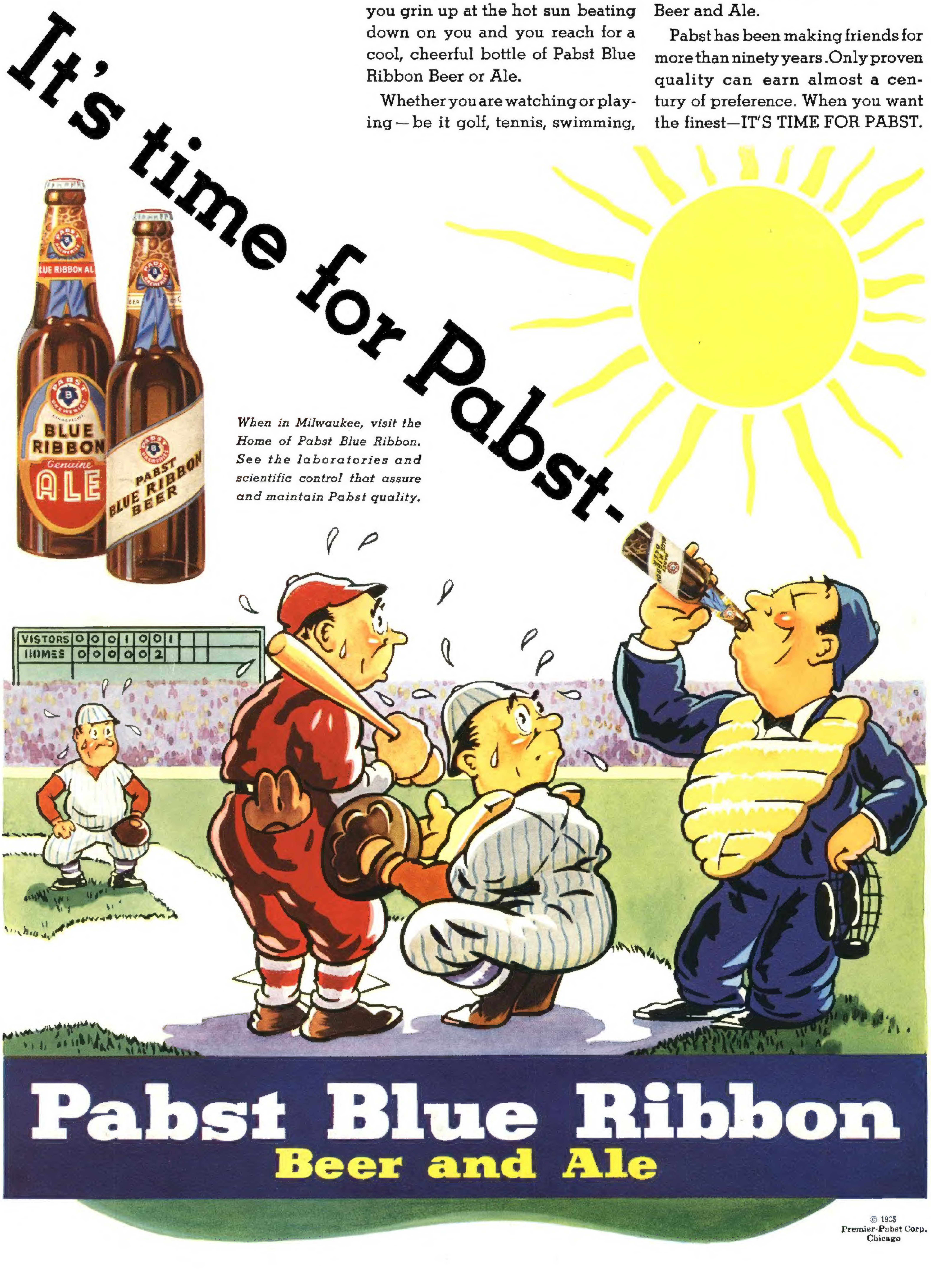
When your favorite batter steps up to the plate and wallops the ball over the fence—that's the high spot in the game. But not the only high spot—no, sir! It's a high spot when you grin up at the hot sun beating down on you and you reach for a cool, cheerful bottle of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer or Ale.

Whether you are watching or playing — be it golf, tennis, swimming, or any other sport—you enjoy it more —if you refresh yourself with Pabst. You'll agree that there is no better hot weather relief than pure, wholesome, zestful Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer and Ale.

Pabst has been making friends for more than ninety years. Only proven quality can earn almost a century of preference. When you want the finest—IT'S TIME FOR PABST.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HOMES 0 0 0 0 0 2
Pabst Blue Ribbon
Beer and Ale

When in Milwaukee, visit the Home of Pabst Blue Ribbon. See the laboratories and scientific control that assure and maintain Pabst quality.

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